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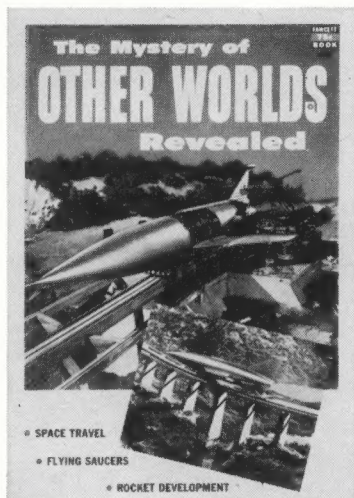
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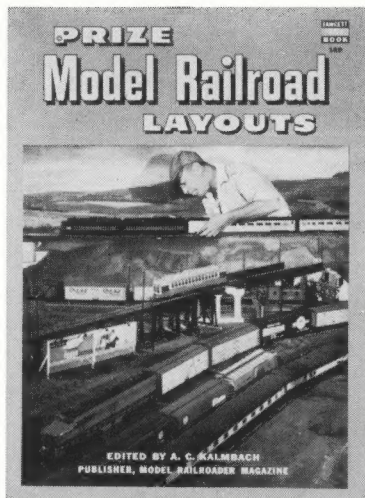


BEAUTY AND THE BEACH
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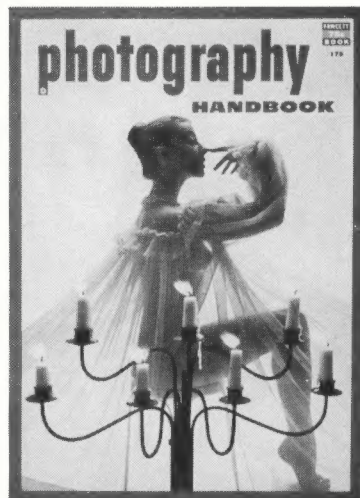
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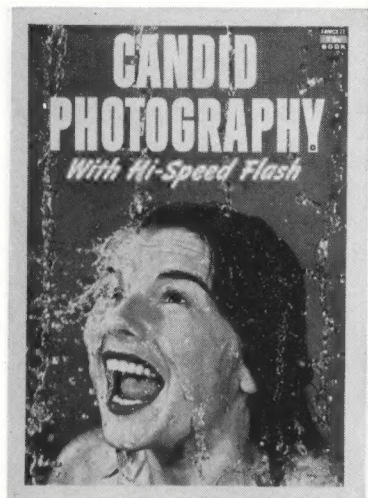
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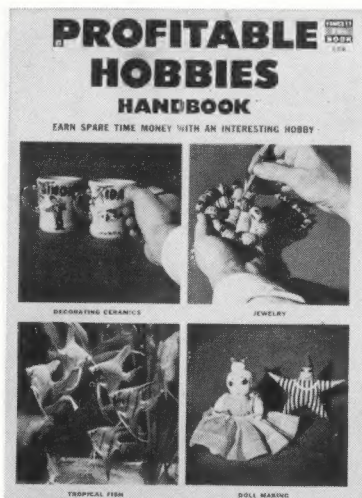
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CAVALIER

MAY, 1953

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Gone are the pick and burro, traditional trademarks of the oldtime prospector. Today's scientific sourdoughs use a Geiger counter to comb the Canadian wilds for uranium.

GET RICH WITH A GEIGER COUNTER

Go north, young man, go north! High adventure and fortune await you in Uranium City—boom town in the bush

by Frank Rasky

The Geiger counter in the hands of prospector North Hayes began jumping like a jazz band. "Christ," he shouted, "it's red hot. Boys, we've struck it rich!"

Sam Johnson, a veteran sourdough from the Cobalt fields of Ontario, leapt onto a jutting rock ledge. His look of stupefaction confirmed Hayes' estimate far more eloquently than words might have done. Johnson's Geiger, although it was *eight feet* above ground level, was crackling and buzzing like an angry rattlesnake.

"The damned thing's alive!" exclaimed Bill Nixon, snatching up his counter. A grizzled ex-lumberjack from Alberta, Nixon had been prospecting long enough to know that it took a spectacular deposit of the radioactive substance to make a Geiger counter respond at that height.

Uranium!

Jack Bowness, a former locomotive engineer from Alberta and the fourth member of the prospecting team, didn't wait for further confirmation from his excited partners. He

stepped forward and rammed his ore ax into the pinkish-hued rock.

A few minutes later, Bowness was holding a chunk of ore as big as a cabbage, so black with streaks of uranium-bearing pitchblende it looked almost like coal.

In the awed silence that followed, only a man who himself had struck paydirt could have comprehended the thoughts that ran through their minds.

Suddenly, Hayes, the only American in the quartet, realized that his gaze had wandered beyond the sample in Bowness' hands and gradually focused on something else.

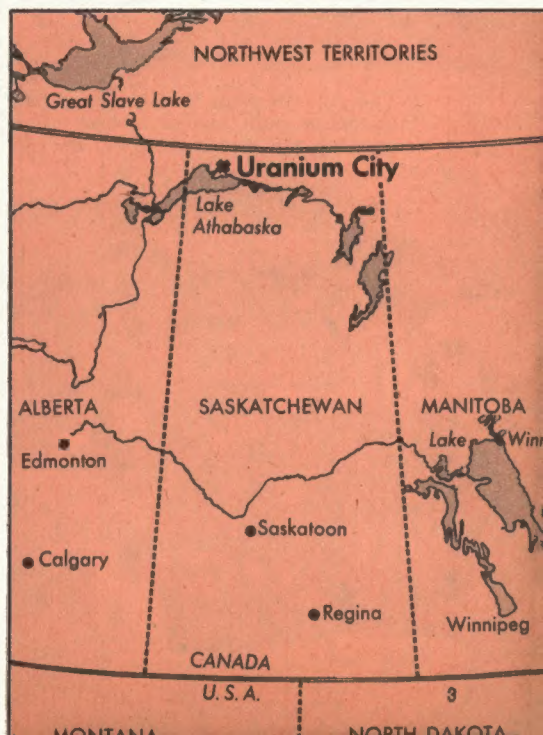
"Look!" he cried. "Right here where Jack was digging!"

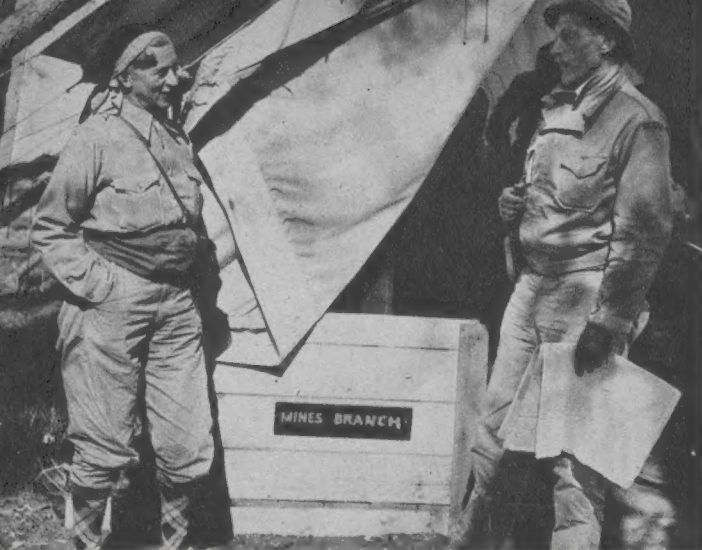
They rushed to the spot and looked down on another freakish chunk of ore. It didn't take an assayer to know at a glance that this one had a content of canary-yellow uranium oxide running at least 40 percent.

The four men fell to with a fury. By mid-afternoon of that epochal day, their ore axes had uncovered uranium-

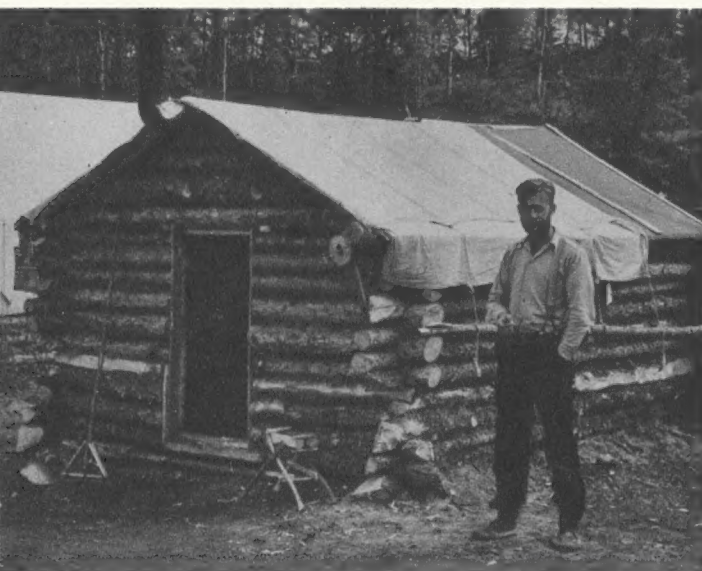
Prospector Bob Calder uses a compass to line up the corner posts and his partner blazes cutlines to outline the claim.

Uranium City, on the northern shore of Lake Athabaska, is the scene of a uranium boom that rivals the old gold finds.





Polish Count George de Modzelewski and his Countess gave up Paris for the uranium fields of Saskatchewan. However, book material, not U_3O_8 , was their principal objective.



There's no Waldorf in the wilds of Canada; this bearded prospector built himself a shack of poles, then stuffed moss between them to keep out the cold. Roof is canvas.



bearing outcroppings ranging up to seven feet in width and probably extending thousands of feet into the earth.

"It looks like a mother lode!" Hayes exclaimed jubilantly. "This township's unsurveyed. Let's get going."

They proceeded to mark staking posts with their names, license numbers and staking time. Cut lines were blazed with hand axes by gashing trees that stood roughly 50 feet apart. Each prospector paced off 21 claims by stride, counting each stride as three feet, to lay out claims measuring 1,500 feet square. They knew that each could file nine claims in his own name on each \$5 prospector's license, and could put in for six more on "Joe Doe" proxies.

That night, the prospectors lay in their tents in the bush, scarcely hearing the mournful howls of timber wolves and the melancholy cry of lake loons as they discussed their find. The next day, they went by float plane to Edmonton, Alberta. Then, impatiently, they sent a five-pound sample of their findings to the Geological Survey Division of the Mines Department at Ottawa, Ontario. A return telegram informed them the assayers were pleased to report that the samples contained a "very high" uranium content.

Already, a mining syndicate has offered the four prospectors \$150,000 for their claims. But the boys, after trying to sniff out uranium for four years, are holding out for more.

Old-time prospectors? Professional geologists? Mining engineers?

Far from it. The four men who uncovered this great uranium strike in North America were ordinary guys, different, perhaps, only in the sense that they possessed a little more of the old pioneer spirit, a willingness to go the hard road and the will to stick with it.

Anyone with the same kind of determination can follow in their footsteps. With the current clamor for more and more uranium for our expanding atomic program, the Canadian government is doing everything possible to encourage greater exploration and development work.

Nor do Canadian citizens have any monopoly on their country's vast untapped mineral reserves. Americans are invited to try their luck, and quite a few are already combing the lake-pocked bush and jackpine wilderness of northern Saskatchewan.

If you've got a little time on your hands and would like to give it a whirl, here's what to do:

First, get hold of a couple good books on elementary geology and prospecting procedures, with particular emphasis on radioactive ores. Equipped with even the most rudimentary knowledge, you'll be that much further ahead of the many amateurs who are scratching around without knowing what to look for.

Next, you'll have to decide what part of Canada you want to explore. The four principal areas where uranium minerals have been found are, in order of their potential importance: Beaverlodge and Black Lake district—Lake Athabasca area; Great Bear Lake—Hottah Lake district; Theano Point district, Lake Superior; and the pegmatitic deposits from Georgian Bay to the Saguenay River.

This doesn't mean, however, that you're restricted to these regions; vast areas remain unexplored, so you might want to look for really virgin territory. Various agencies of the Canadian government have published bulletins that describe likely areas, how to look for uranium and what to do when you find it.

For a starter, write to the Editorial and Information Division, Department of Mines and Technical Surveys, 294 Albert Street, Ottawa, Canada. Explain what you intend to do, ask them for their new pamphlet on prospecting in

Uranium City's only storekeeper, Gus Hawker, grossed over \$27,000 in three weeks. Prospering merchant's monopoly will soon end, because competition is starting to move in.

Canada and any other specific information you feel that you should have before striking out.

Meanwhile, you can start applying for entry into Canada. A letter to the Passport Division, Canadian Consulate, 620 Fifth Ave., New York, will get you started in the right direction.

An American citizen, in order to work in Canada, is usually required to establish permanent residence. However, this may not be a hard and fast rule—the immigration authorities generally decide each case on its individual merits.

The basic requirements, then, are that you must be an American citizen (and prove it), show evidence of good character, good health, and the ability to support yourself, and establish to their satisfaction that you will not become a public charge. When permission is granted, you're ready to start collecting equipment.

From your preliminary reading, you probably have a pretty fair idea what you'll need in the way of tools, clothing and supplies. A must for the uranium prospector is a good Geiger counter—don't try to find radioactives with a surplus mine detector or one of the various "treasure locators" on the market.

Geiger counters range in price anywhere from about \$45 on up to \$900. You can pick up a serviceable one that will stand up well in the field for around a hundred bucks. If there aren't any scientific instrument dealers in your locale, write to The Atomic Center, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. They carry a full line, and will be glad to supply complete details.

So there you have it—you're ready to go!

When you get to Canada, plunk down your five bucks for a prospector's license and you're in business.

In case you're wondering by now what's in it for you, the Canadian government is currently paying up to \$14 a pound for pitchblende ores that assay 10 percent uranium, and they'll buy all you can supply. If you aren't interested in developing your find, you can probably sell it at a handsome price to one of the big mining companies.

The strike that touched off the current uranium boom was made 40 miles west of Uranium City on Beaverlodge Lake—focal point of the first uranium claim-staking rush of the atomic age. It was on the third day of this modern Klondike boom that in August 1952 Hayes' Geiger counter started kicking up. Many finds have been made since.

The stampede has driven fevered tenderfeet, hardened sourdoughs, and gadget-laden geologists alike, on both sides of the Canadian border, scurrying to the 500-square-mile uranium source in Saskatchewan's bleak Athabaska country.

"It was murder," said an attaché of the Canadian Consulate in New York City. "Right from 8:00 a.m. on August 4th—when the Saskatchewan government threw open uranium claims to the public—we were deluged with dozens of would-be American prospectors. They would've cheerfully gone by canoe or on foot."

"You can only compare it with the gold rush of '49," says Mrs. Viola McMillan of Toronto, president of the Canadian Prospectors & Developers Association. "But this one looks like the hottest stampede on the continent yet."

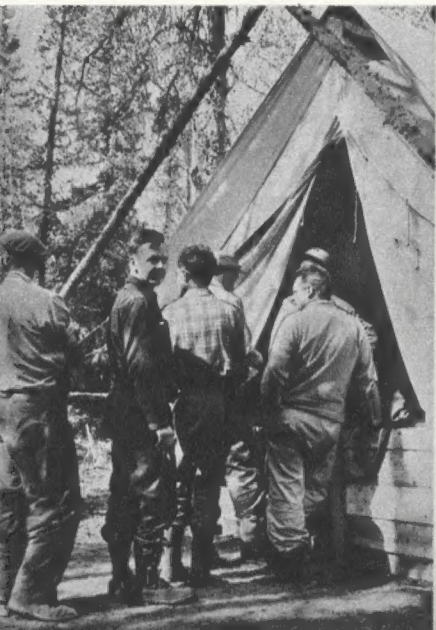
By the end of September, 1,021 claims had been staked within a 20-mile radius of Uranium City alone. "The field surrounding Uranium City and Beaverlodge Lake is the biggest and most important source of uranium yet discovered," says Dr. A. F. Morrow, chief Saskatchewan geologist. "Yet, you can't ignore claims at the three other nearby fields of Charlebois, Spreckley Lake and Lac La Ronge."

These concessions came into being in 1949, when the Saskatchewan government permitted three-year contracts in the uranium fields to some 30 big mining syndicates. In that period, the mining companies had to spend a minimum of \$50,000 each on the development of their chosen tracts, averaging about 25 square miles. Having failed this, each was allowed to keep 10 percent of its tract. The remainder, last August 4th, was thrown open to any prospector with a \$5 license in an effort to increase the production of valuable uranium, source of explosive plutonium and U-235.

Most of the hopefuls filed their claims with D. W. Sherridon, chief mining recorder for the Saskatchewan government. He and his two assistants, geologists Pete Friesen and Earl Shannon, set up nylon tents equipped with flickering Coleman lamp burners, right in the middle of rugged Uranium City. Prospectors by the hundreds, in loud mackinaws and bush boots, filed into his tent to kiss a Bible and swear to the truth of their claim statements.

"Initially," says Sherridon, "there were 53 bitter disputes, though we narrowed them down to five. There was no gun-fighting, as in the roaring days of the Yukon. But the arguments were plenty fierce [Continued on page 77]

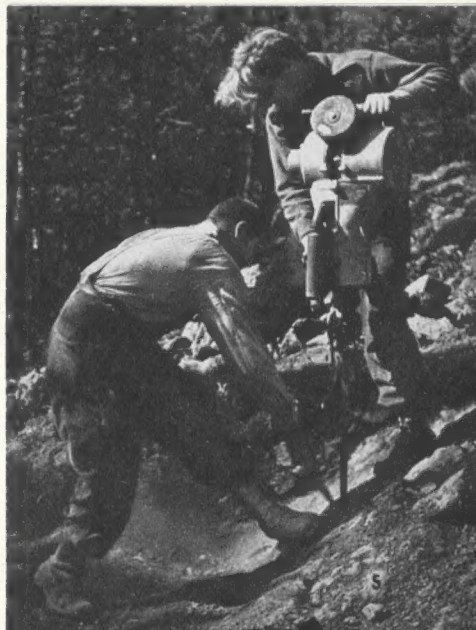
Geologists, prospectors and miners, tyros and pros alike, line up at the government tent to file their claims.

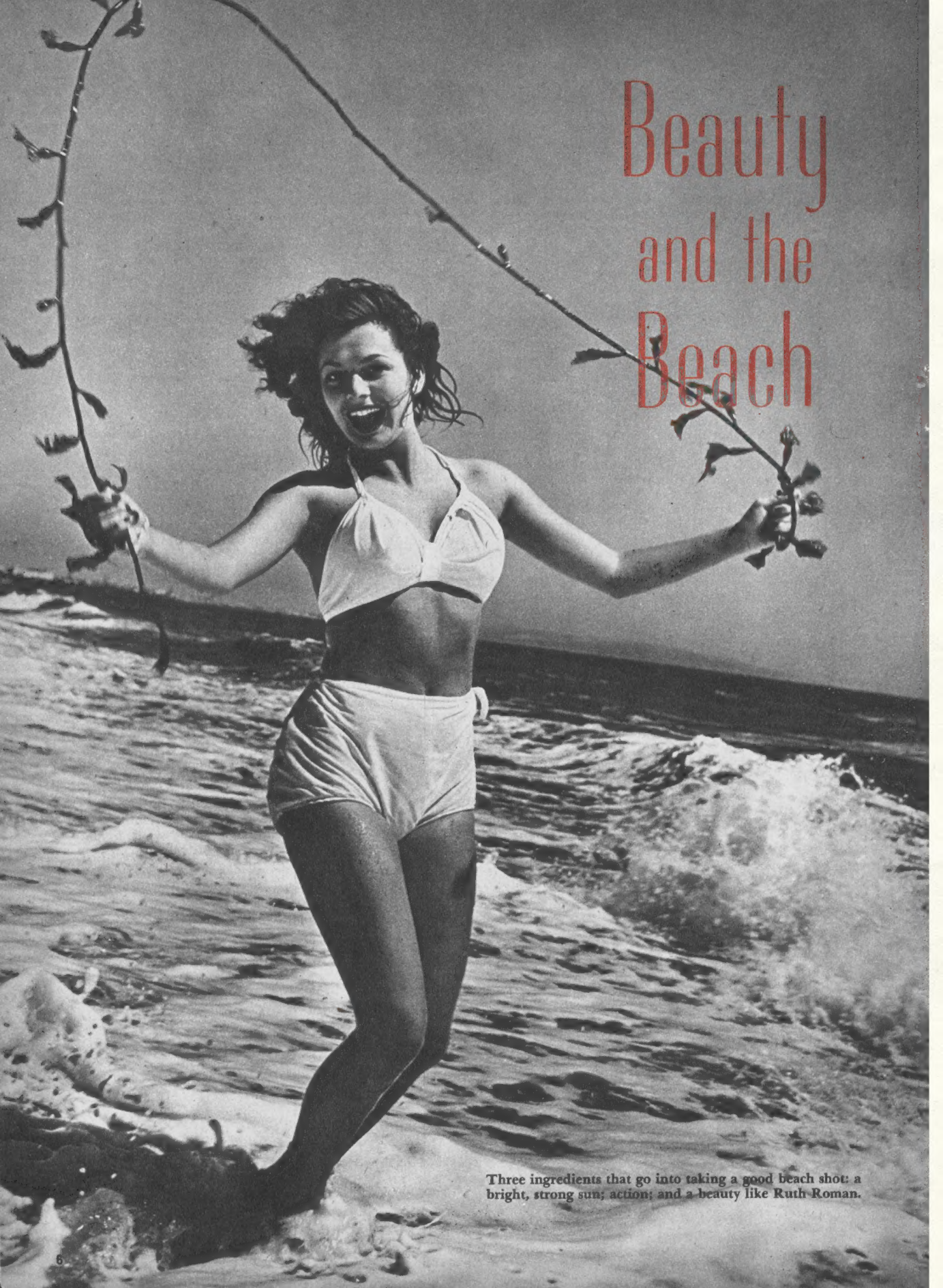


The big cafeteria at Beaverlodge camp is filled to overflowing when construction men finish day's work.



Pilot-pro prospector John Nesbitt, right, struck it rich at Athabaska. Here, he's test-drilling on a likely outcropping.



A black and white photograph of actress Ruth Roman running through shallow ocean waves. She is wearing a light-colored, two-piece swimsuit consisting of a halter-style top and high-waisted shorts. She has a joyful expression, with her mouth open as if laughing or shouting. Her dark, curly hair is blowing in the wind. She holds two long, thin, leafless branches, one in each hand, extending them outwards. The background shows the ocean with white-capped waves and a clear, bright sky. The overall mood is energetic and carefree.

Beauty and the Beach

Three ingredients that go into taking a good beach shot: a bright, strong sun; action; and a beauty like Ruth Roman.

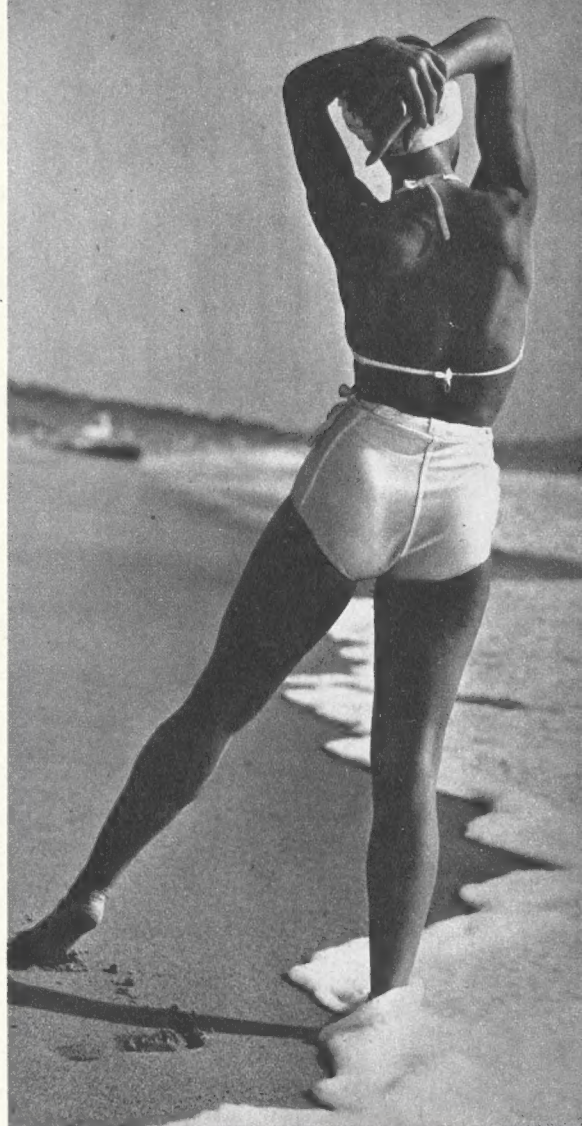


The use of props helps give a picture the stamp of individuality, not that Marilyn Monroe couldn't have managed all by herself.

Few photographers have been as successful as Andre de Dienes in capturing the sensuous excitement of woman and the sea.

The key to his work, of course, is that he makes nature work for him, instead of against him. "Take advantage of every kind of light," he advises, "no matter what its quality or direction. Forget that old saw about shooting only when the sun is at 45 degrees, and experiment with light from above, the side, the back."

For de Dienes: Every condition evokes its own mood and creates distinctive effects that can make your pictures spring to life. Use your camera both when the sky is hazy and when it is clear—always remembering that beauty is its own excuse, lives by its own law, and changes its rules from moment to moment. ●



Classic in its simplicity, this pose makes for a provocative study of a well-built body.

Languorous and lovely, dancer Gregg Sherwood lies at an angle that emphasizes and flatters her slender, shapely legs.





MOHAMMED MOVES THE MOUNTAIN

The Turk wasn't crazy. He just knew how to attack with the mind

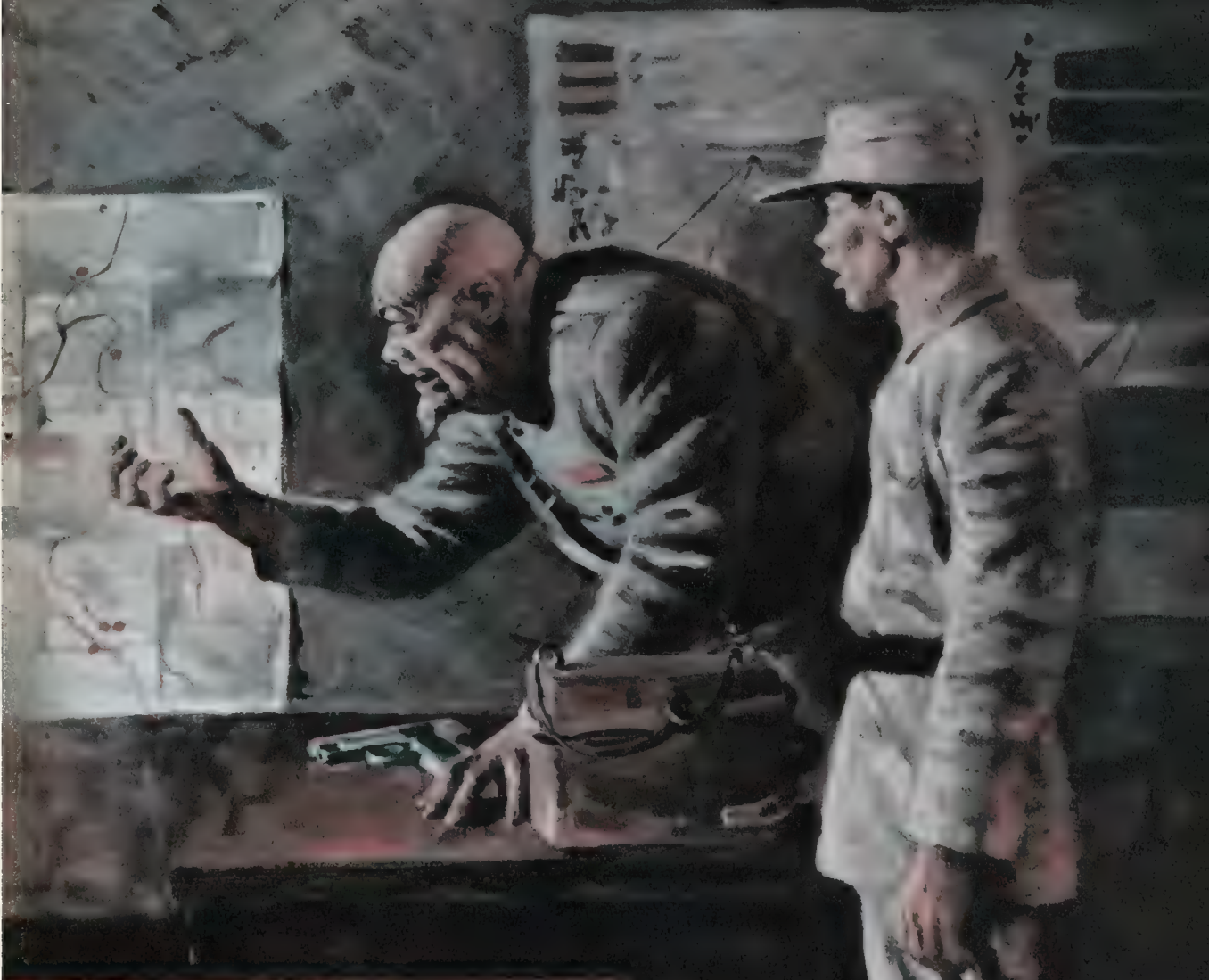
The attack divided and splashed around C company, and for a few days it was an island surrounded by Chinese. When the assault receded and the company regained contact with the rest of the battalion, C company was the tip of a salient wedged between Communist lines. The Red position curved through a line of low hills. In front of the hills there was a dry creek bed. From the tip of C company a dirt road meandered north to the creek bed and disappeared between a couple of hills. C company was huddled around the remains of a village.

Sitting in the hills, the Chinese had balcony seats from which they could watch every movement inside the perimeter of C company. Men crawled, one at a time. Chinese mortar crews gave the menacing looking

salient a real thorough working over about every forty minutes.

The assault deposited something else beside shells—a Turk. To look at him, one would never guess that whole chunks of the Turkish battalion, to the left of Charlie company, had just been wiped out. At first glance, this Turk was a handlebar mustache, blue eyes, and a honed bayonet. He had a can of beans and, apparently, no key to open it. The bayonet made a squishing noise as he pounded it into the can. With his handkerchief, he cleaned the bayonet, held the edge up to inspect it, and frowned. Then he saw Captain Griswold and stood up.

The Turk was a head taller than Captain Griswold. His grin seemed to extend around the boundaries of



by Kenneth Lowe

his black mustache. He must have used polish on it, it glistened so.

Shaking hands, he said, "I am Captain Mohammed Sarcoglu." Gesturing with his bayonet, he added, "We held until the last day." The words sounded American.

Captain Griswold swallowed and pivoted on his bowlegs to look at Sergeant Henderson. Then he murmured, "Well, I'll just be damned."

Sergeant Henderson's long face was puckered in skepticism as he wondered what the morning report would look like with a Turk attached to the roster. It probably would furnish several thousand yards of red tape for the battalion clerks. This thought gave him pleasure. He smiled.

"It would be an honor," Captain Sarcoglu said, "to

"It is I who attack!"
the Red general yelled

fight with you for a few days until I can learn what happened to the Turkish battalion." He twisted the ends of his mustache and stared gravely at Captain Griswold.

Assuming the same serious tone, Captain Griswold said, "Well, I'll tell you. There ought to be enough war to go around. You're perfectly welcome. Your company get shot up?"

Captain Sarcoglu nodded and pointed with his bayonet. "They lie over there," he said.

Sergeant Henderson squinted. His gray eyes were blood-shot. "What did you say that first name was?"

Captain Sarcoglu threw his head back and laughed. White teeth flashed as he said, "Mohammed. The same as the prophet."

Sergeant Henderson glanced at Captain Griswold.

"All I'll need is some rations and ammunition," Captain Sarcoglu said. "And if it's all right with you, I'll move around and see where I can do the most good."

"Captain Mohammed, you're in," Captain Griswold said.

The Turk dug in with the second platoon. Charlie company never had seen that kind of foxhole before. It was an excavation. Sergeant Henderson slithered over on his belly to offer advice. Sweat darkened the back of the Turk's khaki shirt. When the hole was about five feet deep, he started carving the bottom out for sleeping quarters. Then he asked for a jeep and rode with Henderson several miles back down the road and picked up three railroad ties that had been blasted loose at the station. Sergeant Henderson helped him drag the ties over to the hole. Captain Mohammed put them over the top of the hole so that he could push them aside as he stood up to fire. It was a deluxe, personal fort.

"Mortar protection," Captain Mohammed commented.

"How come you talk English?" Sergeant Henderson asked.

Captain Mohammed said, "Benning. I trained at your infantry school."

He pulled out a wallet and opened it to a girl's picture.

"She's mine," Captain Mohammed said. "American girl from Atlanta, Georgia."

That night C company absorbed mortar, artillery, and small arms fire. There was some heavy stuff in it, too. Possibly a railroad gun. Captain Griswold reported this to battalion. A mortar shell blasted a hole in the roof of Captain Griswold's command post. The next morning he was standing beneath it in the sunlight. His jaws were working as he said things to himself. There were deep circles under his eyes. His prominent nose gave him the appearance of a dissipated hawk.

Sergeant Henderson crawled up and looked grimly at the hole in the roof. Lifting his head, he hollered through the window, "Looks like they came pretty close to where you live."

Cautiously, Captain Griswold poked his head through the window and grunted.

"The first platoon says they heard a lot of truck motors over in the creek bed last night," Sergeant Henderson said.

Captain Griswold ran his right hand across five days' growth of beard on his chin and said, "The first platoon is liable to hear anything."

Feigning indifference, he lighted a cigarette. He had heard the motors.

"Corporal Freeman of the third platoon got it last night, and I had to send Ahrens and Peabody to the aid station. They won't be back," Sergeant Henderson said.

"Mortar fragments?" Captain Griswold asked.

Sergeant Henderson nodded.

Captain Griswold rubbed his forehead and said, "Is there any coffee?"

"I'll get you some." Sergeant Henderson crawled off. Within a few minutes he came back with the powdered coffee.

"Henderson," Captain Griswold said, "how did the Turk make out?"

Sergeant Henderson raised up on his elbows. "Captain," he said, "the Turk fights a funny kind of war. He spent the night over there at the creek bed watching them."

Captain Griswold's eyebrows went up. "Ask him to come over here, will you?"

Captain Griswold was heating hot water for the coffee when the Turk appeared.

"Breakfast," Captain Griswold said. "Got a canteen cup?"

Captain Mohammed stood up, unhooked his canteen. He took the cup off. Captain Griswold handed him powdered coffee and poured hot water into his cup.

"Thanks," Captain Mohammed said. He tasted the coffee, slowly, deliberately, as if he were searching for something.

"The last coffee I had," he said, "was in Istanbul. It is unfortunate what Americans do to coffee. It does not smell like coffee. Your quartermaster ought to let a Turk buy his coffee."

Captain Griswold shrugged. "Find anything over there last night?"

"Yes," Captain Mohammed said. "Tanks. I counted 19. They're dug in, hull down, in the gravel of the creek bed."

"Do you always go out alone like that?"

Gulping some coffee, the Turk lighted a cigarette and said, "It is a sort of habit."

"What do you do in peacetime?" Captain Griswold asked.

Captain Mohammed grinned. "I am a soldier. All the time I am a soldier. My father was an officer on the staff of Kemal Ataturk. We have a farm, or a ranch as you would call it. There is something about the air on the plateau. Our goats grow long, silken hair. Even the cats grow a fine coat up on the plateau. It is odd, but the same animals do not grow fine coats along the sea."

He paused. There was concern on his face. "You are in a serious situation here."

"Yes," Captain Griswold agreed. "We look like the beginning of an assault, and we're not. We're just hanging on."

Captain Mohammed took off his helmet. The stiff, black hair stood up like a brush. With his right index finger and thumb he rubbed his eyes. "They are going to hit this salient," Captain Mohammed said quietly. "They don't like it. The Reds like straight lines. You make a dent in them."

They felt the concussion first, then the heat. It was hard to breathe. The sound crashed into their bodies as they dived to the floor. Shreds of the roof plopped down on them. Captain Griswold hunched up his shoulders to get his neck inside his helmet. Slowly, wearily, he got up on his hands and knees. Tensing his muscles, he shook his head, his heart racing.

Captain Mohammed was dusting himself off. Scowling, he picked up his canteen cup and threw the ruined coffee out the window.

Brushing the back of his neck, Captain Griswold said, "Eight o'clock mortars. One of these years some genius will invent a mortar shell that makes a noise before it hits, and he'll get the Nobel peace prize."

Captain Mohammed took out his bayonet and patiently tried to sharpen it on the sole of his boot. The telephone rang. It was the battalion S-2. Captain Griswold rubbed his chin and listened.

"Thanks," he said and hung up. Looking at the Turk, he said, "The major says we can expect some business up here. They've got a prisoner who says they'll attack."

"When?" Captain Mohammed asked. He had finished with the bayonet and now was combing his mustache with a tiny metal comb.

"It looks like tomorrow morning. It sure is nice that the Chinese tell their life story when they're captured."

Captain Mohammed laughed. "For men who can't read or write, talking is a necessity. I have known many of them. It is the only communication they have with the world."

He sat down on the dirt floor, took his helmet off, and put it under his head for a pillow.

"The men of my company were peasants," he said, looking at his boots. "They came from a province that is high, and the air is thin and keen. It is pasture land. Even the minarets are taller there. Not a one of them had seen Ankara, the capital. Ataturk had converted it into a European city. You should have seen their wide eyes as they paraded down the boulevards, awed and disdainful at the same time. The other day when things came to an end for my company, they fixed bayonets and charged. Nobody told them to. Turks like to fight close in. We use the knife a lot."

Captain Mohammed looked at Captain Griswold and spoke directly to him, "So I know what it is like to lose a company. It just melted away. I can still see their names on the roster. Letters will have to be written to their parents and wives."

"I know," Captain Griswold said.

Taking a deep breath, Captain Mohammed gestured with his left hand at the enemy and said, "There won't be any reason to go over there tonight. They will attack. They are afraid. Your company is aimed at them like a fist. They will attack."

He sounded like a doctor carefully describing the symptoms of a disease. Captain Griswold had folded his bowlegs beneath him and sat down. He lighted a cigarette. It tasted dry and hot. His empty stomach was in a knot. The attack could be stopped of course, by the division, but there wouldn't be much left of C company after those tanks got through lunging around. He jabbed the cigarette into the dirt floor, cursed to himself, and crawled out the door.

Rocks cut into his bruised elbows. The dead cow in the street was beginning to puff up like a balloon. Her legs stuck out rigid. The stench sickened him. Holding his breath, he threshed forward. He felt like vomiting. Something would have to be done about the cow. It reminded him of a body he had seen north of Tegal: the brown,

withered body of a Chinese still in a foxhole. The arms were thrown up high as if to surrender, probably blasted up that way by a shell. And there was a surprised look on the face. Maybe Sergeant Henderson could get the cow winched out by a truck at night.

He found the sergeant sitting in a shallow hole behind the fragment of a wall. He was holding his face in his right hand. The light skin around his eyes had reddened with fatigue.

"I've got me a touch of dysentery, Captain," he said.

Griswold shook his head, swearing disgustedly.

Sergeant Henderson raised his eyebrows and shrugged.

"It's something to do," he said.

Captain Griswold took off his helmet. His head ached. He wanted to roll over on his back and go to sleep. The sun felt good on his neck and shoulders. For a moment he tried to remember his last bath. Consciously, he exaggerated the pleasant luxury and tried to remember the clean feeling of well-being. He was so tired that his vision blurred. Wrinkling his forehead, he tried to keep his eyelids up.

"S-2 says they're going to come over in the morning," he said. Looking up at the sergeant, he added, "With a bunch of tanks."

Sergeant Henderson scratched his right ear apathetically. "What does the Turk say?" he asked.

"He says the same thing," Captain Griswold said. In his mind he could see the bazooka teams and the .57 crew trying to stop the tanks. He had been through that sort of thing before. A few tanks could be stopped, yes. But not nineteen. He remembered what Captain Mohammed had said about writing those letters. *Dear Mr. and Mrs. Jones*. It was just too bad. We just had to sit and wait for them to come over and stomp hell out of us.

"I don't like just sitting here and waiting," he said. "Let's talk to the Turk again."

In quiet agony, Sergeant Henderson slumped to the ground and crawled with Captain Griswold to the command post. Captain Mohammed was sitting by the telephone, his eyes closed. The bayonet was in his right hand.

"Any messages?" Captain Griswold asked.

The Turk shook his head.

[Continued on page 72]

The Reds scattered on each side of the road to make room for the American jeep.



HANGOVER— How To Cure It

by Bernard Rosenberg

Doctors and scientists concerned with alcohol research tell you quite openly that they don't know how to cure a hangover as yet. But the man on the street—the guy who gets them? He readily admits that he knows all the answers to the morning-after head. And, maybe he does.

Take my Uncle Ben as an example. He always gets himself mulled at births, weddings, the Fourth of July, and when he wins an election bet. His sure-cure hangover remedy must have been dreamed up on a stormy night by a mad descendent of a mad Borgia: A dash of tabasco sauce; a shot of Worcestershire sauce, a sprinkle of salt; the ingredients vigorously stirred; a raw egg carefully added. Then down the hatch in one quick gulp.

Uncle Ben's reaction? Like Mr. Hyde turning into Dr. Jekyll: shivering, hand clutched at throat, bleary eyes bugging out of sweating head. Then, all at once, a normal-looking human being—smiling, humming, sitting down to a generous breakfast of fruit juice, two soft boiled eggs, small steak, home-fried potatoes, three cups of black coffee with lots of sugar.

Some drinking men eat raw cabbage and vinegar to get over a hangover. Others take alternate mouthfuls of tomato juice and ice cream. Still others down buttered ale in place of breakfast food; a teaspoonful of table salt in a glass of water; a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper in a highball glass of cold buttermilk; coffee; pickled herring; sweet chocolate, or orange juice and sugar.

Researchers at Yale University's Section on Alcohol Studies of the Laboratory of Applied Physiology soberly denounce the "hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you" hangover cure. Says Dr. Giorgio Lolli: "More alcohol, even if given in ever-decreasing doses, is no remedy for the psychological and physiological disturbances caused by the excessive use of alcohol." Yet drinking men have sworn by the technique for centuries.

A friend of mine—an actor—always puts away a double jigger of dark rum to get over a hangover. Another—a public relations man—places absolute faith in pineapple juice and dry gin. Still another—an artist—

goes for minestrone soup and domestic burgundy.

Not long ago, two radio patrolmen cruising along Manhattan's deserted Wall Street early one cold winter morning spotted a smashed bank door. Immediately they put in a call for reinforcements and, in no time, 16 police officers responded. Cautiously they squeezed through the mesh screen, stepped through the broken revolving door glass panel, and slowly edged their way up the mezzanine stairs, guns in hand, ready to shoot it out with the desperate bank robbers. But, all at once, they stood stock still. In front of a safe on the upper floor was a lone bank burglar, completely absorbed in prying open the heavy safe door with his fingernails.

"I tied one on last night," he explained to the police with a contagious grin. "When I awoke, I had one of those morning-after thirsts and no 'hair-of-the-dog' money to quench it. So I decided to rob a bank."

How's that for faith in a cure?

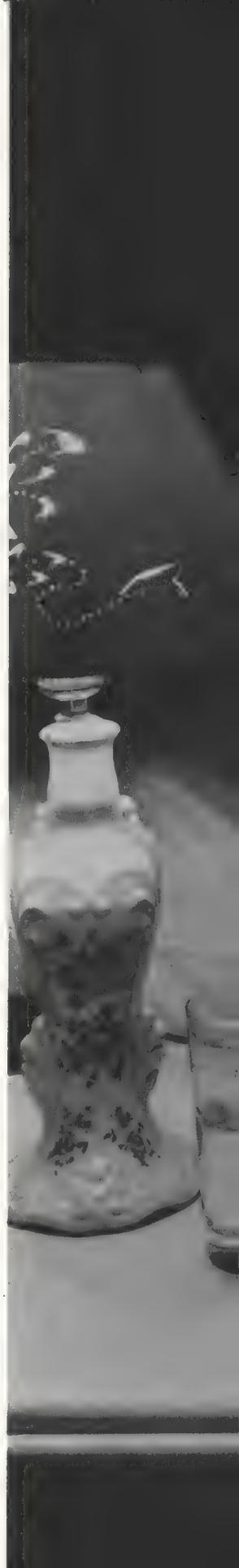
Agreed that a hangover can be a terrible thing, but it's a pretty mild affair compared to the countless diseases blamed on alcohol. And most of these accusations are *not* justified.

According to Dr. Howard W. Haggard, head of Yale's Laboratory of Applied Physiology, "... alcohol does not, in concentrations present in the blood, cause organic damage in the brain—it does not destroy the cells ... corrode them or dissolve them. ..."

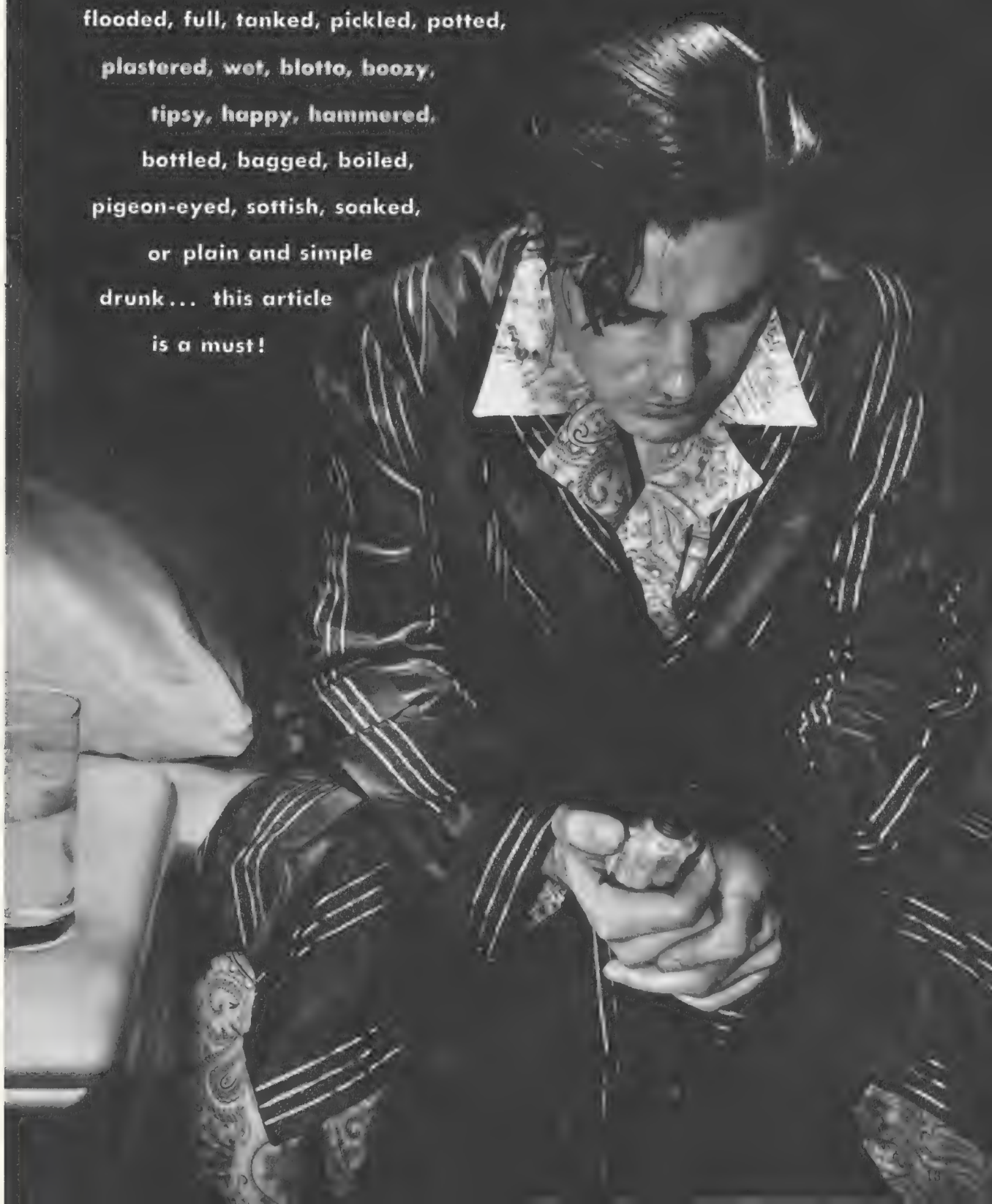
Liquor produces no permanent harm to the body, "... no kidney disturbances ... no polyneuritis ... no cancer ... no cirrhosis of the liver." What heavy drinking may cause is nutritional deficiencies which, in turn, can lead to cirrhosis of the liver. On the other hand, this disease also develops in individuals who never imbibe.

The reason for all this? Alcohol's end products are innocuous carbon dioxide and water, normal body constituents. Alcoholic drinks are never powerful enough to injure body cells. Autopsies on rummies show no pathological body changes.

Liquor produces [Continued on page 80]



If you've ever been intoxicated, inebriated,
afflicted, afloat, greased, gassed, at sea,
flooded, full, tanked, pickled, potted,
plastered, wet, blotto, boozy,
tipsy, happy, hammered,
bottled, bagged, boiled,
pigeon-eyed, sottish, soaked,
or plain and simple
drunk... this article
is a must!





As the condemned man entered the chamber, the warden said formally, "Gentlemen, this is Mr. Kemmler."

Death by A.C.

Behind each electrocution lurks a grim tale. But no drama could match that first time the current crackled and the doctor declared, "This man is dead."

by Arnold Beichman

Illustrated by Bert Zedig

There is an air of efficiency, a great silence and calm about an electrocution at Sing Sing today. At the right of the electrocution chamber is a varnished oak door which leads into the death-house, or condemned cells, and through which comes the murderer on his last walk. In the center of the living-room-size chamber itself is the massive electric chair. To its left (from the witnesses' benches) is a little room in which are the switches and dials which the executioner—at present a youthful electrician from upstate New York—manipulates with a watchful eye on the man in the chair. Along one wall is a table on wheels awaiting its burden. It's a matter of five minutes or so, three shots of sizzling electricity and it's over—no hysterics, no bungling, no wasted time or motion.

In the course of my newspaper work I've covered a half dozen electrocutions, and I've found that the only time I suddenly, horribly realize what I'm seeing is after the execution is finished. Then the head keeper steps up to the sagging body. He places both hands beneath the open-collared white shirt of the dead man. With a swift, easy motion of both hands diverging, he rips open the shirt so that the doctor can lay his stethoscope on the reddish, hot chest and officially, as required by state law, intone before the two dozen witnesses and newspapermen:

"This man is dead."

It is then that I see on the floor the shirt buttons which popped off as the shirt was ripped open, the little cotton threads sticking up from the buttonholes. Those, to me, are the symbols of the dead. The shirt of a murderer has in a few moments become his shroud.

To me there is nothing else, symbol or fact, so horrifying.

Fifty-six years ago, on August 9, 1890, the date of New York State's and America's first legal electrocution, there was little calm, and no efficiency. In fact, that first state killing by the then awesome and mysterious electricity was a mess, surrounded by as much passion, crusading, and court bickering as any political campaign.

The man who sat in the first crude electric chair at Auburn Prison was an illiterate, 28-year-old huckster from Buffalo, one William Kemmler, who in a fit of drunken anger had axed to death his mistress, Matilda Ziegler, 16 months previously. Under the old-established procedure, Kemmler would have been hanged by the neck. But Kemmler's conviction coincided with the culmination of a long crusade by a Dr. Alfred Porter Southwick, a successful Buffalo dentist, who had dropped his profession in order to

campaign for a more humane method of capital punishment. This coincidence catapulted Kemmler to international fame, brought his case before the highest court of the land, made him a client of several of the outstanding lawyers of his time, and projected him into the middle of the struggle for prestige between the rival electric corporations headed by Thomas A. Edison and George Westinghouse.

A hanging in those days was the occasion of great prison parties the night before. Family and friends got the victim and themselves good and drunk, so that the man went to the scaffold either still plastered to the ears, or with so miserable a hangover that he felt nothing mattered. The hangman, generally a political appointee, usually knew little about his business and the proceedings were often grisly beyond the descriptions of even the penny papers.

After Southwick got his idea, he experimented with electricity on stray animals and then got a friend in the State Senate to pass a resolution for a committee to investigate possibilities for a more humane method of capital punishment. Southwick himself, of course, became a member of the three-man committee, and he managed to convince his conferees that "euthanasia by electricity" ("electrocution" came into use much later) was superior to dichotomy, stabbing, impalement, guillotining, poisoning and a score of other methods which the committee's report, in 1888, listed.

The committee took a crack at hanging and, particularly, at the custom of giving the condemned man liquor before the execution.

"In the moral aspect," its report said, "the gross impropriety of sending a man into the presence of his Maker intoxicated is too obvious to require comment."

The committee also roundly recommended that legal killings be shielded as much as possible from the white light of publicity. This provision was subsequently written into law, with appropriate penalties for violations.

Supporting the committee's recommendation for electrocution was Thomas A. Edison, who made it clear that only alternating current, then being pushed by George Westinghouse (as against Edison's direct current), could really do a proper killing job.

It is reasonable to suppose that if there had been only one kind of electrical current in our universe, Kemmler's execution would have been of [Continued on page 61]

KING OF GAMBLERS

What a guy! He wagered fortunes on horses, cards, stocks, dice, elections, raindrops and roulette! No wonder they called him Bet-A-Million Gates

by Albert A. Ostrow

Illustrated by Victor Kalin

Early one summer morning a beefy, expensively dressed man with handle bar mustaches, watched a horse finish a secret workout at an English racetrack. He glanced at the stop-watch held by the horse's trainer and let out a long soft whistle.

"Jumping Jupiter," he exclaimed. "What've you been feeding him?"

The trainer smiled. "Your horse is ready, Mr. Gates, as I promised. At the 50 to 1 they're quoting on him, I'd wager my chances for kingdom come that Royal Flush will win."

"You're his trainer," said Gates. "I was going to back the favorite but now. . . ." He shrugged. "We'll see."

The big race was a couple of days off, but during that time a rush of money suddenly appeared on Royal Flush. The bookmakers, who were unimpressed with the horse, couldn't figure it out. They knew it had been picked up for the stable of John W. Gates, the fabulously wealthy American sportsman. Gates had an international reputation as the most audacious plunger of his day. Yet, so far as anybody could tell, only a small fraction of the money going on the horse was being bet directly by him. By post time odds on Royal Flush had plummeted from 50 to 1 to 6 to 2; a few minutes later the hopes of thousands had sunk much lower, Royal Flush had scored a smashing upset.

Immediately reporters looked up Gates. Was it true, they wanted to know, what people were saying—that Gates had won well over a million dollars on his thoroughbred? Gates admitted he had made a nice haul, but just how much he wouldn't say. Then was it his own money, secretly bet through front men, that had been bet on Royal Flush?

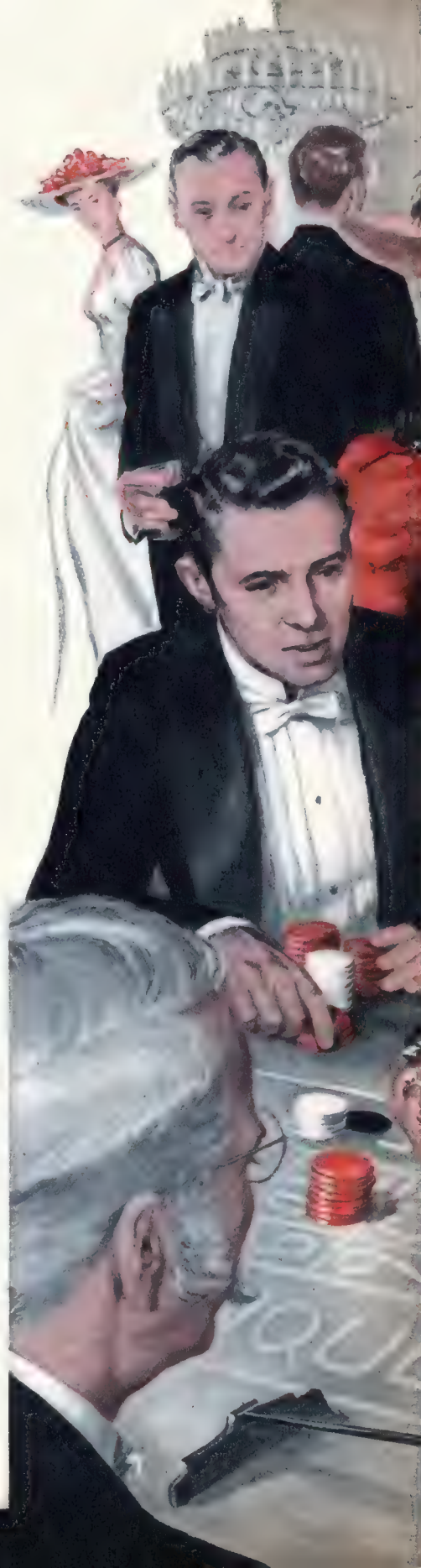
"Well, boys," said Gates, "let's put it this way: I'm a gambling man, and I've learned a thing or two in my time. One thing I know is you can get a lot more ducks when you're shooting out of a blind than when you're standing up in plain sight."

The newspaper accounts of the fantastic betting coup referred to Gates as "Bet-A-Million," a tag which he was to carry for the rest of his days. There were stories, too, that Gates' horse had been fed whiskey or stimulated in some other way. Otherwise how account for the fact that Royal Flush, a rank and unknown outsider, had managed to win this important stake race, yet in its very next running had lost dismally?

Gates took it in stride. He had heard the pleadings of disgruntled or outwitted losers many times before in the course of a career that had parlayed \$1,700 into a multi-million fortune.

It was the summer of 1900 when the killing on Royal Flush occurred. Gates, 45, had come to England for a vacation with John Drake, a big-time wheat speculator, after winning out in a struggle for control of the giant American Steel & Wire Company.

In the entire annals of gambling, beefy-faced John Gates stands supreme. Whether in Saratoga or Monte Carlo, he was King of the Casinos.







Few men have ever matched Gates' passion for riding, racing, and betting on horses. The racetrack was his mecca.

One night, toward the end of the racing season, he and Drake were whiling away the time drinking whisky and playing their unique "fly game." Each had a lump of sugar in front of him, a pad and a pencil. As soon as a fly lit on a lump, its owner made a mark on his pad and brushed the fly off. Each landing was worth a thousand dollars apiece, and accounts were settled after the men got tired of the game.

"Who do you think's going to win the election, John," Gates asked idly, "McKinley or Bryan?"

Drake shrugged and kept his eyes on a fly hovering undecided between the two lumps of sugar. "Looks like a real horse race to me."

"I'm going to buy an option on \$3,000,000 worth of Union Pacific," said Gates. "It'll cost me \$150,000. If McKinley wins, I figure the stock will make me a couple of million."

"And if he loses?"

Bet-A-Million chuckled. "Then I'll be out \$150,000 of somebody else's cash—money I won on Royal Flush. You can't beat that for smart operating, John." He put down a marker as the fly settled on his sugar.

"No," said Drake, "and I can't beat you at this damn game either. You're \$12,000 up on me. What does your sugar have that mine doesn't?"

"Luck," said Gates. "A man's better off lucky than smart, John, whether he's trying to draw flies or doing anything else."

So he said. But Bet-A-Million could testify from his own experience that it took more than just luck to get places. His own success had been brought about by gall, guts, grey matter, a yen for action, and a keen eye for the main chance.

His first big business operation had come out of a squirrel shooting expedition in his native Illinois when he was hardly more than 15. Going through a small wood, he had begun speculating what the trees would bring in if cut up into lengths of firewood. Firemen on the trains would buy it and so would women for cook stoves. A fellow could make himself some money selling that much cordage.

He went for a tape measure and did some calculating. Then he approached the farmer who owned the wood and said, "How'd you like to get an easy thousand dollars? I'll give you that much for the cutting rights to your trees, payable after I sell the wood, and you'll have the land cleared

besides. I'm taking a chance there'll be something left over for me for my work."

It sounded like an off-hand proposition, the kind a brash kid would make, and the farmer took him up on it. Young Gates hired a couple of friends to do the heavy work. When the cutting was finished, he had a thousand dollars clear for himself, as he had figured all along.

That first sweet taste of promoting a quick gain with a minimum of personal sweat shaped his outlook for the future. It made him impatient later, as a young married man in his early twenties, with the small hardware store he had bought with a loan from his father-in-law. As a release for his restless energies and emotions, he took to playing poker with railroad hands in boxcars. The drama of the game appealed to him, the clash of wits, the fact that you could bluff and, above all, the action.

One day, when the matter of his poker playing came up again between his wife and himself, he said, "Look, Delora, it's the store. It ties me down. Isaac Elwood's made me a proposition: I sell his barbed wire down in Texas and he'll give me an interest in the business if I make good. Nothing sells better than barbed wire in the store, so why not on the road? A drummer goes places, sees people and makes money. It's a chance to do something for myself and you and the baby. I've got to take it!"

So down to Texas went John W. Gates, a grey bowler on his square, close-cropped head, a shiny gold-plated mail order chain across his vest, and a heavy cameo ring on his finger. He set up headquarters in San Antonio, the wide open capital of the cow country.

By day he talked up the advantages of fencing off the range with barbed wire. At night he went to the gambling palaces, spending a lot of his time at the notorious Silver King, a hangout for Eat 'Em Up Jake, Faro Sam, Kid Nash and other famous betting gentry of the Southwest.

The young drummer from Illinois got so he could hold his own in this fast company. He visited the racetracks every chance he got and backed his choices heavily. On one occasion, after a lucky night in the Silver King, he took a fat roll of bills out of his pocket and handed it to a friend.

"Lay it all on Under the Wire," he said. "With a name like that the horse has got to win!"

The other counted the roll and found it contained \$15,000. "You're sure you want me to bet all of it?" he asked.

"Every nickel," said Gates. "If you like a horse, you've got to like him all the way." He smiled at the look on his friend's face. And he never stopped smiling or showed a trace of excitement throughout the race. Not even when the horse, a better than even money proposition, pounded across the finish line ahead of the field.

The business of selling barbed wire, though, didn't go nearly as well as his gambling. The stockmen were skeptical, certain that the wire couldn't hold their cattle and would mutilate them when they did try to break out. But one night, while watching a medicine show, Gates finally came up with an idea for beating down their resistance.

Why not give them a show and make it a betting affair at the same time? He'd build a barbed wire enclosure and drive steers advertised as "the toughest longhorns in Texas" into it. Then offer to cover all bets that not a single steer would escape or get hurt.

When the moment for the big test came, more than \$5,000 had been wagered against him and scores of stockmen and cowboys were on hand to see the show. They watched intently as Gates gave the signal for the cattle to be herded into the enclosure. A cowhand scattered the animals into flight, but whenever they approached the wire they wheeled

Said Gates: "I don't live to gamble; I gamble because I live." This devotion to luck made him a multimillionaire.

away. The onlookers, impressed, buzzed among themselves. They never did find out that "the toughest longhorns in Texas" were mostly tame steers which had been prepared for the test with a taste of barbed wire.

Weeks afterward, flushed with success and cocky, Gates showed up at Elwood's office. "Well, Isaac, I did it. You can't get the wire down as fast as I'm selling it. Now, what about that partnership we talked about?"

Elwood hemmed and hawed and beat around the bush. Maybe they had better wait and see. No use rushing things. For a young fellow he was making real good money—and so on. It all added up to "No." Gates picked up his grey bowler and walked out.

To his wife he announced that he was quitting Elwood and going into the wire manufacturing business on his own. When she wondered if it wasn't too big a move for him, he said: "Nothing's too big for a man if he thinks he can handle it. And I can handle this. We've got some money and I know where I can raise more. I'll have Elwood hopping before long, mark my words."

He began manufacturing barbed wire with machines that were copies of Elwood's patented ones. Elwood yelled "piracy" and sicked the law on him, but Gates countered with a charge of monopoly and kept a couple of jumps ahead of the chase by moving his portable machinery around at night. Discouraged, Elwood once again offered him partnership, but this time with Gates as top dog. To Gates, that was playing the game of business by the prevailing house rules, if not according [Continued on page 75]



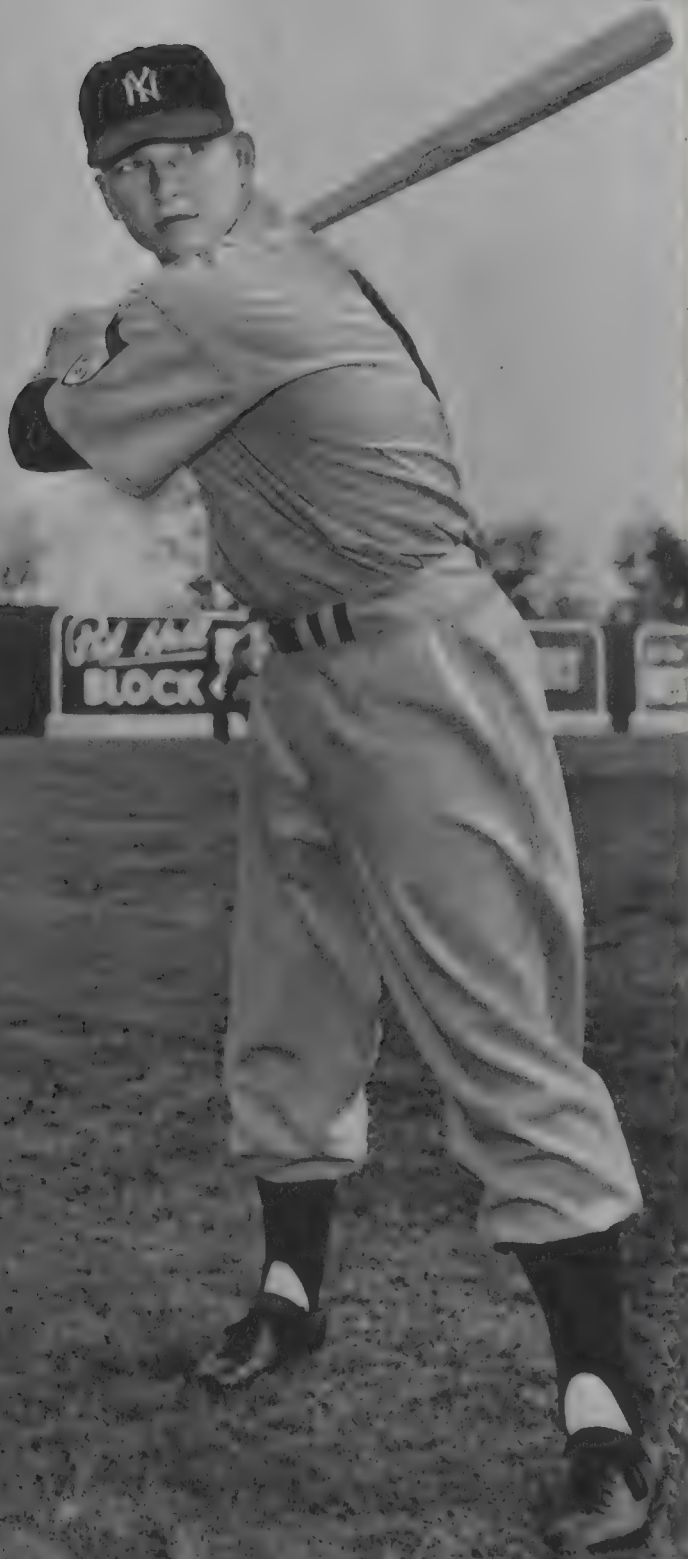
Standing on deck before sailing for Monte Carlo, Gates poses for camera with his daughter-in-law, wife and son.



they slipped the

How mighty is Mantle? Here's what insiders

by Paul Gardner



Baseball lives on the supermen it creates. Is Mickey Mantle, the 21-year-old dream switch hitter of the New York Yankees, a combination DiMaggio, Frank Frisch and Ty Cobb, or is he a standout in an era when baseball is receding from its former greatness?

Carl Hubbell, who was one of the finest left-handed pitchers of all time, and who now is one of the brains in the New York Giants' front office, says of Mantle, "Frisch was the best switch hitter I ever saw before Mantle, but Mantle has more power than Frisch, either way."

Hubbell adds conservatively, however, "It looks as if Mickey and Willie Mays are the best ball players to come up since the War. But you must remember that not many outstanding young players have been coming up in recent years."

Hubbell concedes that if nothing unforeseen happens to Mantle, "He must end up among the greats," while Marty Marion, manager of the St. Louis Browns, contends that Mickey is the leading player in the game today. This takes in a large batch, including such chaps as Marion's former team mate, Stan Musial.

The tendency of most baseball men, as Mantle faces his third major league season, is to laud the Yankee center fielder to the skies. He is strong; he is fast. Mantle has been clocked running the 80 yards to first base in 3.1 seconds, faster than anybody currently in the game—despite the osteomyelitis which has kept him out of the Army.

"Yet he's so powerful," says trainer Gus Mauch of the Yankees, "that one day last summer, Hank Bauer, Yogi Berra, Billy Martin and Joe Collins were fooling around with Mickey on the Stadium grass. They decided they would toss him in fun. He shook them off like flies."

Bauer, a bruiser himself, remarked after Mantle had flipped him aside by shaking a thigh the size of an oak, "He's the strongest guy I ever saw."

"Mantle got those muscles swinging a sledgehammer," smiles Yankee manager Casey Stengel, who can well laugh. Mantle helps win pennants for him.

The Mantle muscles amaze even trainer Mauch, who has seen giants in his day, including the New York football Giants for whom he once labored.

"Allie Reynolds," points out Mauch, "has a huge chest, but slim legs. Mantle is perfectly formed all over. He has a wrestler's build. According to all the rules, he should be slow, but I wouldn't be surprised if he would come close to 9.6 seconds for the 100!"

Mantle possesses the reflexes of a deer, and his wrists are so strong that he can wait until the moment that the ball crosses the plate before he swings. Even if he does not pull the ball, he is liable to hit it on a straight line into the stands.

"If anybody ever hits the ball into the dead center

pitchers a Mickey

think of DiMaggio's switch-hitting successor

field stands at the Stadium, which has never been done, it will be Mantle," says Mauch. "I wouldn't be surprised if he hit it over the center field stands."

One of the miracles of the 5 feet, 11 inch, 190-pound Mantle physique is the omnipresent danger to his skittish left ankle. Mickey injured it in football as a high school freshman back in his native Oklahoma. Doctors wondered for a long time, not whether he would ever engage in sports again, but whether he would ever walk perfectly.

It is the ever present threat of the bone disease which adds still more excitement to the Mantle story and which makes his precocious exploits all the more incredible.

"We have to bandage his ankle, his knee, and his whole shin carefully before every game," confides trainer Mauch. "And Mickey has to protect himself against a foul tip hitting him in the leg, or the possibility of hurting it sliding. The skin on his ankle is as sensitive as that on a man's skull, and affords about as much protection to the bone."

In complete disregard of this literal Achilles' limb, or possibly because of it, Mantle plays the game for all it is worth. He disregards his underpinning to attain lightning speed; he capitalizes on his unprecedented muscles for power. The upshot is a spectacular parley of strength coupled with increasing baseball skill as the boy grows older.

Jackie Robinson, Dodgers' second baseman, asserted unhappily after the last World Series that the only difference between the Brooklyn club and the Yankees was Mantle—the winning difference. Bobby Shantz, the Athletics' hurler voted the most valuable man in the American League, admitted that Mantle was the toughest batter to oppose him all season. And Joe Black, the Dodgers' magnificent right-hander, wondered just what you had to do to get Mantle out.

It was off Black, in the final game of the 1952 World Series, that Mantle, batting left-handed, smacked a home run which Dolly Stark, the famous National League umpire, declares was the longest thrust of all time.

"I was sitting in the upper stands," says Stark, who umpired in the National League from 1928 intermittently through 1942, and who has a prodigious baseball memory. "I watched the ball travel after it cleared the right field wall at Ebbets Field, 318 feet from the plate.

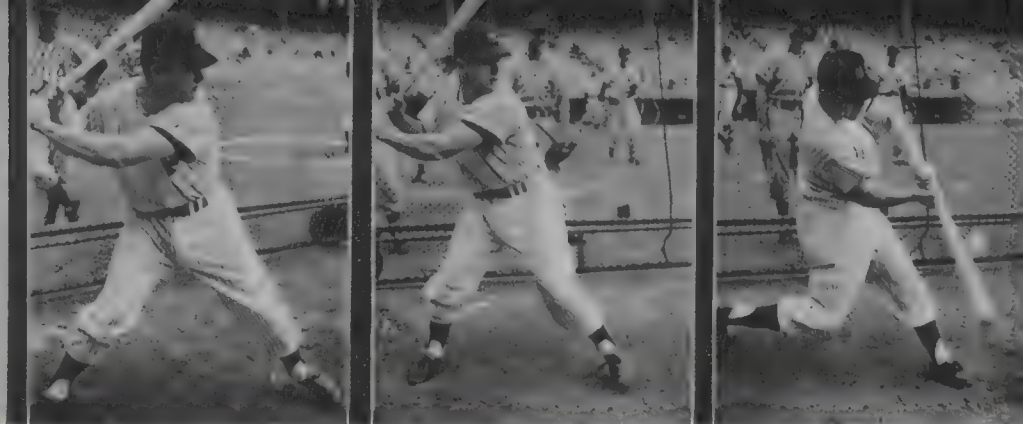
"It must have gone another 100 feet to fully clear Bedford Avenue. Then there was a garage about another 100 feet off. It travelled beyond that and landed on a roof an extra 30 feet away. The 500-footer Babe Ruth was supposed to have hit at Tampa Bay around 1920 and Jimmy Fox's longest drive never equaled it, in my opinion."

All that Mantle did in the 1952 World Series was



MANTLE AT BAT

Mickey is one of the strongest men in baseball. Notice his well-coordinated movements as he lashes into the ball, gets rid of his bat, heads for first.



bat .345, collecting two homers, a double and a triple. The triple he registered at the Yankee Stadium is still recalled with awe. The ball travelled 470 feet to dead center field. During the regular 1952 season, in which he batted .311 (.333 right-handed and .297 left-handed), Mantle stroked 23 homers, 11 of them from the southpaw stance. His last average was a healthy jump over his major league inaugural of .267 in 1951.

Yet it is scarcely prepossessing when compared to what other formidable players have accomplished from their first to their second seasons.

Ty Cobb advanced from .320 to .350; Tris Speaker, from .309 to .340; Paul Waner, from .336 to .380; Lefty O'Doul, from .319 to .398—the road is dotted with such jumps. One renowned batter slipped dreadfully from his rookie season—Shoeless Joe Jackson tripped from .408 to .395!

Furthermore, most of the immortals of America's half century of highly organized baseball have been so adjudged only after at least 15 years in the big time. Cobb averaged .367 for twenty-four campaigns; Rogers Hornsby, .358 for twenty-three; and Babe Ruth, who totalled 714 home runs in his span, averaged .342 for twenty-two years.

Then what exactly is so phenomenal about Mantle that he merits being mentioned with the colossi so early in his career?

First of all, by jumping up five leagues, from Class C to the majors in one season, Mantle achieved what but three

men ever did before him. Rogers Hornsby, Mike Gonzalez and Sid Hudson were the only athletes who ever used five-league baseball boots before. And nobody ever barged into two pennants and two World Series' competitions with such éclat as Mantle.

It must be acknowledged that Mantle's star gleams so brightly because the punch in baseball isn't what it used to be. Only 17 batters touched .300 or better in 1952. Ferris Fain of the A's topped the American League with .327, the fourth lowest winning mark in the history of the organization.

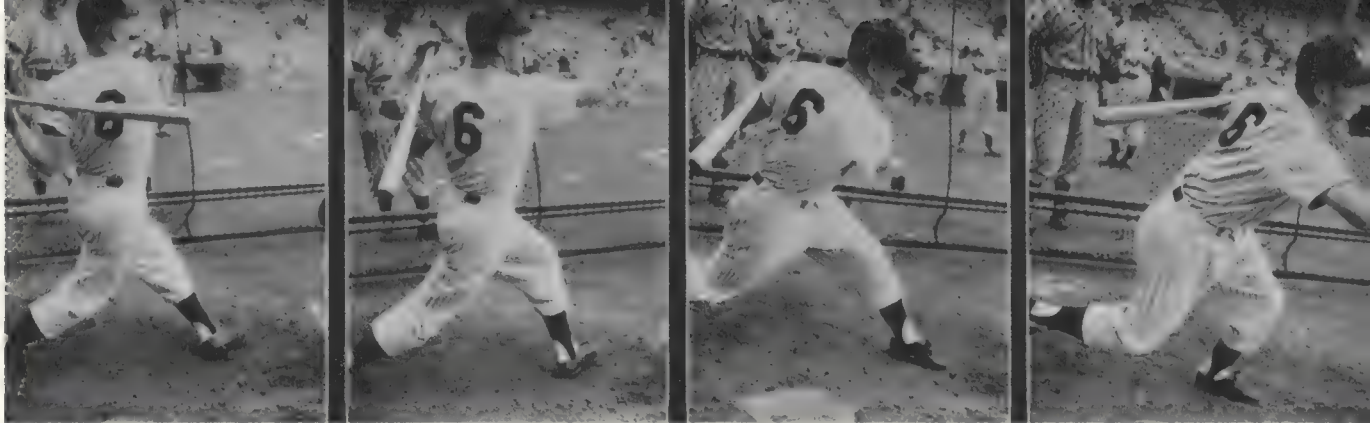
Stan Musial's .336, which fronted the National League, ranked 11 points under his own lifetime average. Further, on four American League teams (Washington, Detroit, St. Louis and Chicago) and three in the National League (Boston, New York and Pittsburgh) there were no .300 hitters at all.

Mickey Mantle's meteoric climb has been receiving the full treatment because he has the excellent fortune to perform regularly in New York and, also, because he is the prototype of what every hero-worshipping fan loves to see in sport.

He is the slugger, the knocker-out. He is the Jack Dempsey, the Rocky Marciano who can stow you away with a blast. He is the Red Grange or Jim Thorpe who sifts all the way off tackle. He is the Bill Tilden of the devastating tennis service. Like Marciano, he can miss a score of punches

According to umpire Dolly Stark, Mantle's 550-ft. homer in the final game of the '52 Series was longest clout of all time.





(Mantle broke the all-time Yankee strikeout record with 111 in 1952), but when he connects the situation becomes explosive. One of the mightiest line drives of Mantle's career occurred in Chicago last season: It was a winning home run with the bases full.

When Mantle does something, it gains maximum attention. Since most of the national syndicates and magazine headquarters are located in New York, Mantle's press, like that of Joe DiMaggio, Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and deserving Yankees before him, transcends that of other contestants. Out-of-town newspapermen complained for years that if Musial or Ted Williams had the advantages of the news breaks of an athlete in New York, their renown would have been immeasurably enhanced. But there are other factors accruing to the fame of Mickey Mantle. His skyrocketing from obscurity epitomizes the dreams of most American boys.

All the odds were against him at the start. He was poor, he was obscure, and the leg injury sustained in high school would have blighted the careers of most young men. Worldly goods came so hard to this miner's son that he actually wanted to augment his income working in the mines this winter. The Yankees quickly corrected that nonsense and eased him into a job above ground.

Mickey Charles Mantle was born in Spavinaw, Oklahoma (pop. 213), but the family moved to Commerce, Oklahoma (slightly larger), when Mickey was three. He was the oldest

of five children born to Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Mantle. His twin brothers, Roy and Ray, ranked as two of the best high school football players in Oklahoma last fall. There is a younger brother, Larry, known as "Butch," and a sister, Barbara.

Young Mickey was named after Mickey Cochrane, the redoubtable Athletics' catcher of a generation ago. The boy's father, Elvin (Mutt) Mantle, was a frustrated ball player himself, and he was determined to cast Mickey in the role he had pictured for himself.

The elder Mantle, who died this last year, at 40, after a tough life in the lead and zinc mines of Oklahoma, knew that there were few good switch hitters in baseball. So, at the age of five, Mickey, naturally right-handed, was taught to swing left-handed also. He kept at it unceasingly, even though, as a high school football player, Mickey could kick and pass 70 yards, and in basketball he was so good that schools wanted to give him scholarships.

"He'll stick to baseball," gritted "Mutt" Mantle, and never swerved from his plan even after his son's bone disease had him scrounging around for money for clinics in Oklahoma City, for penicillin, for diathermy, and for crutches. To his son he preached hope, hope, and still more hope.

It worked. At 15, Mickey Mantle was 5 feet tall and weighed 100 pounds. In a year, he sprouted 10 inches and 70 pounds. His muscles, from [Continued on page 74]

Mickey scores in a Red Sox game. Giving the "don't slide" sign is Woodling (14). White's the catcher, Hudson the pitcher.





the Coral Skull

If you're squeamish, keep away.

This story will haunt you

by DeWitt Young

Illustrated by Mal Singer

At water's edge two men, long-sleeved shirts protecting them against a scorching sun, dug small holes at irregular intervals.

The taller of the two men, Tirrington, used a short-handled trench spade, the other used a piece of driftwood. Tirrington stopped, raised himself and regarded the other. Unkel was bent, digging listlessly, yet without interruption. Tirrington wondered whether he should hit him with the flat of the spade or the edge. Though he had planned this for two days and nights, he realized certain details had escaped his attention. And just as well, he thought. It was not a task that he could be expected to approach in his usual studied and painstaking manner. He decided the flat side would be best. He raised the spade and, without pause at the top of the swing, brought it crashing down on Unkel's head. With that, Unkel crumpled to the sand and lay inert in a position that would have been grotesque, had he not been dead.

Tirrington considered for a moment, wondering if it was necessary to hit him again, hoping it was not. His deliberation ended and he walked, looking neither right nor left, to a spot 50 yards up the beach. From a scattering of boxes, timbers, and canvas bags he selected a knife and a small hatchet, then retraced his steps along the beach. Determination overcoming whatever misgivings he entertained, Tirrington cut off Unkel's head and quickly, without looking at it, flung the head into the sea. Then he stooped, intending to cut both the trousers and the shirt from the body and put them to one side. But awed by the change in what had been, a few minutes before, the only other living thing on the island, he decided not to touch the body until the bleeding stopped.

Tirrington went back to the site of the timbers and boxes, putting from his mind the thought of Unkel, concentrating intently on the task at hand. He collected every article that could possibly serve as a receptacle for water: two pans, two tin cups, a large rubberized canvas square, and four canvas bags. These he carried to the water's edge and, just above the mark of high tide, he laid out the canvas square in a carefully prepared level of sand, slightly raised at the edges. He covered it shallowly with ocean water scooped up with one of the pans. In a similar manner he spread out the four canvas bags and covered them with water. He then put water to the one inch level in each of the pans and cups and set them beside the canvas.

Tirrington looked at the sun. Still six or seven hours of scorching sunshine, he thought, by nightfall tomorrow it should be time enough.

He resisted the impulse to look toward Unkel and, successfully keeping his mind a

CAVALIER FICTION



Tirrington rushed over to the lines and began cutting.

blank, walked back to the timbers. Taking two smaller pieces, he carried them a short distance away. He dug two holes in the sand 15 feet apart, secured the two timbers in an upright position, and began to string a line from one to the other, then back two feet lower, and back again lower still.

Tirrington, for the first time in an hour, turned toward Unkel. He wondered if he should wait until tomorrow, but concluded it would be better over and done with at once. Picking up the knife and the hatchet, he started down the beach. Not a bad way to die if one must, he mused. It was quick and painless. Perhaps a better fate than would befall himself. And, in a way of speaking, one might say that Unkel had given his life for science—a fellowship at the University might even be given in his name. For the benefit of Unkel's family, Tirrington decided he would fabricate a fitting and heroic ending for the man.

Buoyed up somewhat by his thoughts, Tirrington began the distasteful work of cutting Unkel into pieces of the proper size. He puzzled over the question of the skin and finally decided it should be discarded. The bones, however, he would save. About half of the flesh he cut into thin strips varying from six to ten inches in length, the rest remained in chunks. The organs and the skin were thrown into the sea where the fish would undoubtedly make short work of them. He looked at what remained and, after a moment, he threw the smaller bones into the sea as well.

He worked deliberately now, silently congratulating himself on his composure. First he washed the strips in the ocean and hung them, evenly spaced, on the lines he had strung up before. Next, the chunks were placed carefully in the shade of one of the boxes and covered with layers of wet cloth. Finally, Tirrington tied the large bones to the end of a line and hurled them into the ocean. The other end of the line he made fast to a stake on the beach.

Tirrington sorted through the boxes and the gear he had emptied from the bags. He laid out the matches and counted them. One hundred and twenty-one. He pondered the problem of fire; the matches would last indefinitely, 242 days if he cooked every other day. The supply of firewood was much more acute, the island was barren and the only wood was that from the raft they had hurriedly made before the *Nautilus* capsized. And the wooden boxes would furnish a small additional amount.

Tirrington decided he would cook only at night, and that he would do so on the highest point of the island, where the fire would also serve as a signal to a passing ship. He deemed it unwise to attempt to keep a signal fire burning all night, the wood would not last more than a week or two at the most.

Tirrington went to one of the two fresh water casks and allowed himself two swallows, which he drank slowly. Then, after writing one page in his diary, he lay down to sleep. His thoughts were of the future rather than of what had happened that day, and soon he was asleep.

On the morning of the second day, Tirrington awakened before sunrise. He planned his most active work for early morning and late evening. During mid-day, when the sun was strongest, he would rest in the shade of a canvas, knowing his body would require less water with such a routine.

The important thing was to stay alive as long as possible; it might be five days, or one hundred and five, before a ship passed the island. And only if there were life, or some sign of life, such as a fire, would a ship stop to investigate the otherwise barren island. Then his sole objective, the return of the important oceanographic and geodetic data, collected during the two months cruise of the *Nautilus*, would be accomplished.

Tirrington first prepared the setting for a large fire on the high point of the island. This was the signal fire ready for lighting if a ship were sighted. At night he would let it burn fiercely; during the day he would throw on damp rags to produce as much smoke as possible. Tirrington knew that

the shipping routed past this island would be small, indeed. He was somewhere in the Tuamotu Archipelago, on one of the small and probably uncharted islands in the east.

Pitcairn Island lay about 500 miles to the southeast, the Marquesas Islands over 700 miles to the north. Ships sailing from Tahiti for Pitcairn might sight him, but he imagined they would more likely sail south of these waters. His island would be close to the Galapagos to Tahiti route—a route that was rarely sailed.

Tirrington walked to the surf and pulled in the line to which were fastened Unkel's bones. He tried not to think of Unkel; he knew he had done the right thing and it was best forgotten. The bones were picked clean of the small amount of flesh that had remained yesterday. The marrow would provide sustenance for some days, and even a single day might be vital.

His last job of the morning was to put out two fishing lines. He walked a hundred yards or so up the beach and stopped at a natural, semi-enclosed cavity made by an unusual formation of the coral. The beach was narrow here and, after a few yards, it stopped at an abrupt wall of grayish-yellow coral 30 feet high. Standing on top, Tirrington looked down into a wide hole completely shielded from the ocean, except for a small opening at the bottom, through which the tide surged. He had observed that small, edible fish congregated in this hole as the tide came in; though at low tide it was dry, the bottom covered with jagged coralite.

Baiting two hooks, he threw them down into the water and made the lines fast at the top. Tirrington walked back to the campsite, pausing on the way to observe the progress of evaporation in the canvasses and pans he had set out yesterday. For the next hours of mid-day he would rest.

Lying on his back, Tirrington concerned himself with the seriousness of his fresh water supply. This was the most limiting factor on the length of time he could stay alive. It was the final, overbearing reason for killing Unkel. Two men would deplete the supply in half the time that one would. Why had he selected himself as that one? No, he would not think of it! He had completely justified the predatory act before the *fait accompli*.

The casks contained a normal month's supply. That could easily be stretched to two months, even longer. He knew he could mix a certain amount of salt water with the fresh without ill effects; in fact, a certain amount of salt would be beneficial. He would experiment with the percentage. But the salinity of the ocean in the tropics was high and he would exercise care.

In the evening Tirrington returned to the *Hole*, as he thought of it, and retrieved the fishing lines. The hooks were bare, neither bait nor catch in evidence, and he resolved to fish only when he could tend the lines. For bait he had only half of the dead fish that Unkel had found on the beach their first day.

After sunset Tirrington had his first taste of Unkel, a small chunk boiled in salt water. He strove mightily to fill his mind with problems that would force thoughts of Unkel from his brain. Unkel did not have children and he did. Unkel had been a biogeographer, and while his work was important, it was not so much so as the geodetic research in which Tirrington, himself, was engaged. Even the other members of the *Nautilus* expedition admitted that. Hadn't they first lashed the boxes containing his recordings and data to the raft as the *Nautilus* foundered? Unkel had sacrificed no more than Holmes and Redfield and the others who were lost in the typhoon.

Tirrington lay down to sleep. "You have eaten a man, you have eaten a man!" It gnawed at the innermost recesses of his mind.

On the morning of the third day Tirrington walked completely around the island. It took him about 45 minutes. It was the second time he had done this, and neither time had he discovered anything that [Continued on page 78]



Marshall Teague, in his No. 6 Hornet, leads the pack into the south turn at Williams Grove, Pa. He's AAA champ for '52.

WHAT MAKES THE HORNET SO HOT?

by Bill Czygan

With a total of 46 wins, the Hudson reigns supreme in stock car racing. Here's why

Auto racing, until a few years ago, was a pretty specialized sort of thing. The cars were all built expressly for competition and bore little resemblance to anything we owned or could ever afford to own.

Today, there's a new kind of thriller, where the automobiles that roar, slide—and sometimes crash—around the oval are standard production models.

They call it stock car racing, and it's precisely what the name implies. The cars are strictly stock, exactly the way they come off the floor at your neighborhood dealer's showroom.

It's every man's own personal proving ground, where he can see how the family heap stacks up with other makes under the most grueling kind of operating conditions.

That's why stock car races now lead all other forms of auto racing in popularity.

A stock car race is always a gala occasion, but the one held on June 29 last year at the State Fair Grounds in Detroit had special significance. Practically every make of automobile was entered, and the late-model strictly-stock cars were piloted by some of the finest drivers in the nation.

Forty-seven cars started the 250-miler that day, but before very many laps were completed, the field began to thin out.

Scorching speeds on the straightaways and tortuous turns took an early toll of engines and rubber. As the afternoon wore on, thrill-seekers among the tens of thousands gathered in the stands got a full measure of chills and spills. There were crashes, overturned cars, and so many tight squeaks that only the narrowest escape from complete disaster drew audience response.

Finally, after 4 hours, 10 minutes and 23 seconds, the

checkered flag flashed down as a Hudson Hornet piloted by Tim Flock streaked across the finish line to victory. He was followed in by Buddy Shuman in another Hornet, with third place winner Herb Thomas in still another Hudson close behind. Only 22 of the 47 starters actually finished the race. Without a doubt, it was Hudson Day in the Motor City.

Spectacular as it seems, this was by no means a freak victory. On August 22, an AAA-sanctioned 100-mile race was held at Milwaukee in which only four cars of any one make could be entered. Four Hudsons were allowed to qualify, and the four Hornets took the checker in a sweeping 1-2-3-4 order.

And therein lies this tale.

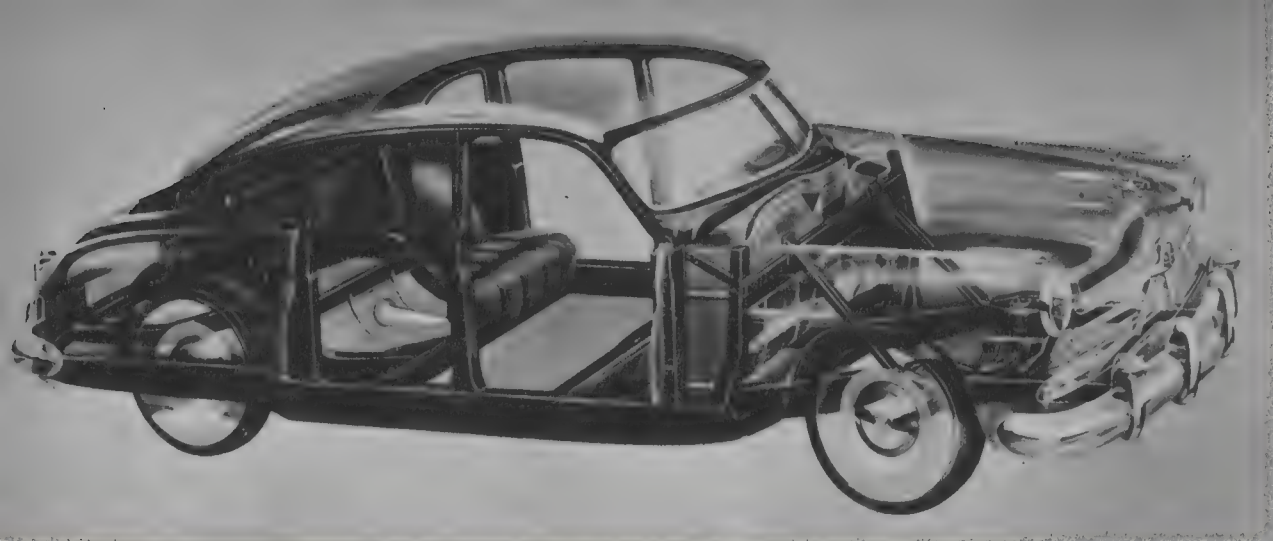
For when the 1952 stock car racing season ended, many of the country's severest critics—the stock car drivers themselves—had one outstanding choice for Automobile of the Year. That car was the Hudson Hornet, and, among spectators and professionals alike, it's become the most talked about car in America today.

The record shows why.

In the course of the year, Hornets racked up a total of 46 victories in both the National Association for Stock Car Automobile Racing and the American Automobile Association strictly-stock races.

No other car in the history of the sport has ever equalled this amazing number of wins.

Breaking it down further, you'll find that Hudson won 12 out of 13 sanctioned stock car races in triple-A alone, also setting nine national records ranging from half-mile sprints to grueling 200-mile grinds. As a final clincher, the season's summary reveals that Hornets finished at least



Hudson's Monobilt body and frame features main girders along the outside and supporting pillars welded directly to them.

SPECIFICATIONS

MODEL:	1952 Hudson Hornet.
ENGINE:	6-cylinder, L-head in line; bore, 3-13/16 inches, stroke, 4 1/2 inches; piston displacement, 308 cubic inches; brake horsepower, 146; compression ratio, 7.2:1; transmission, 3-speed conventional standard, overdrive and Hydra-Matic optional.
DIMENSIONS:	Wheelbase, 124 inches; tread 59 1/2 inches front, 55 1/2 inches rear; overall length, 208 inches; overall height, 60 1/4 inches; overall width, 77 1/4 inches; seat width, front and rear, 64 inches; legroom, 43 1/2 inches front, 38 inches rear; headroom, 38 1/4 front, 37 1/4 inches rear; tires, 7.10 x 15; road clearance, 8 1/2 inches; steering wheel, lock to lock, 9 1/2 turns; steering ratio, 20.4:1; turning radius, 21 feet 2 inches right, 20 feet 5 inches left.
CAPACITY:	Oil, 7 quarts; gasoline, 20 gallons; water 18 1/2 quarts.
SPEED:	0 to 60 mph in 14.7 seconds; top speed, about 98 mph.

*high compression heads (8.5:1) and dual carburetion available as options.

three cars in the first five no less than 17 times in some 46 races.

Even without considering the Hornet's wins in 1951, it becomes evident that Hudson has something which other cars apparently lack. And, while no auto company can be accused of lacking promotion-mindedness, Hudson readily admits that the answer isn't high speed—the Hornet'll step along in pretty smart company, but it isn't the fastest car on the road. It's far from being the lightest one, either, nor will it walk away from everything else in the acceleration department.

What, then, gives this car its sensational performance? And more important still, what does all this mean to Mr. Average Car Owner, the guy for whom the Hornet was built in the first place?

These questions were tossed in my lap last fall by CAVALIER. They wanted the whole picture, stuff that would read between the lines of the usual news releases and appraise the Hornet from a completely impartial viewpoint.

And if what follows sounds like advertising copy, it's as honestly impartial an analysis as I was able to make and still give this car its well-earned due.

The feedbox is rumored to be the best source for hot info

Tim Flock, Bud Shuman and Herb Thomas drove their Hornets in for win, place and show at NASCAR's annual

championship race in Detroit last June. With them (r.), is N. K. VanDerzee, Hudson's v. p. in charge of sales.





"Step-down" design centers weight at a lower point, gives a roomier interior with same road clearance as an ordinary car.

on the bangtails, and its closest counterpart on a stock car race course is the service pit. That's where I cornered Tim Flock, right after he won the 100-miler at Rochester, N. Y.

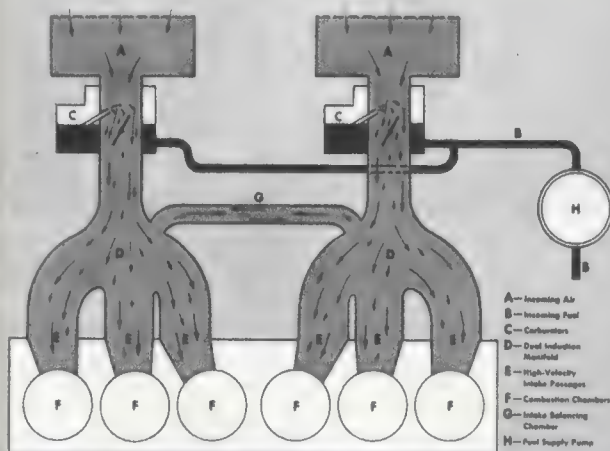
Tim, the soft-spoken, hard-driving Georgia Cracker who holds top honors as NASCAR Grand National Point Champion for '52, had this to say about it. "In order to win races," he told me, "you've got to be able to finish them. The Hornets keep finishing in the money because they've got endurance; they keep grinding off the laps when half the starters have been hauled off the track with mechanical failures."

For a double-check on this business of stamina, I looked up Marshall Teague at an AAA-sanctioned race a few weeks later. Teague, besides being champ of the triple-A circuit, a former NASCAR star and a driver with 15 years of auto racing in his log, is a master mechanic who doesn't guess about things automotive—he knows.

"Durability's one of the main things that brings 'em in first," says Marshall. "I mean the kind of guts that keeps an engine purring at high speed for mile after mile under all kinds of conditions. You need a car you can count on, and this one's really got it."

Teague figures that each race is [Continued on page 70]

HUDSON Twin H-Power



Teague and his Hornet rewrote the records in their first go at AAA racing. He won 7 races, set 7 national records.

In the Hornet's dual carburetion system, each pot serves three cylinders. Balancing chamber equalizes the pressure.



Sex Hormones VS. Heart Disease



Your heart's 1/60 hp pumps 10 tons of blood a day. To do so, it must be fed through coronary arteries. Those in picture above are thickened by disease clogging them with fatty cholesterol (see below). If blood clot closes passage, you have "coronary thrombosis," often deadly.



Female sex hormone—the precious biological stuff that dreams and Marilyn Monroes are made of—is the latest and hottest clue to America's most terrifying killer, heart disease.

At this moment, in the white-walled silence of Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital, a team of grimly determined scientists—headed by Drs. Louis N. Katz and Jeremiah Stamler—are using this clue to corner arteriosclerosis, the culprit behind most "strokes" and fatal heart attacks.

The clue on which the Michael Reese experiments are based derives from an unsolved mystery. For some strange reason, arteriosclerosis shows special preference for the coronary arteries (the heart arteries) of *men*; women below the age of 40 seldom suffer heart attacks.

Drs. Katz and Stamler have gone straight to the heart of the matter by tackling the basic units of femininity, the female sex hormones (estrogens), and putting them to work in an effort to *stop* fatal hardening of the arteries.

First step in the sex hormone versus heart disease experiment was to spike the diet of young male chickens with various substances capable of producing arteriosclerosis. Autopsies of these laboratory-induced heart cases revealed fatty deposits in the coronary arteries identical with those that appear in humans. At the same time, another brood of cockerels was fed this diet plus a daily dose of female sex hormones. Autopsy of the second batch has shown eight out of twelve birds to be completely free of arteriosclerosis!

Does this mean that the female sex hormone, which women manufacture in their bodies, is the crucial factor that protects them from heart attack? Will men respond as favorably to estrogen injections as the history-making roosters of the Michael Reese experiment?

Drs. Katz and Stamler, like all true men of science, are cautious and modest. They would be the first to warn you against hasty conclusions. But to date the results are encouraging. Sufficient interest has been sparked by these experiments to steer other heart specialists into similar investigations. From Dr. Lester M. Morrison of Los Angeles comes the exciting news that female sex hormones have been partially successful in the treatment of human patients.

Solving the sex hormone mystery may help to answer the 64 dollar question that bothers heart specialists today: Is faulty diet the cause of heart disease? A substantial group of up-to-date heart men maintain that the modern American male, who normally packs away the world's richest diet, is virtually digging his grave with his teeth.

Are these men right? Is it true that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach? Behind this question lies one of the most exciting laboratory hunts of modern medical history, a search that was begun by an ingenious Petrograd Russian and pursued by legions of anxious and tenacious men whose evidence can be traced to places as remote as Okinawa or as close to home as the Goldwater Memorial Hospital on New York's East River.

If you're a man over 25, you're in line for a heart attack. But here's great news from Chicago's famed Michael Reese Hospital

by Eric Northrup

Back in 1910, Nicholas Anitchkoff, chief pathologist of St. Petersburg—host to some 10,000 cadavers brought annually to the morgue of that Russian city—had found that arteriosclerosis accounted for more cases of sudden death than all other causes combined. Most of the victims were men, and the great majority were struck down in their 50's and 60's. Yet there were too many youngsters and middleagers between 20 and 40 dying of coronary artery disease, too many oldsters past 70 who lived to die of something else.

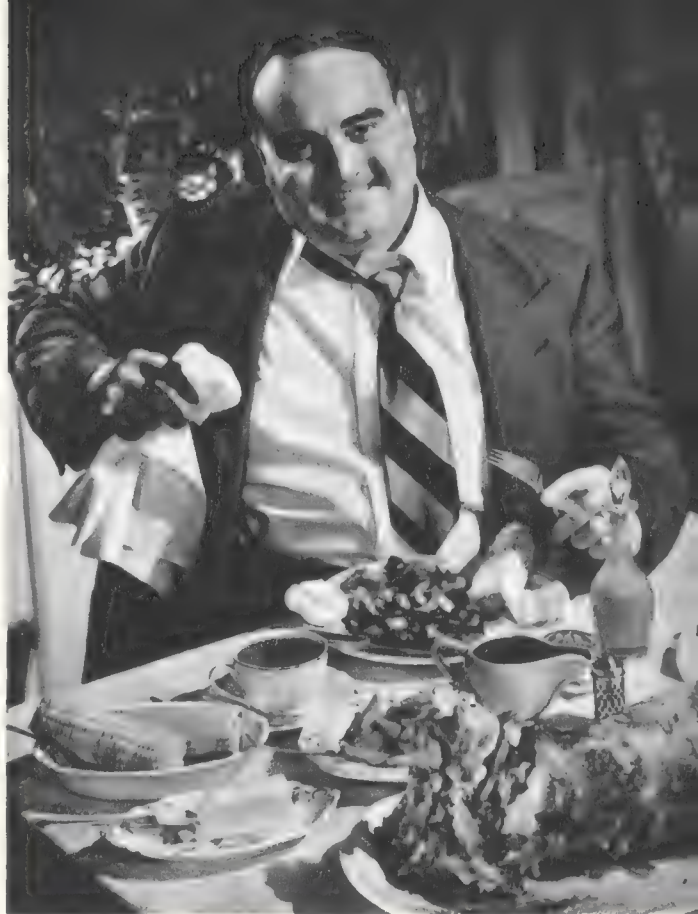
With insatiable curiosity and boundless patience, Anitchkoff dissected hundreds of human arteries, seeking a tangible clue to the disease. He became fascinated by the fat-like blobs of foreign matter that projected from the inner walls of the coronary arteries, blocking the passage of blood which feeds the heart muscle. What causes this fatal process to strangle the life out of one man, and let another pass, regardless of age?

Laboratory investigation revealed that the fatty deposits were chiefly composed of cholesterol, a common substance produced in the body and also present in most of the fat-containing foods we eat, including milk, eggs, meat and butter. Anitchkoff had noticed that 90 per cent of coronary cases were obese men; lean, stringy males showed a peculiar resistance to heart attacks. Putting two and two together, he suspected that the big fellows were literally eating their hearts out by overindulging in the cholesterol-rich food that fat men favor. But how to prove this?

Working like a beaver, the Russian pathologist set out to tackle the problem in his own way. In the Spring of 1913, after three years of gruelling laboratory work, Anitchkoff came up with some very exciting evidence. By loading their diets with an extra-rich quota of cholesterol, he had managed to produce heart disease—hitherto reserved only for humans—in a colony of healthy white rabbits! Furthermore, he was able to advance or retard arteriosclerosis at will by simply adding or subtracting pure cholesterol in the menu of his laboratory animals.

The standard-bearers of conservative medicine took this news from St. Petersburg with unruffled indifference. Interesting, they said, but scientifically unimportant. After all, rabbits aren't human; they don't normally take cholesterol in their diet, are powerless to digest it as man does, and therefore accumulate it in the blood and tissues. Arteriosclerosis, they argued, was not present and could not be induced in any meat-eating mammal except man.

Despite this official reaction to his efforts, Anitchkoff's work impressed enough good men to unleash the first great wave of activity and research on coronary artery disease. Many scientists followed in his footsteps. During the past 10 years, researchers have added a mountain of evidence to the pioneering data of Anitchkoff. In 1942, Dr. Louis N. Katz proved that chickens—omnivorous like humans—develop arteriosclerosis by being force-fed with pure cholesterol and other fats. Five years [Continued on page 60]



The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, in more ways than one. Rich foods are the key to heart attacks.

DIET DANGERS

To avoid the dangers of arteriosclerosis, many heart specialists recommend a diet low in cholesterol and in fat which the body converts into cholesterol. Below are a few foods best used in moderation.

CHOLESTEROL CONTENT OF FOODS

	Approx. Milligrams per 1/4 lb. Portion
Beef, pork, veal, lamb—lean	110
Beef—medium fat	140
Bacon, 2 strips	16
Beef brains	2300
Calf liver	450
Beef kidneys	450
Sweetbreads	350
Eggs (1 yolk)	300
Butter	350
Cheese (most hard cheeses) . .	170
Light sweet cream, 1/2 pint . .	220
Heavy sweet cream, 1/2 pint .	350

FAT CONTENT OF FOODS

	Tablespoons per 1/4 lb.	
Beef, chuck	lean 1	fatty 2
Beef, round	3/4	2
Lamb, leg	5/6	2
Lamb, rib	1-1/2	4-1/2
Salmon		1-2/3
Herring		1-1/5
Sardines in oil		2-1/4

From "Low Fat, Low Cholesterol Diet" by
Drs. T.P. Lyon & J.W. Gofman (Doubleday)

Charity Babe

Some dolls belong in the fight game, but this one was a babe in the woods who took on the craftiest wolf on Broadway

by Earl L. Fultz

Illustrated by David Lockhart

You take any fighter who's knocking over his share and he usually has some little muffin stashed in the front row yelling for him to murder the bum, as she wants a new convertible, though naturally she doesn't tell him this until after he wins and wants to go off training right away—with her.

I mention this only by way of saying that during my 30 odd years in the fight business—some of which were very odd indeed—I have saw plenty of Grade-A tomatoes as I have saw plenty of fighters going places or already coming back. However, I never seen a dame who could hold a measurement to the Charity Babe, and I don't mean just in chest expansion, though she did all right there, too.

What I mean is that the Charity Babe wasn't just

hustling the long green for herself, which is so rare in the fight business it is like having a Xmas tree on the 4th of July.

The first time she shows at the office I am sitting out front as Hazel, the secretary, is out to lunch. I see this blonde, mint-julep job come through the door and I peg her for a trouble-dame right off.

"I'm Hildegard St. John," she says in a voice you could pour on pancakes. "I'm here on behalf of the Algonquin Children's Home. Are you Mr. Raeburn?" If she had tried real hard she couldn't have insulted me more. I tell her my name, See-Saw Cecil Smith, adding that I just work there.

"I'd like to see Mr. Raeburn," is her come-back.

"He's in Chicago," I say, figuring to give her the fast gate, which is the only way to handle trouble-



When the bell sounds, a funny look comes over Chopper's face before he collapses.

James L. ...

dames. So just as I say it, Henry comes out of his office, takes in her measurements, and starts being very nice to her.

That is one of the things wrong with Henry, he is so nice to practically every good-looking broad he meets that he gives them minks, apartments, and assorted goodies. Only Henry likes variety, so he's never nice longer than two months, at which time he sends me to get the mink back and quits paying the rent. A real nice guy.

Henry is so busy being smart with this new doll he naturally does some pretty dumb things like listening to her pitch about the orphans needing shoe money, just so he can grab a double eyeful.

"I read in the papers," the Charity Babe says, "that Farmer Brown, the heavyweight champion you manage, is an orphan. I thought Mr. Brown might like to help them."

"Leave us go out to lunch and talk this over," Henry says, taking her arm like it was a bundle of C-notes, "I think we can make a deal."

Henry is a young-looking forty, and good-looking in a repulsive way some women find attractive. Furthermore, he shows the girls a good time at the local beaneries, and he knows a lot of important people, most of whom wish they didn't know him, so it is no wonder the Charity Babe is around quite a bit after that. Besides, he is giving her a two-grand bite out of Farmer's next fight for her orphans.

"Isn't that wonderful, Mr. Smith?" she says the day Henry announces it in the local bugles. I and her are the only ones in the office, but I am not sure she is talking to me, as no one has called me anything but See-Saw since the 20's when I was flyweight champ for seven years. If you think that is quite a drop, from champ to being Henry Raeburn's right hand, you are right, especially as Henry does most of his dirty work with that hand. But it's a living.

"Look, Sis," I tell her, "you can level with me. What's your angle?"

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Smith," she says, giving me the old innocence.

"Everybody's got an angle—what's yours? You are not by any chance the Algonquin Children's Home?"

"You don't trust anyone, do you?"

"Babe, I have gotten a knife in the back for no reason but that guys didn't want to get out of practice."

"I do have an angle," she says. "I grew up in this orphanage and I remember how there never was enough money. When your shoes got too small, you just kept wearing them anyway until somebody bigger grew out of your size." She spels me how she has worked as a secretary for awhile, before getting a chance to do some modeling, which she still is doing. Her spare time she spends raising dough for the orphanage. I begin to see that trouble-dame or no, she is a nice little kid and maybe I should wise her up on Henry, but just then he arrives and I keep my mouth shut.

I was going to tell her that Henry never did anything for nothing. He is so tight he doesn't throw away old shoelaces, he uses them to tie up bundles of banknotes. He even has an angle on this charity thing. He is using it to make a human being out of Farmer, as he wants to convince the public the champ is just a fun-loving, warm-hearted country boy who sometimes is a little boisterous. This is some job, as Farmer is always in more trouble than an Eskimo taffy-pull.

I'll give you the low-down on Farmer. He is no orphan like Henry says in the paper. His folks just wouldn't have nothing to do with him. His real name is Dudley Brown, and he was a truck-driver in Kentucky when Henry discovered him. Farmer never got past the 4th grade, as he used to pick up spare cash by betting he could tear his schoolbooks in half. He was using up so much tax-money this way they asked him to stay home. He still doesn't know if there are 38 or 44 states, and he never buys anything unless it comes in round figures like \$200 for a suit or

\$4,000 for a car, but then he makes twice what the President is dragging down, so he is not worrying any.

Farmer is heavyweight champ for two years when all this happens, and he looks to be on top for another five as there is no one, but no one, around who could even tag him good, let alone put him away. The result is that Farmer goes around acting like he's doing everyone a favor just to live. He is always in trouble. Half the nightclubs've barred him for life and the cops have took his driver's license away when he got crocked one night and ran right into a police car. Since he always cleans up the opposition by the third round, about the only people who come to his fights are those who want to hate him in person and while there are plenty of these, the revenue has fallen off, a fact which burns Henry considerable.

At the time the Charity Babe appears on the scene, Henry is thinking overtime to find a remedy for the small take.

"The trouble with you," he tells Farmer, "is that you should get your can beat off once in awhile. We could make a pile on return matches."

"You want I should throw one?" Farmer asks.

"You do and you'll be knee deep in bluegrass again, you bum," Henry warns him. "You couldn't fool a kindergarten."

"There must be a way," Henry says to me when Farmer walks out of the office.

"A way to what?"

"To make him lose without it looking like he took a dive."

"The day of the fight, lock him in a steam cabinet. We did that once in '27. . ."

"Aaaaah." Henry gives a snort, "you got to be subtle, use psychology. But what?"

I'm not up on my psychology so I forget all about it when the Charity Babe arrives on the scene, but Henry doesn't forget, which is maybe why he is Mr. Big and I am just his office boy, if 59 is not a little over the age limit for office boys.

This two grand for the orphans is coming out of Farmer's fight with Tiger MacKenzie and, as the day gets close, Henry starts beating the drums with a lot of pictures of Farmer displaying his biceps to admiring orphans and stories like how this time when Farmer goes in the ring, it is to help them get shoes.

At the same time, Henry and the Charity Babe start holding hands in public, but since she don't change her address and Henry's mink is still in cold storage, I figure she can take care of herself and never bother to give her the low down on Henry. Anyway, free advice is usually worth about what you pay for it.

So Farmer and Tiger MacKenzie tangle on schedule. I figure Tiger couldn't lick an ice cream cone but, so help me, it takes Farmer 14 rounds to put him away. He is off, and the only thing I figure is that his training has been supervised by his girl friend, Pamela Worthington Dubonnet, which is a high class handle for such a crummy dame. She is the kind who figures she's turned in early if the sun isn't up by the time she gets to bed. Pamela once wore Henry's mink, but after he gets me to take it back, she latches onto Farmer and spends most of her time figuring out some way to fix Henry's wagon.

You can never tell about a broad, so maybe she is trying to reach Henry through Farmer. All I know is that it's a lousy fight and when Farmer gets hold of the microphone afterwards and starts telling how the Algonquin Children's Home was two-grand happier, he does a worse job of speaking than he did fighting.

"I ahh . . . on behalf of the . . . ahhh . . . Roanoke Children's Home . . . ahhh . . ." he stammers. "I am . . . ahh . . . donating . . . two grand . . . yeah. . ." Just in time Henry steps up there and smoothes everything over.

"What happened to Farmer tonight?" I ask him later.

"You got me," he says happily. "I don't care. What a rematch gate this will be!"

Thinking about big dough usually keeps Henry happy for weeks but not this time. And the reason is plain—he is trying to get off the hook with the Charity Babe.

"She's a good little dame," he tells me, "and that is the trouble as she is getting foolish ideas about marriage or something. She don't want to wear the mink. Who can figure dames like that?"

"You could maybe ship her out to Hollywood for a screen test like you did that leggy babe, what was her name?"

"Evelyn," Henry fills in. "She doesn't want to go to Hollywood, I asked her. And she doesn't want on TV, either, and she doesn't want to get in a Broadway musical—I could fix that up easy." It isn't that Henry is sentimental about dropping a babe, he just likes to ease them out smoothly so there are no kickbacks.

I'm no help to him as I'm due to go to Chicago to line-up a middleweight for Henry's stable. Before I leave, however, the Charity Babe kidnaps me into going to Connecticut with a station wagon full of things she has bought with the two grand from Farmer's fight—mostly clothes and shoes. Shoes I always take for granted, like toenails, but seeing those orphan kids get delirious over a pair makes me realize what a fine person the Charity Babe is, and then and there I try to fill her in on Henry and his schemes. "I know what you are going to say, Mr. Smith," she stops me. "I know that Henry is no saint, but I love him. I think he loves me too. He has some bad qualities, but he has a lot more good ones that just haven't been developed?"

What could I say? She loved him.

That night, before I leave for Chicago, Henry and I have a little huddle on the best way to get this middleweight to change managers. I notice he looks happier than usual, so I ask if he has figured out a way to tie the can on the Charity Babe.

"I got it," he says, laughing more than somewhat. "It come to me this afternoon when I met this guy with the United Nations—his name is Kimball. He does relief work, feeding starving kids all over the world. Get it? I'll fix it so Hildegard meets him, they got charity in common, she won't even notice me leave."

"I hope it works," I tell him, and I mean it, too, for she is too nice a kid to be mixed up with him.

So I hustle off to Chi and show this middleweight, Chopper van Chisholm, how his manager is stealing him blind and how if he came with Henry, he'd only get robbed maybe half as much. He is a nice, clean-cut kid of 21 or so, and during the couple weeks it takes to straighten things out, I get to liking him a lot.

I wire that I am bringing him back alive and when we bust into Henry's office I expect at least a small war dance, but the place is dead as a tonk joint at 10 in the morning.

"Where's the boss?" I ask Hazel, who is giving herself a manicure with a switch-knife.

Hazel is an ex-lady wrestler, the only kind of dame Henry will ever trust

around a fighter as she has a face like a can of yesterday's garbage.

"Bermuda, Dearie. He's on his honeymoon."

"Give up," I tell her politely, "where is he?"

"I'm not kidding," she says, giving Chopper the eye—her good one. "He married that blonde, Hildegard what's-her-name. She musta used drops or something. I figured no one would ever pin Henry."

"No one in their right mind would want to," is all I can think to say.

I wondered how she had did it, but then so does Henry. He comes back from Bermuda so healthy looking I don't hardly know him. We go out for a couple quick ones and he talks nothing but business. You'd think he'd just come back from a long lunch.

"Henry," I say, thinking to pull a wise one, "I am having a little trouble shaking a dame and I am thinking you could maybe give me some advice." Usually that would have made him sore as he does not like to appear less than sharp.

"See-Saw," he says, "I haven't figured it out yet. She meets this U.N. guy, they get along like ham and eggs and I'm all ready to kiss her off when you know what happens? I ask her to marry me. I ask her. How did she do it?"

"You just never met a good dame before," I say, and Henry says maybe I am right.

I don't see so much of the Charity Babe after that as she quits her modeling and stays home keeping house. Henry stays and keeps house with her, at least for awhile. Business gets very good as Farmer and Tiger fight their rematch. It is a very good gate with no charity this time. Farmer starts making hay from the first bell and the whole thing lasts only four minutes. Tiger MacKenzie is taken out looking like an alley cat.

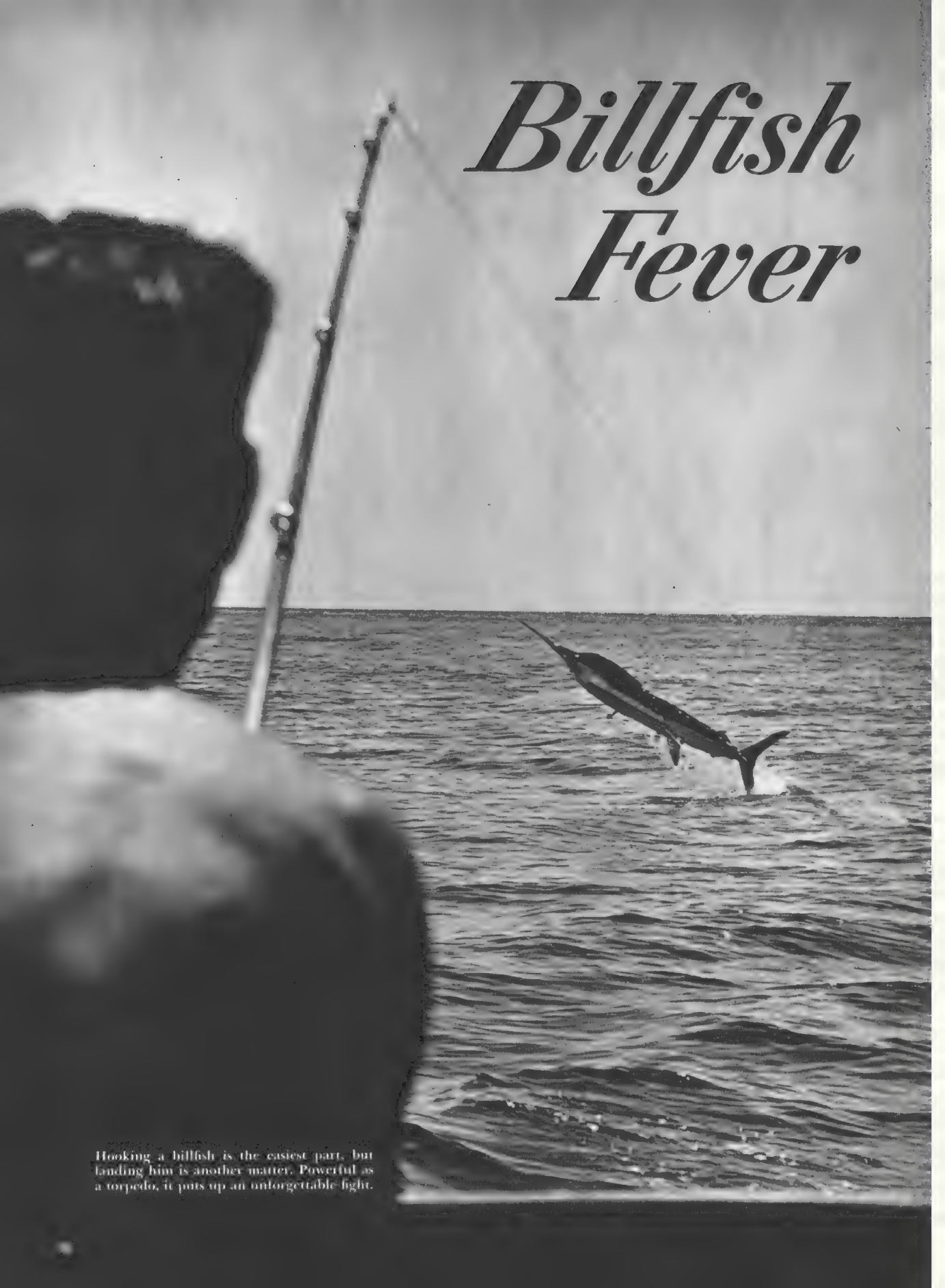
Henry goes around bubbling like a pot of hot lead, especially after signing Farmer to a go in May with Meathead Harry Lewis, the Oregon Ogre, who has been cutting down a lot of Pacific Coast lumberjacks.

At the same time, our new boy, Chopper, is turning into the smoothest middleweight I have seen in many a year. Henry lines up a couple of quickies which Chopper goes through like mashed potatoes, then gets him a shot at the champ the first part of June by asking only 20 per cent of the gate. There are some who [Continued on page 69]

As soon as this Charity Babe gets the check, she goes to give Henry a kiss.



Billfish Fever



Hooking a billfish is the easiest part, but landing him is another matter. Powerful as a torpedo, it puts up an unforgettable fight.

It's wrestling a rampaging torpedo when man and marlin mix . . . Every moment seems the last as your fish leaps, soars, fights — and loses

by Russell Annabel

On a dazzling, white-hot day in June a bunch of us were sitting in the Barracuda Bar and Grill here in Guaymas, Mexico, eating barbecued sea-turtle and pale-green *chiles jalapenos* stuffed with chopped onion, chicken and hellfire, when a party of fishermen from the States swarmed in and took the next table.

They were typical fish-happy *Yanqui* pilgrims. About a dozen of them. And in the next hour or so they really rolled out the barrel and boated at least a scowload of billfish. I mean, they had marlin and sails jumping high, west and crooked all over the place.

Finally my friend and colleague, Tommy Jamison, leaned over to the visitors' table and made a crack that ought to go down in fishing history. Tommy runs a sportfishing outfit at Miramar Beach, on Bacoichampo Bay. He is a dark, swaggering, Ronald Colman type with a toothpaste-ad smile, a trick mustache and a golden gift of gab. He looks young enough to date your kid sister, but the oldtimers swear he has been wrangling fishermen up and down the Sea of Cortez so long that even the pelicans know him by his first name.

"Boys, it's no use," he said. "You might as well give up — on account of it's impossible to tell an artistic lie about billfish." He shook his head in counterfeit sorrow. "I've been trying it for years with no luck. Every time I dream up a fancy one the damned fish make an honest man of me. Sooner or later, I find out they've actually gone and done just what I claimed for them, with frills added."

He was kidding, but not much. In a place like this, where some 1,200 billfish are taken each year, things happen that startle even the case-hardened veteran professionals. And I will tell you why in three words. Billfish are screwballs. Berserker screwballs. Spectacular, wonderful, dramatic and savage, but still screwballs. They do things that probably don't make sense even to other billfish.

When I first came down here in 1933, I wasn't aware of this. I had the naive notion that billfish operated according to behavior patterns that had been so thoroughly charted, analyzed and marginally annotated by experts that there wasn't anything new or exciting left to learn about the critters. I found out otherwise. I found out but good. I'm still finding out.

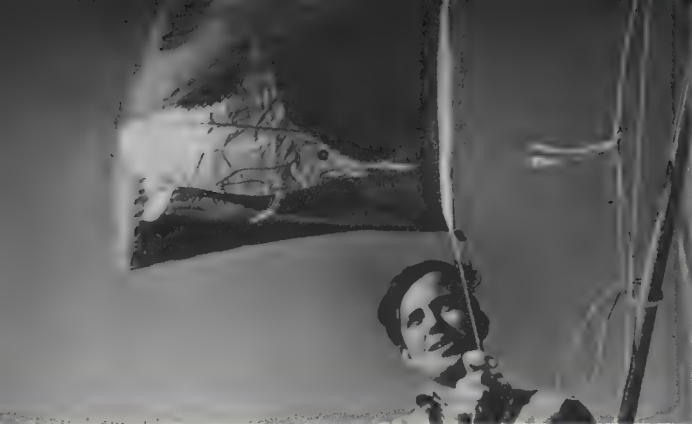
Take a bizarre little show a striped marlin put on the other day during a trip I made with "Fanfoot" Olgee Scott, a raw-boned, freckled, long-suffering construction engineer from Round Rock, Texas.

Fanfoot was having domestic difficulties, which derived in part from the incident that got him his nickname. His wife had wanted to vacation in the cool Rockies, but he had bamboozled her into coming to Guaymas instead.

She wasn't happy about it. Fishing, she said, was her idea of nothing to do. She said it was a rough, primitive

Knifing up from the depths, a mighty sailfish leaps and pulls in his frantic struggle to shake the hook. Record for sails is a 221-pound beauty measuring 10 ft. 9 in.

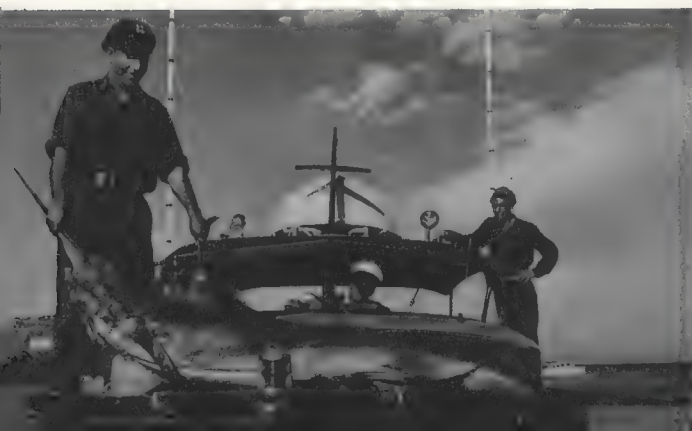




After the catch is safely aboard, the marlin flag is triumphantly hoisted to let everyone in the surrounding waters know that a big one was taken.



Above: it takes careful handling to disgorge the hook from a billfish. Below: This one's a huge striped marlin landed off coast of Guaymas, Mex.



sport, and besides she got seasick and the Mexican sun was doing things to her complexion that all the beauty parlors in the *Estados Unidos* weren't going to be able to repair. Then, on top of everything else, Fanfoot had the bad luck to humiliate her. He got slightly looped on the Fourth of July and suffered the loss of half of one big toe.

The accident really wasn't his fault. It could have happened to anybody. Moreover, it was in a good, patriotic cause. The American consul had invited 50 or 60 of us taxpaying gringos to his place on the Fourth to partake of refreshments. Like most of the others present, Fanfoot did himself proud at the bar. It was his intention, he declared, to liquidate as much as possible of the dough he was going to have to hand over to Uncle Sam come March 15.

Despite this, he left the party in reasonably good order. But when he reached his hotel room he must have been deeply preoccupied or something. Anyway, he inadvertently stuck his right foot into an 18-inch electric fan, which whipped off cuts of his big toe like a slicing machine working on a salami.

So when Fanfoot hobbled over to the boat-dispatcher's office next morning, he was no doubt one of the most henpecked fishermen in Mexico. He sat down, gulped a couple of aspirin, carefully placed his bandaged foot on a chair, and announced that he had just one reason for living—he wanted to catch a marlin. A big marlin, please heaven. And today. This morning. As I had personal reasons for sympathizing with the poor guy, I went out with him to lend such moral support as I could.

Fanfoot didn't get a marlin. He didn't get one until two days later. But he met a marlin—as crazy and insulting a marlin as ever snooted a bait and played games with an honest fisherman.

Trolling bonefish baits, we cruised 20 miles out on tumbled water as eye-piercingly bright as Cortez's silver shield. It was already hot, and the mirages were making the black Yaqui peaks reel crazily against the burning sky. Jimmy Aldrete, the boat's *capitan*, was up on top with the glasses, and Tippy Real, the mate, was at the wheel with his guitar on his lap, practicing Mexico's newest juke-box novelty hit, *El General*. Fanfoot and I were in the fighting chairs.

I think I was reaching for a cigarette when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a marlin's fin break the surface alongside us, 40 feet distant. It was a terrific thrill. It always is, even if you've spotted a thousand before. First you see that dark tail fin slicing the blue water, sickle-shaped and sticking up maybe a foot and a half. Then the long, shadowy, blue-black torpedo body of the great fish itself. Then the hump with the heavy spear probing ahead, looking twice as long as it really is.

Jimmy and Tippy yelled, "*Pezespada*—swordfish!" at the same instant, and Tippy yanked the throttle open and spun the wheel. The idea was to cut in ahead of the marlin and drag the baits past him. For a while it didn't work. We were doing 16 knots, but to the marlin that was just coasting. So far as I could tell, he wasn't moving a fin. He was sliding effortlessly through the water as if at the end of an invisible towline. I put the glasses on him and saw him roll a big, white-rimmed eye at us. It was the size of a baseball and looked as wild as the eye of a fighting broncho.

Then the fish turned southeast and slowed down, and we got in ahead of him. The silvery bonefish baits were skipping along beautifully, 45 feet back in the wake. Jimmy had done a nice job of sewing them on the 8/0 hooks—they looked lifelike enough to fool any ordinary billfish.

But this marlin was a cutie-pie. He turned abruptly and charged the port bait. His blue dorsal had jerked erect. His hump and the upper third of his body were exposed, and he came in like the shadow of a swooping bird. And

he was glowing now. That's the expression the *capitans* and mates use, and I don't know how else to describe it. I suppose it's a color change resulting from anger.

Anyway, he was glowing. One instant he was dull, dark blue—the next he was a luminous royal blue, with his 13 vertical tiger stripes showing bold as white chalk marks.

He arrowed in fast to within five feet of the bait. Then he changed his mind and swung off southeast again. Loafing along as before. Dorsal down. No longer glowing. Completely uninterested. Fanfoot drew in a shaky breath and made some unprintable remarks.

For 20 minutes we herded the big marlin around prayerfully. We changed baits, trying mullets, feather jigs and one of those outsize redheaded, yellow-bodied plugs that are supposed to work when nothing else will.

The marlin ignored us. He wasn't afraid—he simply wanted no part of us. At last, he turned on a blast of speed and we lost him in the chopping, knife-bright waves.

Three hours passed. We trolled over toward Goat-Tit Mountain and back to Lighthouse Point, where we had first sighted the fish. We hadn't got a strike or sighted a fin. It was one of those bad days. It was hot and there was no wind, and the diamond sun-glare on the water was almost hypnotic, so that you had a hard time staying awake.

Suddenly, Fanfoot decided he'd had enough. Get some beer out of the ice-box, he told Jimmy, and then head for port. All the fish obviously were taking a *siesta*.

The beer was in cans and it was cold and good. We gave it the bottoms-up treatment, and tossed the four empties over the stern.

Ten seconds later we were staring popeyed.

A striped marlin—the same one, I'll always believe—had surfaced in the wake and charged the bobbing cans. He was zigzagging excitedly and striking them with his spear. There is the belief here that the striped marlin does not use his spear to strike fish or baits on the surface. But this one was striking our beer cans. He hit one so hard that it skittered 20 feet across the surface. Then he stood on his head and vanished forever from our ken. We tried for half an hour to raise him, after which we gave up and set a course for home again.

"You know something," Jimmy said thoughtfully. "I'll bet if we rigged some hooks on a beer can we could go back there and catch that fish."

For a moment Fanfoot was interested. Then he shook his head. "Nothing doing," he said. "Forget it. It's bad enough to be called Fanfoot. But my gawd, how'd you like to answer to "Beer Can" Scott the rest of your life?"

Then there was the case of the preacher-fisherman and the school of strutting sailfish.

The preacher's name was Henry Sandhurst and he hailed from up around Sleepy Eye, Minn. He was tall, awkward and thin as a fence-rail, and if you put a top hat and a cutaway coat on him he'd look like Abraham Lincoln for any casting director's dough.

Tommy Jamison and I met him in somewhat strained circumstances. It was the morning the office parrot fell into a bucket of red boat paint. By the time we missed the bird it had gone down for the third time and was apparently dead. It's eyes were shut, [Continued on page 65]

A fast photog and faster shutter caught this billfish in the middle of his leap for life. You'll know there's something on your line when a quarter-ton fury hits it.





Hands raised, eyes shut, the Osage prophet made his grim prediction: "Tomorrow Charley Whitehorn dies!"

You've got yourself a real-life mystery when the world's richest Indians are mowed down, one by one, in a . . .

Chain of Murder

By Alan Hynd

Illustrated by George Giguere

One day, in the year 1919, an elderly, oil-rich Osage Indian woman named Eliza Bigheart lay on a bed in her garish mansion near Fairfax, Oklahoma, suffering from cancer. Since Eliza Bigheart's condition had been pronounced incurable, members of the Osage tribe, gathered at her bedside, resorted to a custom since abolished. They smothered her.

This kindly act set in motion a chain of events that was to produce one of the boldest, most cunning and intelligent archplotters in the gory annals of 20th-century American crime.

Eliza Bigheart left four daughters—Anna, Mollie, Nina and Rita—girls in their twenties and quite attractive. The old lady's headright, or share, in the Osage tribe's oil holdings passed on to her daughters, each girl getting a quarter of the headright. All told, there were about 2,000 Osages who had leaped from poverty to riches through headrights in a black-gold strike which geologists estimated was worth a potential billion dollars. Figure it out for yourself. Somebody else did, and that's where all the trouble began.

Old Eliza Bigheart had hardly checked in at the happy hunting grounds when daughter Nina took on sudden allure for a white cowpuncher named Bill Smith. Smith, who was engaged in research for the ideal proportion of branch water to raw liquor, swept the Indian maiden off her feet.

Nina and Smith had been married only a few months when she died. Osage headrights followed a bloodline, so long as there was one, before traversing a marriage line. Thus the dead bride's headright share reverted not to her husband, but to her sisters.

Smith slicked down his hair with axle grease, polished up his spurs and laid siege to the heart of another of the Bigheart sisters, Rita. He encountered no difficulty, and for the second time within a year, found himself marrying into the Bigheart family.

The third sister, Mollie, married a big, rough, tough and nasty white jack-of-all-trades named Ernie Burkhart. The fourth sister, Anna, was the only one of the girls to marry an Indian, one Joe Brown, and he died.

The Smiths and the Burkharts lived not far from each other on the outskirts of Fairfax. The two men got along like the Hatfields and the McCoys, so that their wives rarely saw each other. The Smith and Burkhart homes were large and overfurnished in expensive bad taste. Rita and Mollie went into Oklahoma City, where modistes whipped up silk creations for them. The two white husbands had more dough than they had ever dreamed of and didn't have to do a tap of work. But were they happy? You bet they were!

In May of 1921, two years after old Eliza Bigheart had passed on, her daughter Anna,

widow of the Indian Brown, was murdered. Anna had lived in solitary luxury. She was found clubbed to death beneath some blackjack trees on the banks of Three Mile Creek, not far from her home in Fairfax. That left only two of the four sisters.

Sheriff's officers from Pawhuska, who were not precisely counterparts of Sherlock Holmes, looked in just two directions for the murderer of Anna Brown. They looked in the direction of Ernie Burkhart and in the direction of Bill Smith. Nobody who knew either Burkhart or Smith would have put murder past either man, especially where money was involved.

One imaginative deputy sheriff detected what he thought to be the faint outline of a plot to wipe out all four of the Bigheart sisters, so that the husband of the last sister to die would come into the entire headright that had originally belonged to old Eliza, their mother. The only trouble with that theory was that both men had copper-riveted alibis. They had been away in Oklahoma City, although not together, making public alcoholic nuisances of themselves.

In 1921, there were probably more custom-built automobiles per capita in the Indian region of Oklahoma than any other place on earth. The Osages verged on desperation in their efforts to spend the oil-royalty money that was coming in faster than they could count it. Even lighting cigars with \$10 bills wouldn't have dented their wealth, and don't think some of them didn't find that out from first-hand experience. The Indians were landlocked, so they couldn't blow their dough on yachts, and clothes and jewels consumed a comparative pittance. Automobiles came closest to accommodating the red men. There were two cars in every garage, and there were at least two garages behind every house in the section.

One of the most ardent automobile fanciers was an Osage named Charley Whitehorn. He was a whimsical man who got a great kick out of breaking store windows by throwing a fistful of silver dollars through the glass as he roared past in one of his ten custom-built jobs.

On the day that Anna Brown's body was found, Whitehorn raised a fog, got behind the wheel of a sky-blue roadster and rode around Pawhuska, throwing silver dollars and yelling at the top of his lungs that he knew who killed Anna Brown. The sheriff's men, hearing of this, went out to question Whitehorn. They couldn't find him anywhere, including his own home.

A few days later, his \$15,000 custom-built roadster was found on a place called Dial Hill. Sitting behind the wheel was whimsical Charley Whitehorn, shot between the eyes.

A week after the murders of Anna Brown and Charley Whitehorn, a multi-millionaire named William Hale, a white man who had long been one of the more colorful characters in a land of colorful characters, returned to his palatial ranch outside of Oklahoma City from a business trip to Chicago.

Hale, a medium-sized Texan of about 50 with a weather-beaten face and a calculating eye, had come to Oklahoma from his native state as a young man, apparently with a divining rod, and had struck gusher after gusher. Although Hale was a white man, he had always been closer to the Indians than to his own race. Time after time he had, in his blunt, aboveboard Texas way, stepped in and mused up deals in which a white crook was about to take a red man. The result was that Billy Hale, as he was called, had the complete confidence of the entire Osage tribe and had become something of a father-confessor to them.

Hale had read newspaper accounts of the Brown and Whitehorn murders while in Chicago. He made a bee line for the sheriff's office in Pawhuska. He chewed on a dead cigar as the sheriff's men, who were deferential to him because of his great wealth and wide influence, gave him the known facts about the murders.

"Down in Texas," said Hale, "we used to take the law

into our own hands when we had a sheriff whose job was too big for him. That's what I'm going to do now."

During the next week, Hale and his hard, quick-triggering ranch foreman, Jack Ramsey, riding together in Hale's fire-engine-red roadster, roared through the Indian region like a loud blur. They questioned Burkhart and Smith, they questioned people to whom Charley Whitehorn had talked before his murder, and they went off on mysterious missions deep into the country.

Hale appeared again in the sheriff's office. He triumphantly announced that he had enlisted the aid of Henry Roan in the hunt for the murderers.

That was really something. Henry Roan was a singular Osage brave. Tall, lean, young, handsome and sullen, he was widely known as a man with second-sight. He knew days in advance when storms were coming. He could foretell illness and, in some notable instances, death. He was a strange blend of the savage and the civilized, the past and the present. Most of the Osages had either stuck to their old ways of life or gone all out for fast cars, mansions and fine clothes. Roan was somewhere in between. He lived in a tepee and he dressed his long blue-black hair in braids and he wore blankets. But he drove around in a custom-built mustard-colored roadster and spoke flawless English.

Unlike most foreseers, Henry Roan was not afraid to commit himself in advance. He had, some months before Anna Brown's death, told certain other Indians that she would be murdered. Only a fortnight before Charley Whitehorn was shot between the eyes, Roan had forecast his doom around a campfire one dusk. And now Roan informed Billy Hale that a third Bigheart sister—Rita, the wife of Bill Smith—would come to a violent end within a year or two.

Roan wanted no truck with any white men save Billy Hale, or Hale's foreman, Ramsey. He refused to talk to the sheriff's men. Hale had to talk to them for him. Hale told the sheriff in no uncertain terms that he wanted Rita Smith guarded constantly.

A year and a half passed. Roan's forecast happily failed to materialize. The home of Rita Smith was no longer guarded by the sheriff's men.

Henry Roan had been of no help to Billy Hale in solving the murders of Anna Brown and Charley Whitehorn. The suspicion gradually developed in the sheriff's office and in other quarters, that there might be a sinister reason why a man who had been able to see into the future couldn't see into the past. Had Henry Roan been able to forecast the two deaths because he had been involved in them?

The answer came with shocking abruptness in December of 1922, about a year and a half after the Brown and Whitehorn crimes. The answer was a terrifying No. Henry Roan, the lean and sullen prophet, was found murdered—shot through the right temple.

A pall descended over the Osage country. A phantom stalked the region. Mistrust of white men and red men alike took hold of the Osages. The thin veneer of civilization had been worn away by the three murders, obviously but unexplainably interconnected. The Osages stiffened before a paralyzing terror that was everything but visible.

Then came the spring of 1923. It had been two years now since the first of the three murders. The spring rituals of the Osages were about to take place.

The night before the ceremonies were to begin, exactly at midnight, there was a hellish blast in the vicinity of Fairfax. The sky glowed crimson. Henry Roan, hunting these many months in another dimension, took on added stature as a prophet. The origin of the explosion and fire was in the home of Bill and Rita Smith.

Rita Smith had been blown to pieces. So had her white maid servant, one Nettie Brookshire. There were mutterings in the crowd gathered at the blast-and-fire scene about Bill Smith, Rita's drunken white husband. And then, 50

feet from the rear of what had been the house, somebody said, "Look! What's this?" It was Bill Smith's head.

Mollie Burkhart was now the sole survivor among the four Bigheart sisters. Mollie and her uncouth spouse, Ernie Burkhart, had been at home, asleep, when the blast had killed the Smiths. A certain amount of suspicion immediately attached itself to Burkhart. Since his wife had become the sole possessor of an entire headright, he was but one life—hers—away from proprietorship of a large fortune.

Sheriff's men found an infernal device hidden in the coal bin of the Burkhart home. The device had been fashioned of nitroglycerine in a cigar box, attached to a fuse fastened to a cheap alarm clock. This was the same type of device, it was suspected, that had caused the blast at the Smith home. This one hadn't gone off because the clock had run down before the hour it had been set for—12 o'clock.

The finding of the infernal device did not clear Burkhart of suspicion. He could have planted the thing himself, but something else cleared him. His wife, Mollie, told officers that she had heard a noise in the cellar earlier in the night. Her husband was asleep, so she had gone to investigate it herself. When she had reached the cellar steps, she had gone no farther. She had heard the sound of moving coal and had decided that the noise had been the sound of coal settling by itself.

Billy Hale, the red man's friend, was in New York on business when he heard about the latest murders. The shock gave him a heart attack. He was taken back to Oklahoma in a special railroad car and ordered to rest in bed for an indefinite period.

Although Hale was forbidden by physicians to have any visitors, or to get emotionally upset about anything, Jack Ramsey, his foreman, frequently sneaked into the sickroom. Ramsey kept Hale posted on what the sheriff's office was doing about the latest murders. Suspicion had attached itself to Mollie Burkhart. One of the sheriff's men had decided that Mollie, quiet, intelligent and cunning, had, for two years now, been engaged in a campaign to wipe out her sisters so that she would come into full possession of her mother's headright.

When Ramsey told Hale that, Billy threw caution and doctors' advice out the window, got dressed and drove into Pawhuska to the sheriff's office. His visit was a memorable one. He called the sheriff every foul name he could wrap his tongue around, coining some rare new combinations in the process. "You're trying to put the blame on Mollie Burkhart because she's an Indian!" said [Continued on page 63]



the case of THE SURPLUS CHECK

Despite writers of detective fiction, luck and coincidence sometimes play a major part in crime solution. One such case, with curious ramifications, was uncovered in New York in 1877 and the trail was followed halfway around the world. Then the murder of a woman in England and a jail break in Smyrna, Asia Minor, sent the case right back to New York, where the trail ended less than ten feet from where it had begun.

It was a few days past New Year's, 1877, when the cashier of the New York Life Insurance Company sat down to check the bank statement for the previous month, just received from the Union Trust Company.

Suddenly the cashier gulped and his eyes widened. When every stub was matched up, there was one surplus check. It was made out to a prominent Wall Street broker for the sum of \$64,225.00. To all appearances it was a legitimate NYL check, on the regular and carefully-guarded company check form, properly signed by the required officers. But the number on this check was identical with that on a small routine check which was also present and which matched the check stub.

In a flurry of excitement, NYL investigators went to the broker. "Why, yes," he said at once. "I cashed the check. Your Mr. Elliott gave it to me to pay for sixty thousand dollars' worth of gold certificates. Here's his letter authorizing the purchase." He handed over a letter on New York Life stationery, bearing the signature of Elliott, ordering the certificates. "That clears it up, I'm sure," the broker added.

"Yes," the cashier said, a little pale around the gills, "except for one thing. There's nobody at New York Life by the name of Elliott."

Experts found that the check was a forgery, a lithographed copy of a genuine New York Life check, to which faked signatures had been skillfully added. But there the investigation

broke down. The broker had acted in good faith and was cleared.

Then came the first curious coincidence. New York police received a cable from Scotland Yard in London. A Mrs. Chapman, wife of a well-known international crook, had been murdered there. In going through the papers in her flat they came across a letter from some man in New York to Chapman. Did the police know the writer?

Did they? The man who signed the letter to Chapman was none other than a petty clerk in the office of the cashier of the New York Life. The clerk, a sickly figure in the last stages of tuberculosis, was arrested; but he refused to talk.

An international search was made for the missing Chapman. Again coincidence obliged.

From Smyrna, Asia Minor, came word of a jail break. Three men, Becker, Elliott and Chapman, had been in prison awaiting sentence for having turned out some dangerously clever forgeries of Turkish Government bonds. There had been a jail break. Chapman had been caught, but Becker and Elliott had escaped. Being Americans, they were probably heading back toward their own country.

Sure enough, in due time Becker and Elliott, traveling under assumed names, stepped off a boat and into the arms of the waiting police.

Becker unfolded the whole story. The clerk had conceived the scheme and supplied both the letterhead and a canceled check. Using the genuine check, Becker had lithographed the facsimile and traced the signatures of the signers.

For his cooperation, Becker got off with a light sentence. Elliott drew a term in Sing Sing. The jury, feeling sorry for the clerk's family and his pitiful condition, disagreed. The man died before he could face a new jury.

—Joseph Millard



"Milking" a cobra.

Cobra King

Being bitten 14 times by the deadly cobra is all in the game for Bill Haast. Venom is his business!

It doesn't take a herpetologist (snake expert, Max) to know that cobras are synonymous with sudden, certain and violent death. Yet, there's a fellow down in Miami who shrugs off the cobra's fangs as child's play.

He's Bill Haast, head of the Miami Serpentarium and the only man in the world fully immune to cobra venom.

To acquire immunity, Haast began injecting minute quantities of raw cobra venom into his bloodstream—the first experiment of its kind ever attempted—then increased the concentration until he developed complete resistance.

The Serpentarium is a veritable venom village occupied by some 400 writhing inhabitants. Founded in 1949 under the auspices of the University of Miami, Bill's cobra colony

is dedicated to discovering the effects of cobra venom on cancer, polio, and other dread diseases.

Director Haast has succeeded in satisfactorily hatching cobra eggs—a feat never before accomplished in the Western Hemisphere. Another first is the development of a successful cobra anti-venene serum. It's made from human blood—Haast's own.

In the past four years, he has extracted venom 80,000 times from the deadly reptiles. During this period, he has taken 90 self-administered venom injections and been bitten 14 times. Bill's comment after the most recent cobra attack was a casual, "Saves taking the next injection. . ."

Whew! •

Bill holds a shedding cobra while his wife assists him in stripping the writhing reptile's skin. It's ticklish work.

The Haasts force-feed their charges every seven days to make sure snakes have the right diet for producing venom.



Chalking up Haast's 14th bite, a five-foot Indian cobra sinks its fangs into the snake-man's hand before he can

pull away. If he weren't immune, the poison would kill Bill in 20 minutes. It's no wonder tourists are horrified.



Infuriated by the photographer's presence, a giant Indian cobra spreads his hood, coiling for a lightning-like strike.



Photographer Bob Verlin sets up for picture above.

7 minutes 7 elephants

In the entire history of hunting, not one man can match Capt. Celliers' feat

By Francis Dickie



Three of seven wild elephants shot down with .404 by Captain B. B. Celliers.

By dropping three elephants in 45 seconds, and a total of seven in seven minutes, Captain B. B. Celliers established a record likely to stand for a very long time. The Captain is now a Government hunter in Southern Rhodesia.

His record of seven downed in seven minutes is also a double record, because the attack he was called upon to stop was the most remarkable in elephant history. Thirty savage, stampeding bulls descended on the Sambi Valley from Portuguese East Africa. In one week they tore down two granaries, 12 native houses, trampled crops, killed one boy, and kept the Chief in a tree for two days.

When a native messenger brought the news to the Captain he couldn't believe it. As he says: "Never in 30 years of experience with elephants had I heard of such a thing."

"In addition to the property destruction, the messenger told me of how the herd sighted two boys in a field and chased them. The terrified youngsters dived down an ant-bear hole, but one of them didn't get down deep enough. With its trunk one of the elephants pulled him out and tore him to pieces. The infuriated elephants tried to dig the other boy out. Failing, they filled the hole with earth, then tore down young trees and piled them on the earth. The boy would have been buried alive had he not been rescued by some friends who had witnessed the act."

"Accompanied by two native trackers, I located the first of the herd, a great bull in light thorn growth just beyond the heavy bush. At this moment, to my astonishment, my hitherto reliable trackers bolted."

"I walked within 25 yards of the bull, and he absolutely ignored me. Remarkable! I put a 400 grain bullet right into his earhole. He dropped stone dead. Then hell broke loose."

"Out of the heavy forest, entirely hidden from my sight when I fired, charged two big bulls. Trumpeting terrifically they came with that incredible speed one has to see to believe. I pulled the trigger only twice. To miss means death to the hunter in the open, for the vital spots on an elephant's head are small. Both fell, one actually touching the other, and, stranger still, almost on the heels of the first bull."

"Yet even as these three

lay still there appeared in a fast straggling line at least 20 more. They were a couple of hundred yards to my right. They came fast from along the river out of the thick bush. Fortunately, elephants depend largely on their keen sense of smell. I threw myself down into the thorn bush and crawled along beside the dead elephants, thus putting their death smell in front of me.

"The ground shook as the herd raced past their dead companions for the woods, where they had picked up the scent my trackers and I had left. When the last runner was out of sight in the woods, I got up from my hiding. There was nothing to do but have another cut at them."

"I went back. In the bush, around the site of my camp the previous night, I could hear the animals crashing. They were trying to seek me out, baffled at not being able to pick up further scent."

"I moved cautiously amid the scattered growth. I almost walked upon a huge tusked cow. Behind her some 30 yards were two young bulls. At sight they charged. Once more with three shots I dropped the three."

"Now all around me was a tumult of roaring, but in it a new note. I moved toward the nearest trumpeting. A bull made for me. I fired my seventh shot—the seventh clean hit for an immediate fall—the record of my life!"

"In the next few seconds I experienced one of those mysterious and unexplainable actions of elephants. Suddenly their trumpeting was 'filled' with the fear warning. As if they had simultaneously received some telepathic message, all of them went galloping away in wild panic."

"The sound died away. Around me lay 30 tons of meat, 1120 pounds of ivory. I had killed seven unusually large elephants in less than seven

minutes of trigger-pulling time!

"A little later my native boys showed up, coming down from the very high trees they had climbed. They stayed only a few minutes, then rushed away to spread the good news to villages near and far, for here was feasting beyond anything ever dreamed of."

"By the next day hundreds of natives were hard at work preparing the meat which must be cooked or dried at once. In Africa meat spoils quickly." •



Mrs. Celliers with 14 tusks weighing 1120 lbs.

BALLADS FOR MEN—

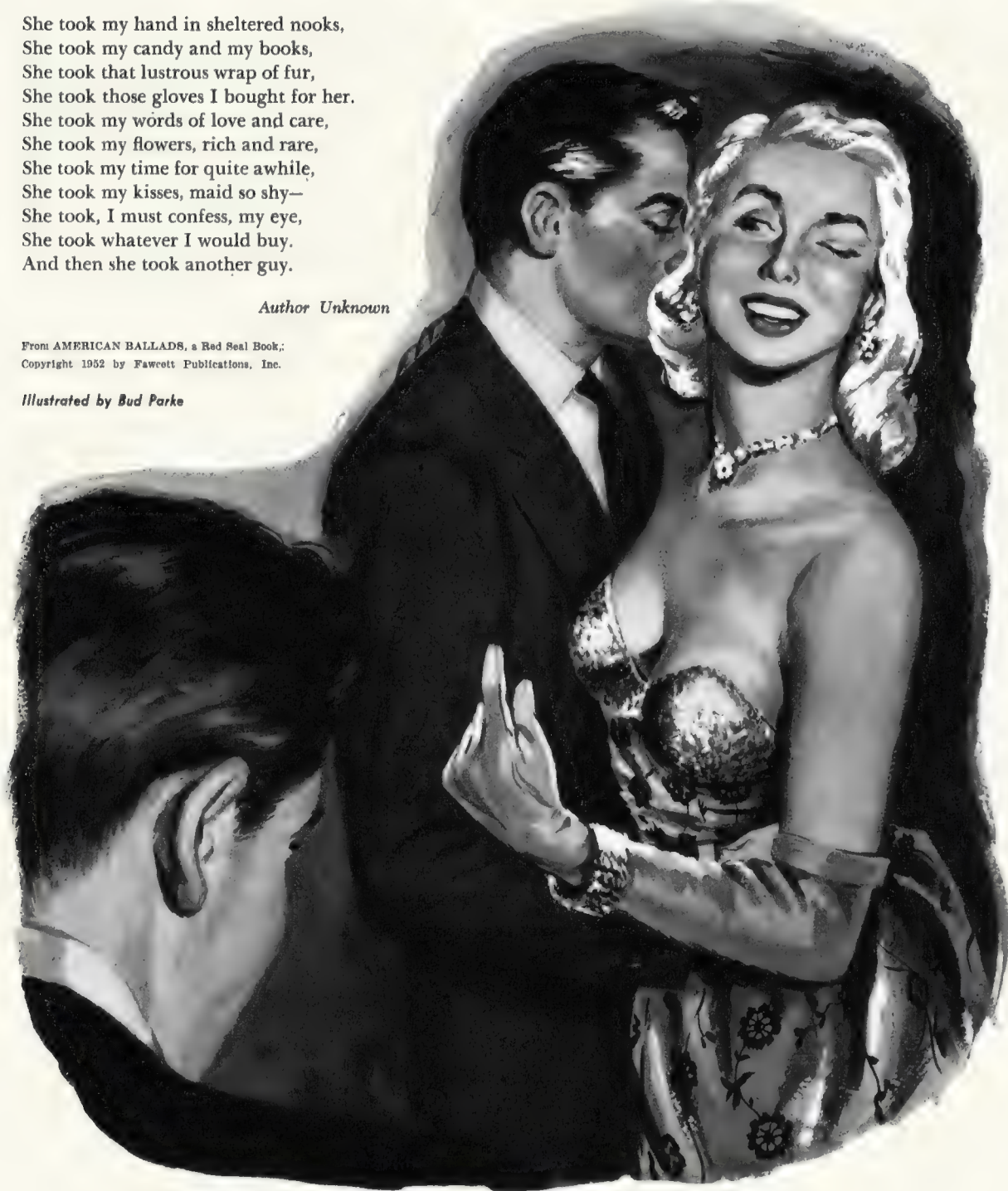
She Took and Took

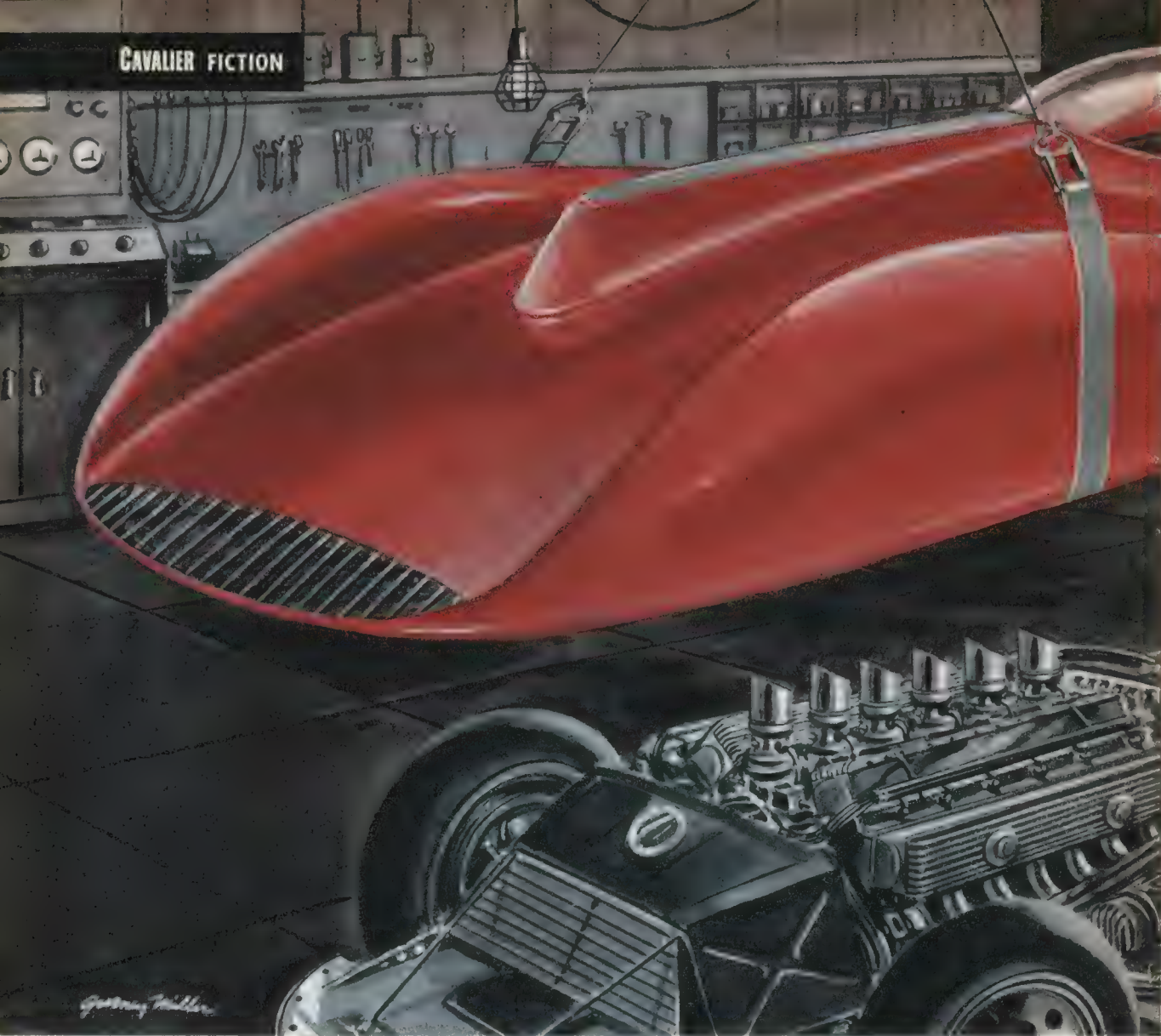
She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my candy and my books,
She took that lustrous wrap of fur,
She took those gloves I bought for her.
She took my words of love and care,
She took my flowers, rich and rare,
She took my time for quite awhile,
She took my kisses, maid so shy—
She took, I must confess, my eye,
She took whatever I would buy.
And then she took another guy.

Author Unknown

From *AMERICAN BALLADS*, a Red Seal Book;
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Illustrated by Bud Parke



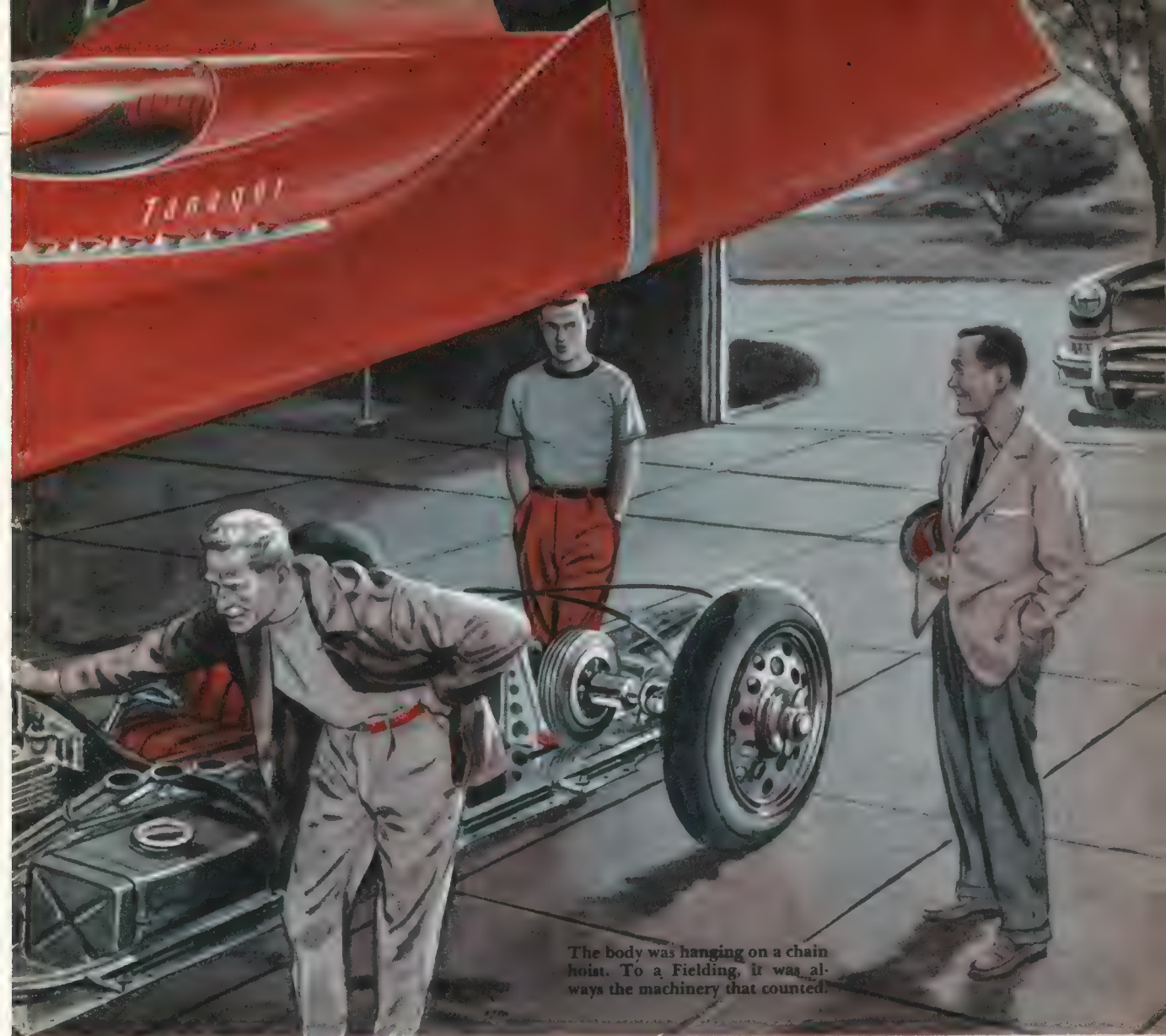


Speed is the Payoff

**It couldn't go on—this raging, roaring fight. So the father
decided to end it all by challenging his son to a duel**

By John Savage

Illustrated by Gurney Miller



The body was hanging on a chain hoist. To a Fielding, it was always the machinery that counted.

I saw there was going to be trouble. The two cars roared into the south curve together, moving fast. The one called "Tanager" was slightly ahead, but on the outside.

Tanager's driver was trying to crowd ahead of the inside car, and I could see he was risking everything to do it. The extra speed he was carrying meant riding the feather edge between perfection and the loss of control.

He made his play just as the two cars were about to pass the place where I stood. Tanager's driver cut in. He did it as gradually as he could, but he didn't have the ghost of a chance. I saw him start his flat spin, and then I saw something else. The black car—the inside car—was coming straight at me.

The rest of it happened so fast I couldn't even dodge. The black car swerved barely enough to stay on the track and then went into a spin of its own. It missed the front end of Tanager by inches and spun on, as far as the outside edge of the track.

For one split second, both cars were at a dead stop. Then the deafening bellow of their engines came again, as the

throttles were kicked open. The miracle was over. Tires screamed and the cars were off again, still neck-and-neck. I was left with the cold sweat of panic on my face, and with the incredible memory of something I had heard in that split second of silence.

One of the drivers was laughing. . . .

All this happened at the Bonneville track, in western Utah. All this and more, and I'm sorry you weren't there. The pale salt desert gets fairly hot in August, but I don't think you'd have minded that. A couple of inspired amateurs, in the two fastest racing-cars on earth, were making history.

The great Alonzo Fielding was driving against a young upstart by the name of Alonzo Fielding, Junior.

The Fieldings were supposed to be car builders, not speed kings. I doubt that anybody will ever fully understand what got into them, there on the salt flats. Whatever it was, this much is sure: We who watched saw the name of Fielding written forever beside those of Ab Jenkins and John Cobb in the thundering legend of Bonneville.

The Fieldings raced every day last week, just the two of them. Each man was driving his personal masterpiece—the car he had built with his own hands. They drove a total of seventeen heats, at distances ranging from one mile to a hundred, some on the straightaway and some around the big circle. Every race was a furious private duel, and every finish was close.

The winner, 11 times out of 17, was the big red car called “Tanager.”

I’m not going to write about the records they broke. I’ve done that already, for my newspaper. What I want to tell, among other curious things, is why they raced at all. That’s a story I happen to know more about than anybody else.

The story begins, as far as I’m concerned, with a phone call I got last May. I was at my desk in the office of the *Detroit Record*. My phone rang and a voice asked, “Are you the Jim Simpson who wrote a biography of the Duryea brothers?”

I said yes.

“My name is Alonzo Fielding. When can you come and see me?”

Alonzo Fielding was always news, and particularly so at that time because of his sudden break with the Castle Company. I said, “I’ll be right out.”

Fielding’s home was in Grosse Pointe, on the Lake. I drove there in my car, wondering what he wanted all the way.

It was flattering to know that he’d seen my *Life of the Duryeas*. Surprising, too. I’d written the thing in a rash of enthusiasm over the inventors of the first automobile, and the rash had turned out not to be contagious. The book hadn’t sold worth a hoot.

Of course, old Fielding might only have noticed some technical blunder in the book. He might be calling me on the carpet. . . .

I stepped on my brakes in front of the closed gate to the Fielding place. A uniformed guard appeared immediately, behind the bars. “Name?” he asked.

I told him and he opened the gate. As I cruised up the long drive toward the house, my excitement began to grow. In ten years as a newspaperman, I had never succeeded in getting an interview with Alonzo Fielding.

I was about to meet one of the half-dozen master mechanics of industrial America. The Castle automobile (I was driving one myself) was one of the most popular makes on the road, and Alonzo Fielding—as inventor and production boss—had put it there. The reason he was particularly newsworthy right now was that two days before he had quit Castle cold, after 35 years as the guiding spirit of the company. He had resigned in anger, and without explanation. I hoped I might be on the verge of finding out why.

I stopped in front of the big house, intending to get out and ring the bell. Then I noticed a lot of activity in front of a smaller building, 200 yards farther on but still on the Fielding estate. There was a truck parked there, and a long Castle town-car. Three men were unloading something from the truck, and I drove on down there, thinking Alonzo Fielding might be among them.

The machine they were unloading was hard to recognize at first. It was a big, black box, mounted on casters, and it was about the size of a kitchen range. When I got closer to it, I saw that it had a lot of dials and gauges, as well as an oscilloscope screen. Hanging on brackets on the outside of the box were a couple of those portable strobe lights that are used for adjusting the timing of a motor. I figured the machine was one of these newfangled motor-analyzers, although it didn’t look quite like any of the commercial models I’d seen.

Two men in overalls were doing the unloading, and a young man of 25 or so, wearing ordinary sports clothes, was directing them. I watched for a minute and then asked, “Where will I find Alonzo Fielding?”

The young man turned to me and said, “I’m Alonzo Fielding.”

I almost called him a liar. Then I remembered that Fielding had a son. “I meant Alonzo Fielding, Senior,” I said.

Junior shrugged and gave me a grin I liked. “Most people do mean that,” he said. “I think he’s up at the house. Did you try there?”

I admitted I hadn’t and turned my car around. A minute later I was ringing the bell at the main house.

The door was opened by Alonzo Fielding himself. I recognized him from his pictures. He was a long, lean man, with big hands and white hair, and he didn’t look so old as I’d expected. When I told him who I was, he smiled and said, “Come on in.” He led me through the tall hallway and into a room that seemed to be his study.

We both sat down. “I just met your son,” I remarked, just to break the ice.

“Yes?”

I nodded. “That’s quite a machine he’s got—that motor analyzer, or whatever it is.”

Alonzo Fielding scowled. “No damn good,” he said.

I was pretty sure he meant the machine, but not sure enough to feel comfortable on the subject of Junior. I asked what I’d been invited for.

“I read your book,” Fielding announced. “Liked it. Your attitude toward cars. Matter of fact, I expected you to be an older man, but that doesn’t matter.”

“Thank you.”

Fielding leaned forward a little. “I’ve quit, you know. Can’t write worth shooting, but I want to make a book out of what I’ve done, and why I resigned. Memoirs, in a way. I want you to help me.”

“I’d enjoy that,” I said, putting it mildly.

The scoop would be terrific, considering his allergy to newsmen.

“You’ll need a leave of absence from your paper,” Fielding said. “You’ll live here and listen to me whenever I have something to say. You’ll write my ideas and let me go over what you write. Take all summer. Two hundred a week. All right. . . ?”

I moved in at ten o’clock the next morning. I didn’t know what I was getting into. . . .

The house was huge, and the most puzzling thing about it was that it didn’t seem to fit the personality of its owner. Nearly every room was full of statues and tapestries and marble pillars and bric-a-brac, all of it in good taste, for all I know, but sophisticated. And yet Alonzo Fielding turned out to be one of the simplest, most unadorned characters I ever met. I didn’t solve the enigma for several weeks.

I was mixed up in a much bigger problem, anyway, as soon as we sat down to our first meal. It was a problem we were going to have with us all summer. I mean the feud between the two Alonzo Fieldings.

I don’t know why they took their meals together at all. They fought like a couple of fishwives every day. I was in the middle, and the devil of it was, I liked them both.

At lunch on the first day I was there, I struck the initial spark myself, just making conversation. I said to Junior, “What was that Rube Goldberg contraption you were unloading yesterday?”

Junior beamed. “It’s a motor analyzer I banged together, over at M.I.T. It’s got a thousand bugs in it now, but I think it may turn out pretty fair, when I’m done. It uses several new notions of mine. For instance—”

“The whole idea’s no damn good,” his father remarked, from the other end of the table. I think there may have been an undertone of affection in the words, but it got lost among the salt cellars.

Junior turned pink and stuck out his jaw. “Of all the mossbacks!” he shouted. “Think you can fix everything with bailing wire? Think you can fly by the seat of your pants these days? It’s time you woke up!”

The old man put his knife and fork down. “My boy, the only way to understand a piece of machinery is to sympathize with it. Feel it. Listen to it. You can’t do that with. . . .”

They'd forgotten all about their food and me. Junior was shouting, "I'll match a strobe light against your eyes any day! And I've got a box out there that listens a thousand times sharper than your ears, or mine either!"

"Maybe I'll admit that," the father said. "Maybe I'll admit that. But you'd better think twice before you turn over all your senses and all your skills to a flock of gadgets."

"Oh, for the love of Pete! That's not what I'm doing."

"It is too!"

"It is not!"

"It is too. Pass the potatoes. . ."

Old Mr. Fielding and I got down to work on the first day I was there. "I have some ideas for the introduction to the book," he said. We got ourselves settled on a second-floor terrace that overlooked the whole sweep of lawn and white-oak woods that went down to the lake. I could see a lot of out-buildings, including the servants' quarters and the family workshop where Junior had unloaded his machine. It was a nice view.

Fielding started by telling me his reason for walking out on Castle. "Starting with the 1953 models," he said, "every Castle car will have automatic transmission."

"Even the Vixen?" I asked. If so, it was big news, and one of the best-kept secrets in the industry.

He nodded. "Every Castle product, big and little. No more 'optional at extra cost.' We—I mean *they*—simply won't build any more standard gear-shifts."

"You say that's why you resigned?" I still didn't understand.

He nodded again. "Or at least that's what brought things to a head. But let's go back a ways. . ."

He spent the rest of the afternoon giving me all the facts about his childhood, 60 years back. It's funny how much an old man will remember. What I really wanted was a fuller explanation of his reason for leaving the company he'd been with so long. I didn't get it for almost a week.

Meanwhile, before that week was out, the feud between the two Fieldings really got boiling. It boiled over on Thursday.

On Thursday afternoon Mr. Fielding and I were in the back garden, sitting on chairs on the lawn, near some formal parterres full of jonquils. Alonzo, Jr., was off in the workshop, tinkering with his motor analyzer.

Mr. Fielding was in the middle of telling me his memories of Thomas Edison, for the book, when suddenly he stopped. What stopped him was the sight of a bird that had just alighted in the top of a hard maple, about 50 feet from us.

Mr. Field- [Continued on page 67]



Let That Wallet Lie

Most things people find do not fall under the romantic class of treasure trove. Maybe losers would take better care of their property if they knew what trouble it can cause the finders. What looks like a piece of luck sometimes turns out to be nothing but grief.

A subway passenger happened to find a package lying on the seat. The train conductor saw him pick it up and asked him to leave it in his care. The passenger refused. The conductor grabbed him. There was a scuffle. A policeman arrived and, on the conductor's complaint, the passenger was taken prisoner and charged with petty larceny. After he was acquitted, he sued the subway company. But he had no case.

The New York court held that the property, having been left on the seat, was evidently forgotten or mislaid by the owner, and so the company was justified in claiming it. It would have been different if the property had been found on the floor of the car. That would have put it into the lost category and the finder would then have had a legal claim. If the incident had taken place in Pennsylvania, however, the passenger would have won the case.

But in more than eleven states today, the finder who doesn't take the required steps to locate the owner of lost property may be convicted of theft.

All sorts of complications arise when two or more persons claim to be finders of a wallet, ring or money. Each case has its own peculiar circumstances and each locality has its own set of laws.

Several boys were playing football on a sandlot. For a ball they used a wadded stocking one of them had found there. After kicking it around a while, the boys mauled it in the scrimmage and the wadding scattered all over the lot. The stocking had contained more than a thousand dollars.

The boy who had discovered the stocking claimed all of it. Another, active in the general grab, claimed all he had picked up. A few argued that whoever had kicked the stocking was entitled to a share, while the star punter

maintained that only the kick that had burst the stocking should decide the matter. But whose was the kick that launched the thousand bucks? The court had to rule on that question. It was decided to divide the money equally among the players.

Many a fine legal hair has been split over the difference between "mislaid" and "lost." A man who bought up old safes lent one to a friend. It was a rusty old crib with the lining in a state of corrosion. One day, the borrower poked his hand into the lining and fished out a roll of bills that had evidently been there fifty years. He told somebody and the story got back to the owner of the safe, who claimed the money. "After all," he argued, "I bought the safe, and it should be returned to me intact, exactly how I gave it to him—which was only temporary, anyhow."

The court ruled: "Though designedly left in the safe, the money was probably not designedly put into the crevice or interspace where it was found. It had slipped accidentally into the lining and must be regarded as having been lost, in the strict sense of the word." Therefore it belonged to the finder.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one, but some statutes haven't been changed since George Washington's day, and most are just as they were written when Lincoln was President. Suppose you have been lucky—or unlucky—enough to pick up an article valued at \$15. If you look up the law, you may discover that you are obliged to post a notice on a tree near the spot where you found it, or else nail the proclamation on the door of the local court house. You can always refer to the statute book in case you're thrown into jail for damage to public property.

Be consoled, however, if you happen to own land on which a meteor has fallen out of the sky. The improvement to the estate is yours, not the tenant's. The same goes for a prehistoric galleon dug up in your pasture. Legal precedent exists in both cases.—David Redstone



Senor Sanchez filled his pipe with lung-searing native tobacco and shook a warning finger at us. "When you get into the Yucatan jungle, *amigos*, there is one creature to be feared above all others—and that is the *tigre*!" The old Indian puffed vigorously for a few seconds; then he said, "But I knew a man who strangled a full-grown *tigre* with one hand—and lived!"

Leonard Clark and I exchanged glances. Our host's face wrinkled up like a howler monkey's. "On the grave of my mother, I swear it! I can prove it!" he shouted. "Carlos was my friend. I helped carry him, bleeding, back to his *casa* after he fought the *tigre*!"

When the old fellow calmed down, he told us the most amazing hunting yarn we'd ever heard.

The Clark-Hennesey expedition to Quintana Roo had arrived in Hopelchen, in the state of Campeche. This pink and white stucco village is the jumping-off point for the unexplored territory that lies to the south. There, in one of the world's densest jungles, we hoped to uncover new evidence of the ancient Maya's lost culture. It had been a lucky break when old Raul Sanchez, an adventurer of local fame, volunteered to let us in on some of his vast knowledge of this treacherous area.

But now the old man had shaken our faith in him with the wild tale of a man who had successfully strangled a jaguar! Between us, Clark and I had hunted just about every species of game that ordinarily falls to the sportsman. We already knew something about the jaguar. This "American tiger," almost 300 pounds of snarling fury, is the third largest of cats—far bigger than the African leopard or the panther. A vicious brute that will attack without provocation, several of these spotted killers have been known to become maneaters. It was impossible to imagine any man lasting more than a minute in a hand-to-claw combat against such a beast.

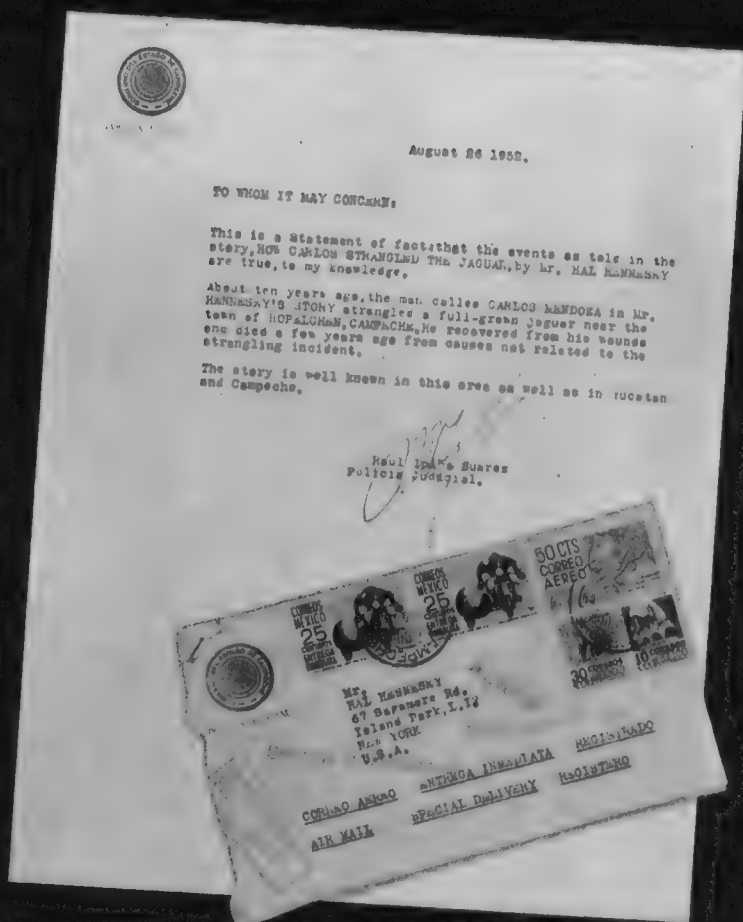
I recalled other stories of similar encounters. Carl Akely, the great naturalist and big game hunter, once wrestled a leopard for one fall—the leopard's. And some years ago, a British hunter was attacked by a lion in Africa. He got a grip on simba's *tongue* and held on until his companions killed the big cat! But—Akely's leopard weighed only 80 pounds. And the Britisher survived his quarter-ton opponent by only a few hours. A man never lives long without any guts inside of him.

So, naturally, we didn't believe Senor Sanchez' story. Some months later, Clark and I stopped at Campeche

How Carlos Strangled The Jaguar

Wrestling the kill-crazy cat,
the Indian realized he had
just one chance to survive

by Hal Hennesey



So astounding are the facts in this story, CAVALIER asked the author for proof. Shown above: the official letter received from the Mexican police.

City. There we talked jaguar with Senor Hector Abreu, a middle-aged *caballero* whose English was better than ours.

"The jaguar," said Abreu, "is probably more dangerous than a lion. Yet, I know of a man in Hopelchen who actually strangled one to death!"

Clark choked on a sip of strong Mexican coffee. Our host, a hardwood lumber magnate and one of the most influential men on the Peninsula, was not one to swap fables irresponsibly. By the time we had driven the 50 miles to Hopelchen and checked the facts with the town magistrate, we knew that we owed old Senor Sanchez an apology.

Here is the story, pretty much as he told it to us. . . .

The trouble started on the day Carlos Mendoza found his prize steer dead in the field, 20 pounds of its throat and brisket eaten away. In the mud about the carcass were the five-inch tracks of a huge jaguar.

His first impulse was to take his dogs and track down the killer. But when he cooled off, Carlos remembered that a jaguar, like the mountain lion, usually ranges far over the countryside. Sometimes it covers 100 miles in a single day, describing a great circle that brings it back to its

starting point. Besides, thought Carlos, the young *frijole* creepers and the new squashes could not be neglected during what might be a week-long hunt. He cursed himself for having built his farm so deep in the jungle. No one would come to help him work it.

So Carlos decided to wait. Each night he would set his two dogs free to roam the area while he slept, his shotgun at his side. After two weeks of this, he began to think that maybe the spotted hunter would not come back.

Then, late one evening, the big Mexican heard a nervous lowing from his cattle. It came from far across the *milpa*—the corn patch that Carlos had carved from the jungle.

He knew that the jaguar had returned.

The sweating farmer dropped the hoe with which he had been clearing a new section. He grabbed up his ever-present gun and started quickly across the fields. Behind him, he heard his wife screaming for him to be careful. But her words were absorbed by the green jungle wall that surrounded the *milpa*, as Carlos redoubled his speed.

Ahead, Pito and Juna, his two great hunting dogs, skimmed swiftly between the rows of bean plants and pumpkins. They headed straight for a point north of the cattle pen. Carlos had been hunting wild turkey there

that very afternoon and had seen no sign of a jaguar. The clever beast must have been lying nearby, waiting for the man and his dogs to move to the other end of the farm.

The dogs stopped just short of where the field's border touched the lip of the jungle. When their panting master caught up with them, they were barking furiously at what appeared to be a mere tangle of lianas and palmettos. Though Carlos searched for a telltale blotch of orange in that dark web, his keen eyes saw nothing.

Because of the dogs' behavior, Carlos felt that they—and the cattle—might have been alarmed by an ocelot, the *tigre's* smaller spotted cousin, on the prowl for his chickens. Had it been a jaguar, the dogs would have clung to the chase until their quarry was brought to bay.

A false alarm! Calling to the dogs, the man turned back toward the house. The 100-yard run had worked up a hearty appetite. He looked forward to a meal of the wild *pavo* he had shot earlier.

At that moment, Pito and Juna set up an even more frenzied racket than before. It sounded as if they had suddenly gone mad.

Carlos wheeled to face them, suspecting what he would see.

He saw the jaguar. It was less than 20 yards away.

The big spotted killer had risen from where it had been crouching in the deep grass beside the jungle. Low clusters of matted palmettos laced with snaky vines had helped screen it from view—that and its natural polka-dot camouflage. Beneath its bloody feet was the mangled carcass of a half-grown calf.

Dashing the salty sweat from his eyes, Carlos uttered a warning cry. Pito, the bravest and strongest dog he'd ever owned, rushed the snarling *tigre* with the blinding speed that had made him famous. But his orange and black foe was even faster. One swipe of a clublike paw caught Pito full in the chest. It was like a batter meeting a well-thrown ball—Pito flew 10 yards through the air, the

red blood spilling from him as he rolled kicking along the ground.

Juna, when she saw Pito sobbing his life out in the dry grass, became an avenging fury. She tore into that surprised cat and grabbed it by the loose folds of the throat, shaking her head like a bulldog.

Her master lowered his cocked shotgun, shouting for her to come back—to get out of the way so he could shoot. But Juna hung on—until those plunging paws got a grip on her slim body. The cat pulled the little dog away like an offending leech and flung her, still fighting, beside the still body of her mate. She remained there, her stomach lying on the muddy red ground a foot away.

Tears for his faithful dogs streamed from the man's eyes as he cursed the jaguar. Now the monster spun about, a deep snarl bubbling from its throat.

Carlos aimed carefully and shot it in the chest.

The wounded brute hurled itself straight up into the air, clawing and spitting. Its scream was like a buzz saw going through a pine knot. Carlos gave a shout of victory. His noble dogs had been avenged!

But the big cat landed on its four feet. Another saw-tooth scream tore from its throat. Then, an orange fireball, it bounded toward Carlos with tremendous leaps!

The startled man could hardly believe his eyes. He had just enough time to snap his gun up and fire the second barrel from the hip. Then the charging jaguar was upon him.

It reached the stunned man in three 10-foot bounds. He braced himself for the final spring—which did not come. For Carlos had never seen a great cat attack a man. He didn't know that they spring only upon running quarry. Standing game—especially a man—is knocked down or hamstrung, after which the cat proceeds to gnaw at its victim's head.

Carlos, then, was further surprised when the cat stopped short just in front of him. It reared up and planted its forefeet on his shoulders. With the vague hope of crushing the jaguar's skull, he had raised the shotgun overhead. It was this act that saved his life.

Instead of delivering what would have been a useless blow, Carlos shifted his grip on the gun. He shoved the barrel against the throat of the jaguar—hard!

The half-inch claws ripped into his back and the slaving jaws snapped at his face. But Carlos did not fall. A powerful man—and a desperate one—he kept the gun barrel tight under the cat's lower jaw. When the furious animal tried to lunge ahead, it found its breath cut off. But the more frustrated it became, the harder it thrust forward. The fetid odor that came from the warm red throat nearly overpowered the gasping Indian. Drops of saliva that felt like molten lead splattered his face.

So began one of the most terrific of all mortal duels between man and beast. And the advantages were all with the beast.

It couldn't have lasted very long. Yet, when you're fighting for your life, you



"What do you mean, let's give her another chance?"

don't measure time in minutes and seconds. You measure it in the wheezing breath drawn into your tortured lungs. In the dull explosions that a bursting heart sets off inside your chest. And in each spearhead of agony that penetrates your muscles, tendons and joints. It's even worse when you know you can't possibly win; then there's no time at all. Just endless pain.

It became a test of endurance and nerves. Man and beast plunged and stumbled about in a grisly dance, their only audience the parrots and the iguanas. Beneath their feet, tender squashes and pumpkins were threshed into a muddy stew. . . .

The jaguar was getting weaker! Carlos realized it with a shock. Still, with two loads of buckshot in the lungs and heart . . . At 15 yards, such a charge would tear a two-inch hole through almost anything except a rhino or a water buffalo. . . .

Hope came to Carlos, the hope that his mortally wounded foe was fighting on reserve strength, that it would presently slip to the ground, kick a few times, twitch—and die.

But if the jaguar was growing weaker, so was Carlos. His machete-hardened arms felt like two logs and his knees were beginning to buckle. Wise in the way of the big cats, he knew that if he went down, the killer would kick his guts out with its pistonlike hind legs. For that is a cat's favorite means of combat: to hang on with fangs and forelegs and thrust spasmodically with the rear ones.

Carlos knew he *must* remain standing! Still the jaguar did not die. The embattled farmer felt the last strength leaving his arms like water from a sponge lying in the sun.

In another moment, they would collapse. Then the frothing jaws would dart at his face. His throat would be torn out. There would be a brief instant of pain. After that. . . .

Carlos removed his aching right arm from the gun barrel. Instantly, the gun was knocked from his left hand. The clicking teeth flashed closer. He could see the hate that sprang from the pale yellow eyes only inches from his own.

Carlos prepared to die.

But there is something that makes a brave man fight to the last ditch, even when gripped in the very arms of death. It makes him toss his last grenade at the gooks who have him surrounded. It makes him crash dive his disabled jet into an enemy ammo dump.

It made Carlos shove his free hand right into the mouth of the jaguar, and deep down its throat! He spread his fingers, got a fast grip on the startled cat's soft gullet, and hung on!

The jaguar gave a strangled gasp that otherwise would have been an echoing roar, and began to beat frantically on Carlos' shoulders with its forefeet. It attempted to shake the nery Indian loose by springing up and down on its hind legs. But neither of these tricks worked. By now the flesh of Carlos' neck and upper back hung in ribbons. He was soaked to the hips in his own blood.



The beginning of the end came when the jaguar, stark mad from suffocation, lifted both feet from the ground and braced them against the man's weary knees. For a split second, Carlos was supporting the animal's entire 250 pounds.

Together, they crashed to the ground, locked in a grip that only death would break! But now the jaguar was able to get those pile-driver legs into play. Instinctively, Carlos doubled up his knees and tried to protect his tender belly. For a while, he succeeded. Then one of the cat's claws hooked into the flesh of his leg and forced it downward. He could feel his abdomen being torn to shreds. He could feel the knife-like claws ripping out his insides.

After that, there was no longer any pain in his arm or his belly and his mind was growing very dark. . . . It was like being dragged into a pool of deep muddy water. . . . The spasmodic kicking became dull hammer blows that no longer hurt. . . .

But he didn't let go.

When Carlos' wife found them at last, the jaguar was dead. Carlos, too, was dead. Or so the good senora believed. Because what remained of him below the chest was not recognizable as part of a man.

For some time, the grief-stricken woman wailed over the bloody mess that had been her husband. Presently, she was frightened out of her wits to hear the body groan. It seemed impossible, but Carlos was alive! Screaming prayers of thanks, Senora Mendoza dashed three miles through the jungle to her nearest neighbor's hacienda. When they returned to the battleground, it took two men to pull Carlos' hand from the jaguar's mouth.

Months later, Carlos Mendoza, now able to sit in the sun before his doorway, was hailed as Hopelchen's greatest hero. People from far away came to do him homage. They left gifts of corn and meat. They sang his praises in songs and stories that have become a part of Yucatan's folklore.

Carlos never heard them, though. From the day of his struggle with the jaguar, he was stone deaf. The heroic right arm that had won the battle became stiff and useless. Occasionally, he would start up in his chair, his eyes staring glassily. Then he'd quiver and shake uncontrollably while his tearful wife tried to soothe him.

It was a long time before anybody had the guts to tell him of the mistake he'd made—that he'd fired *bird shot* at that damned jaguar! The tiny pellets had penetrated the skin of its thickly furred neck, inflicting a painful, but not serious, wound.

A friend finally wrote this on paper. When Carlos read it, he stared, his dark brow furrowed. "Yes," he said slowly, "now I remember—I had been hunting turkey that afternoon. I must have forgotten to reload the gun with buckshot."

Carlos laughed harshly. "If I'd known, I would have been too frightened to fight the jaguar! I fought only because I thought he was dying!" He looked down at his pain-racked, useless body. He kept laughing.

They still come to Hopelchen to pay tribute to Carlos Mendoza—even though he died of fever five years ago. They come from every part of Yucatan. And they all disagree with Carlos: They think he would have strangled that jaguar even though he had no gun at all!

And so do I. •

HOW TO WIN WITH WOMEN

Few men realize that romantic conquest can be scientific. To show you a way with women, a world-famous authority on manners for men tells what they want and how they want it

by Lisa Lengyel

Some men will probably agree with a modern wit who said: "Seduction is for sissies, but the he-man wants his rape." Those very same he-men are the ones who do *not* have a way with women. I know.

In my opinion there's nothing sissified about the gentler methods of conquest, whether for matrimony or less binding alliance. A man has to exercise great skill, ingenuity and imagination to master this art, but it pays off a thousandfold in results—providing you take heed of certain basic facts.

If you look upon physical love through the eyes of Lord Chesterfield, who said: "The pleasure is momentary, the position ridiculous and the cost damnable!"—then you might as well stop reading this and start collecting stamps.

Essentially, romantic conquest is only a matter of clever salesmanship. Every woman wants to be asked and *appear* to refuse. But she will be eternally grateful to the man who can create a situation where refusal on her part is unnecessary, and things happen just as she secretly desired them to happen.

When you meet a girl for the first time, she's invariably on the defensive. She's wary; she doesn't know you too well. On the other hand, being a woman, she expects a man to make passes, though she does not expect to swoon right into your arms on that first date. The successful lover gets what he wants by making use of the first rule of salesmanship—he sells the idea of his desirability.

Your strategy, Mister, is to make a good impression on that first date. Then, if you follow through correctly, your chances rapidly increase as you go along.

If women were to let their hair down and confess, frankly, they would tell you that the average male wolf rarely makes the quick conquests he boasts of to his fellow men. Unless he is absolutely ravishing, reeking with sex appeal, handsome as all get-out, a heavenly answer to a maiden's prayer, Mr. Wolf rarely gets what he wants the first time he meets the girl. And the chances are he seldom gets to have a second date with the pretty number. She resents his caveman tactics; her pride has been hurt because he's treated her as a pushover at the first meeting.

In affairs of the heart, the Romeo who has taken over from the declining Mr. Wolf is a calculating gentleman whom we'll call Mr. Fox. Our Mr. Fox, who knows the fine art of fast salesmanship, is content to wait a few days, and work his angles flawlessly. *He* invariably gets the girl. Mr. Fox spends the first date on a subtle build-up. He reverses the age-old male tradition and gets the lady to talk about herself. When the evening comes to an end, he warmly, but politely, says goodnight.

Once inside her apartment, however, the lady sits down and thinks. She's intrigued. She's curious. Her ego has been slightly clipped, but just slightly enough to say to herself, "Hmmm. . . ." Subconsciously, she can't wait until they get together a few nights later.

On that second, or perhaps third date, she respects Mr. Fox; she is beginning to like him. But now, there comes a drastic, but subtle change in his tactics. He's making *her* feel desirable; he's not, like Mr. Wolf, trying to convince the lovely how much he means to her, but how much she means to him.

I am afraid the delightful subtleties which make-up the difference between romantic conquest and caveman methods have completely escaped the comprehension of the modern male.

In my book, wolfishness is only one step removed from rape. Unfortunately, too many intelligent males have been led to believe that the strong-arm method is the most masculine and rewarding—that most women expect it. This article is aimed at correcting this delusion. In other



Having spent several years as an adviser to famous men, Lisa Lengyel is highly qualified to write upon what she calls "the fascinating subject of the stubborn male."

Since 1945, she has been widely quoted by topflight columnists, interviewed on radio and TV programs, and appeared on newsreels. Miss Lengyel gained particular note when she launched her annual selection of America's Ten Most Magnetic Males. The gist of her provocative philosophy is contained in this article—with no punches pulled.

words, if you'd like to know what women want and how they want it, listen and learn.

To begin with, *you've got to sell yourself to the girl*. You've got a product; you believe in it. The product is yourself; the customer is the girl of your dreams.

Them's tough words, but fortunately, since the advent of Dr. Kinsey, we are now able to talk about such matters frankly. And I, unlike most women, believe in frankness. So let's draw a parallel between salesmanship and conquest.

Any good salesman knows that he must follow a selling procedure. First, he must intrigue the prospect with his proposition. Second, he must convincingly bring the prospect around to believing in the desirability of what he is selling. In a similar manner, the skilled Casanova begins his campaign with the lady of his choice.

Now don't confuse this type of selling with the high-pressure school. The high-pressure boys pound away at the prospects, play upon their psychological weaknesses, make false claims and promises. It's true that this technique sometimes succeeds. But bear this in mind, the high-pressure boys usually make only one sale. The customer resents being pushed, harassed, coerced instead of convinced. And a convinced customer is a steady customer.

As in the field of salesmanship, romantic conquest has four major divisions: Preparation, approach, demonstration and closing.

A man who wants to be a success must adequately prepare himself for the job. You are no exception. You've got to study the lady in question intelligently—her personality, whims, desires and tastes, always bearing in mind that women have all the advantages in that they have a wider field from which to choose.

Therefore, if you want to get the jump on your competitor, you've got to make yourself more intriguing. To attract feminine buyers, manufacturers spend millions packaging their products. They know that once a woman sees an attractively wrapped parcel, she is curious, fascinated. She buys.

The fellows you know who make the grade with girls are almost always well-dressed, considerate, polite, and charming. In effect, they angle their appeal exclusively to the feminine imagination. They are experts at sense appeal! And we're not talking now about the glamor boys in Hollywood. We're talking about a friend of yours named Joe who works with you in the office, or lives in the apartment upstairs.

There is really nothing mysterious about your friend's success. You probably haven't packaged yourself as Joe has. Bad taste, poor manners, sloppy dress, and crude behavior don't attract the girl who's really worth having. She wants to see quality in a man. Thus, be sure that your voice, words and actions clinch that first and important good impression.

Girls are always looking for men to admire. You, any man, has certain selling points. Figure out what yours are, then dramatize them, call attention to

them. To use a salesmanship term: You have a plus factor. So, put your best feature forward; it will give you an edge over local competition.

For example: what do you excel at, what's your specialty? Dancing, entertaining, story telling? Are you tops at hunting, fishing, riding or swimming? Take her where you can demonstrate your skill. Don't boast! Talk about it lightly, entertainingly. Don't bore her with it, but gradually work up her interest.

Now a word of warning, from a woman who knows. Don't play up the things you *don't* do well. Once you appear ridiculous in a woman's eyes—that's all, brother. She'll never forgive you.

To continue with our sales comparison, your next step is prospect analysis. It's



nary tactics of the female gold digger must be viewed in this light. When a woman falls in love, she is shifting from one form of security to another. The so-called "grasping female," a favorite expression of men, is simply a woman desperately searching for security. You men must remember that a woman's drawing power is comparatively short-lived. We gals have to feather our nest while you guys are still giving us that second glance.

The successful man with the ladies understands this avid search for protection—physical, emotional, social and, wherever possible, financial protection. In other words, she finds security through submission, and the wise man knows it.

Emotionally, a girl must be assured that her proffered love will be appreciated and not taken for granted. Socially, she wants to be sure of a man's discretion, that she hasn't met up with one of the contemptible kiss-and-tell tribe. Financially, she wants a man who won't haggle over the price of theater tickets and a dinner, while he thinks nothing of dropping a hundred on a horse. And even if she's self-supporting, more or less independent, she still wants the kind of man around her boudoir who'll reach for his wallet if he thinks she's financially embarrassed at the moment. The Great Casanova, historians tell us, made provisions for his loves long after he left them for fairer maidens. He understood women. He left them, to be sure, but not as enemies.

A good salesman knows that his prospect buys either rationally or emotionally. But in selling yourself to the woman you adore, skip the rational approach. If, for instance, you approach the subject with that corny line of: "Look, we're grown up. Not kids. We can have a lot of fun without going into all this love stuff..." she might, possibly, take you up on it. If she does, she's in it for what she can get out of you. But when a better salesman, Mr. Fox knocks on her door, you will suddenly find yourself out in the cold.

Instead, play upon her emotional strings. Incorporate the elements of confidence, sentiment and protection in your opening gambits. If you find she entertains some vague notions about a mythical Prince Charming (and many women do), don't feel defeated. Very few men are *that* charming. And remember: if she doesn't seem to be in the market for not-so-handsome-you, that's only a greater challenge to your salesmanship. You can change her mind. Fact is, the girl doesn't always want what she *thinks* she wants. Of course, if you're that one man in a thousand who is truly handsome, be grateful and humble.

If you're not, you're just as well off. Some of the most unattractive, even downright ugly, men have been the world's greatest lovers. Cyrano de Bergerac had a face that would scare kids out of their wits. John Wilkes, Lord Mayor of London in the 18th century was about as homely as they come, but he used to say: "Give me a half hour with a

not enough to know your own strong points and how to package them; you must know that the girl wants, or thinks she wants. A good salesman studies his client. He explores and weighs the needs of his prospect, prepared for confusion but never willing to submit to it. Too many men are apt to say, helplessly, "I can't understand these dames... but then who the hell does?" Mr. Fox does!

Too many men consider women a receptacle for their emotional and biological impulses. When a man reasons in such self-centered fashion, he is ignoring the fact that the girl has independent thoughts and desires apart from his own. There are no foolproof rules for success with women. There are, however, certain inducements which, if properly presented, should make the lovely lady yield.

I can assure you that women aren't too difficult to know and understand once you understand their basic need for security. Even the apparently cold, merce-

woman before her handsome swain comes along, and I'll have her." And he did, repeatedly. His voice, his manners, his understanding air towards women, his manliness got them—by the dozens.

You'd be surprised at the results in l'amour if you observe the following do's and don'ts:

DO package yourself in a well-groomed appearance, courtesousness, and thoughtful consideration, and thereby improve your sense-appeal rating.

DO win her confidence by keeping any promise you make.

DO select her most attractive feature and pay her a compliment. And make sure it is the right kind of compliment. Don't say: "That's a beautiful hat." Say: "You wear that hat beautifully." See the difference?

DO amplify your sexual attractiveness by being an amusing and clever conversationalist, as well as an attentive listener.

DO watch for an opportunity for "the thoughtful gesture." For instance, if you noticed she lacks a lighter, turn up the next time with one as a present. She will be surprised and delighted that you thought of her.

DO watch always for the opportunity to make a "protective gesture." Example: If she's not feeling well, call her the following day, ask how she feels and whether you can do anything.

DO go out of your way, if she's depressed, to pull her out of it. She'll recognize your effort and your stock will go up.

DO lean over backward to make that vital first good impression. You can afford to wait until a few dates later to pop the proposition.

DO make her feel desirable. There's not a woman alive who doesn't want to feel she's irresistible.

DO study the sales technique of Mr. Fox and watch your sales chart go up!

DON'T ruin your chances during that vital first date by boring her to death with the theories, adventures and problems of Great Big You. Get her talking.

DON'T believe the malarky that most women like to be swept off their feet by a panting, anxious cave man.

DON'T get sore if she doesn't invite you into her apartment after you take her home from the show that first night. Put your male vanity in your back pocket. Wait a day or two. Fact is, if she didn't go for you, she wouldn't make that second date. So be patient.

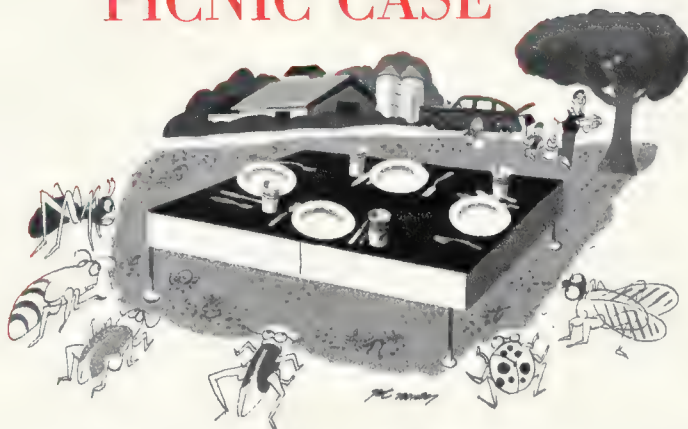
DON'T pull that corny line, "Sex is as necessary as food to a healthy man and woman, Toots." Remember that if that is true, she can also pick her restaurant, pick her menu.

DON'T boast of other conquests with that *what a hell of a guy I am* manner. If you do, start looking for some other babe. With this one you're out.

Recall what we said earlier. Every woman wants to be asked—and *appear* to want to refuse. Just keep right on using the approach of Mr. Fox and you'll do okay.

Good hunting! •

YOU CAN BUILD THIS PICNIC CASE



Everybody enjoys a picnic or week-end camping excursion—provided the can opener shows up when needed and the terrestrial insect life is kept out of the cole slaw. This picnic case, which will take you about two evenings to make, performs both these functions, as well as compactly holding "service" and provisions for four or even six persons. Arriving at the locale of the outdoor banquet, you open and unpack the case, insert the legs in holes drilled in the frame, turn it over and you have a table 21 by 30 inches standing 8 inches off the ground, away from ants, beetles and other six-legged picnic sharers.

The top and bottom, and the inside partitions, are made of $\frac{1}{8}$ " tempered Masonite, while the frame is $\frac{1}{2}$ " pine or redwood. Three hinges, handles, snap locks, 4 dozen $\frac{3}{4}$ " No. 6 wood screws and a few scraps of leather or canvas complete the list of materials. The whole works shouldn't cost more than three or four dollars.

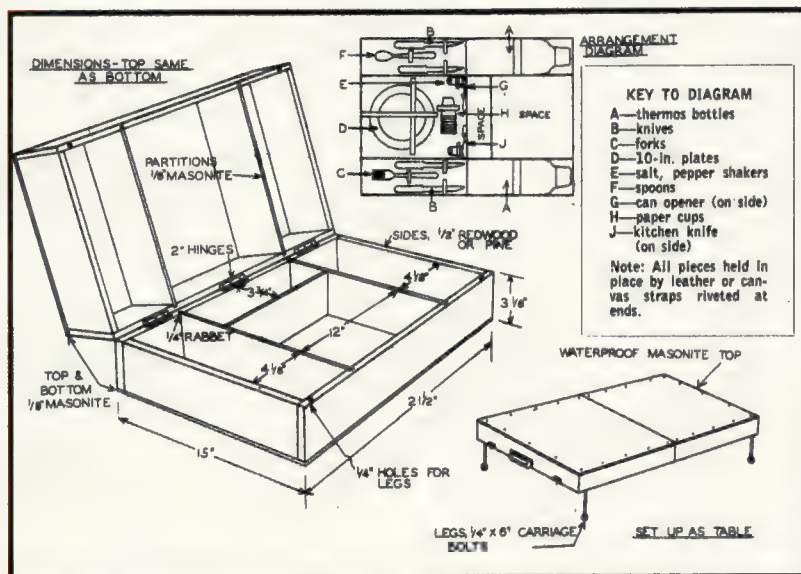
Saw the pieces for the two identical frames to size and assemble with glue and finishing nails. Rabbits, $\frac{1}{8}$ "x $\frac{1}{4}$ ", for the partition ends, must be cut with the

saw before assembling. Fasten the Masonite top and bottom to the frames with glue and screws, drilling for each screw. Insert Masonite partitions, as indicated, in their grooves, hinge the two halves of the case together, add handles and catches and it is finished, except for installing the straps which hold the accessories in place.

A suggested layout for the accessories is shown, but may easily be altered to suit individual requirements. In any event, gather the articles to be included together and measure them for fit. The two end compartments are just the right size for quart thermos bottles; if only one bottle is desired you can simply pull out one partition.

Having decided what the case is to hold, cut straps for a snug fit and fasten them in the proper places with two-piece brass rivets driven through the strap ends and through the Masonite. Drill holes first, of course. The rivets will show on the outside, flush with the surface.

Holes two inches deep by $\frac{1}{4}$ " diameter are drilled in frame edges where shown, to accommodate the $\frac{1}{4}$ "x6" carriage bolts used for legs.—Roland Cueva





SEX HORMONES vs. HEART DISEASE

Continued from page 31

later, at New York's Goldwater Memorial Hospital, a young heart researcher, Dr. Alfred Steiner, teamed up with one of America's top protein chemists, Dr. Forrest Kendall, to produce the first cases of coronary heart disease in meat-eating mammals, a frisky set of fox-terriers.

Side by side with evidence piling up in laboratories, a steady stream of other observations were gathered to support the case against high cholesterol diet. Reports came in from Chile, Ecuador, the Malay Straits, Costa Rica, Okinawa. They showed that where the natives live on vegetables, rice and beans, with little or no animal fat in their foods, coronary artery disease is rarely to be encountered. Local contrasts of diet and rate of heart disease offered another object lesson: the Filipinos of the villages and the natives of Northern China, both of whom are rice-eating peoples, suffer practically no arteriosclerosis, in contrast to the rich meat-dining merchants of Manila and Hong Kong, who show a rising rate of heart disease.

Heart obituary columns of the Western nations have been shown to climb or fall in direct ratio to the richness or the poverty of the national menu. In all instances of severe food curtailments—in the French, German and Dutch concentration camps of World War II, and during the bitter, Leningrad famine of 1941-42—doctors have noted a sharp drop in coronary heart disease.

Obese, heavy-eating peoples, on the other hand, show a consistently higher level of arteriosclerosis than do their leaner neighbors. One of the highest coronary death rates on record is that of a small tribe of prodigious gluttons, the lamb-eating, walrus-shaped nomads of the Kirghiz steppes. And if we are to believe Dr. William Dock, Professor of Medicine at Long Island University, Manhattan Island is not far behind the wastes of Central Asia in this respect.

Shortly after World War II this mild-mannered, strong-tongued scientist tossed some shameful facts on obesity, diet, and heart mortality in the laps of the American medical profession. Using figures that he had gathered for the Army Medical Museum, Dr. Dock warned that the overrich American diet had blessed us with the highest rate of heart mortality in the world.

This disturbing fact was borne out by a study of British and American troops stationed in their home barracks during the war. The figures revealed that over 800 American soldiers under the age of 35 died of coronary heart attack, as against 29 British heart fatalities among men of the same age.

With all this weight of circumstantial evidence pointing an accusing finger at the high-caloried fat-happy American

diet, you may wonder why the American Medical Association has not come out four square for vegetarianism or a one-course rice menu.

Most doctors and nutritionists today would object strenuously to the idea of removing meats from the normal diet, although meat *fats* and gravies can well be avoided. Lean meat is our richest source of animal protein; during digestion it is broken down into the amino acids, the basic building blocks of all living tissue and body growth. Meat also provides essential vitamins that help us ward off disease and live out a normal life span.

Actually, the case for or against dietary control of heart disease still awaits official verdict. We still don't know a sure answer to the question that worried old Anitchkoff way back in 1910 when he asked: Why does coronary artery disease strike at one man but not at his neighbor, when both enjoy similar eating habits and physiques? Heredity, we know, does play a role, but how or why we don't yet know.

Humans obviously vary in their ability to handle cholesterol in the blood stream. In some, these fatty molecules travel freely, whereas in others they clump up dangerously within the coronary arteries.

Latest research indicates that the danger point begins when the cholesterol level in the blood tops that of other fatty compounds, called phospho-lipids, whose function it is to keep cholesterol freely circulating. The problem, therefore, is to cut down on cholesterol by severe dieting, or to discover a drug that will raise phospho-lipids to a balanced level with cholesterol. That drug, according to latest reports from Dr. Katz and his associates, may well turn out to be the female *sex hormone*.

Meanwhile, how is the average American male to maintain intelligent management over the most important organ of his body?

First rule is to live right. Your heart needs a full night's rest, every night, to carry the load of each day's work without undue strain. It needs oxygen to stay healthy, so try to get one month a year, or the equivalent, of outdoor life. It must have a constant food and fuel supply of blood delivered through normally open arteries. Stress or emotional tension of any kind tightens the blood vessels and can put a greater load on your heart than the heaviest of physical labors. Don't

overdrive yourself; ambition of that kind can murder the heart. Learn to relax; let yourself go when you feel up to it.

Second rule is medical vigilance. Protect your heart by visiting your doctor once a year. Learn to know the symptoms that *might* mean heart trouble. The most common are chest pain radiating into the shoulder and arm, shortness of breath, pain or oppression under the breastbone, quickened heartbeat, sudden feeling of dizziness or weakness. Any or all of these symptoms may have nothing whatsoever to do with your heart, but don't try to decide for yourself. And don't worry about being a hypochondriac. Heart doctors are more concerned about the bull-headed "heroes" who disregard their symptoms than they are about hypochondriacs.

Infection anywhere in the body may injure the heart via the blood stream. If an infection does occur, see that it is treated immediately. If you must have a tooth pulled, see that your dentist uses penicillin or sulfa both before and after the extraction. If your medical record includes syphilis, make certain that your heart receives careful semi-annual check-ups. Syphilitic heart disease which strikes most often during the decade between forty and fifty, usually is not detected until 10 or 20 years after the syphilis germ has entered the body. Prompt early treatment of syphilis will eliminate the danger of heart infection later in life.

As to your diet, better not wait for an official statement by the medical profession. You may not know whether or not you are the kind of human who handles or mishandles cholesterol in the blood stream. But you can play it safe by whittling off all excess weight, in consultation with your doctor, of course, and keeping your whipped cream sundaes widely spaced. See how close you can stay to the ideal pound load of your athletic twenties. If you're in a class with the porpoises, get to a doctor tomorrow and begin the project immediately.

Don't pat your paunch complacently as you top your 30's; too many men already have succumbed to this strange vanity. As the wiry, 48-year-old medical genius, William Dock puts it:

"Whoever started the fool notion that pot-bellies are sanctified by middle age has knocked our thinking all galley west on the subject. Why, it's getting so bad you no longer can convince an American male that he's fat!"

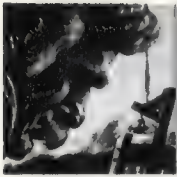
Dock's own formula—subject to your doctor's supervision—is simple: Keep sugars and fats way down in your diet. Eat plenty of proteins—especially vegetable proteins, like beans—eggs in moderation, and lean meat. Limit your consumption of milk and butter fats. If you're a heavy milk drinker, get skimmed milk, which is rich in protein, yet stripped of fat. Ditto for pot cheese and buttermilk—"not the cultured stuff but the kind that's fed to the hogs."

It's easy: all you have to do, if you feel yourself slipping, is remember the proverb:

The way to a man's heart is through his stomach. •

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DEATH BY A.C.

Continued from page 15

momentary interest and no more. Because there are two kinds, alternating and direct, the case of William Kemmler became a Supreme Court precedent and an international *cause célèbre*.

About 1886 George Westinghouse had obtained patent rights for transformers, by means of which the voltage of alternating current could be cheaply and efficiently stepped up or down. Thus, A. C. could be boosted to high potential for transmission over long distances, but brought down to a safe voltage level for ordinary domestic use at any point. This simple fact, however, was not so widely understood 60 years ago as it is now. Many people persisted in a settled belief that A. C. was synonymous with high voltage, and would inevitably blow out every fuse and lamp in any house into which it was brought.

Westinghouse set out to prove A. C.'s practicability, as well as its relative cheapness compared to direct current. He installed an A. C. dynamo in Buffalo. So successful was its operation that orders for similar dynamos flooded the Westinghouse manufacturing plant.

The threat arose that large investments in D. C. equipment would lose their value as A. C.'s popularity increased. So a great publicity campaign was put in motion by D. C. propagandists to spread the word that A. C. was a source of intense danger to life and limb. The campaign was successful. Westinghouse's publicity got worse as Edison's got better. Then, like a crowning blow, came New York State's decision to put William Kemmler to death by A. C.

Apparently A. C. interests, feeling that if this project went through nobody would ever have anything to do with A. C. again, decided that their only course was to try to prevent the electrocution from taking place. As Kemmler sat in his solitary cell awaiting the final call, high-priced legal talent went into action in court after court to save him from death.

Soon after Kemmler's sentence, a writ of *habeas corpus* was obtained in the State courts on the ground that the Constitution forbade the infliction of "cruel and unusual punishments." The result of this appeal led to the appointment of a court referee to take testimony and to report to the court on the efficacy of electricity for executions. It was agreed that the state and the defendant would share the expenses of the investigation.

This was, of course, a polite legal fiction; Kemmler didn't have a dime. All told, the defense appeals, hearings, legal fees and incidental expenses must have amounted to about \$100,000.

The testimony before the referee began in May, 1889, and despite the court's injunction to report within two months, they dragged on until autumn because

of the innumerable defense witnesses.

The hearings brought the Edison-Westinghouse vendetta to its great climax. Edison turned over his laboratories, where it was demonstrated that A. C. could kill little dogs and big horses. The defense, on the other hand, rounded up an astonishing array of witnesses, some from as far away as the Pacific Coast, who had touched, they said, high-tension A. C. wires and had lived to testify.

The highest court in New York State, however, upheld the lower court decisions that Kemmler should die by electricity and he was resented. The newspapers quoted Kemmler as saying:

"I am ready to die by electricity. I am guilty and must be punished. I am ready to die. I am glad I am not going to be hanged. I think it is very much better to die by electricity than it is by hanging. It will not give men any pain."

Quotations like these are very tantalizing, because Kemmler, whose speech was generally confined to monosyllables, unquestionably never said any such thing. Probably he just mumbled a word or two to some reporters, who thereupon expanded it into a paragraph on the theory that their editors, who favored electrocution, would be pleased.

Everything was readied for the execution. The State had contracted with an associate of Edison for three A. C. dynamos to be installed in three state prisons. Aware that Westinghouse would never knowingly sell A. C. dynamos for electrocution, Edison's associate used intermediaries in Rio de Janeiro to purchase some second-hand jobs. These were transhipped to the U. S. and sold to the state.

On the very day for which the execution was scheduled, a well-known New York lawyer, Roger M. Sherman, popped up and slapped a Federal writ of *habeas corpus* on the warden of Auburn, where Kemmler was waiting. The execution had to be put off until the Supreme Court of the United States could have its say.

Then, to tangle things up still more, another writ was obtained from a county judge to test the legal right of anyone but the sheriff of Erie County (where the crime had been committed) to execute the murderer.

The Supreme Court in Washington and the New York State Court of Appeals, both courts of last resort, turned down Kemmler's counsel. For a third time Kemmler was sentenced to die, this time during the week of Aug. 4, 1890.

Kemmler's imminent execution had by this time created a tremendous stir not only in the United States, but abroad. The week of the execution, Auburn's leading hotel was jammed with newspapermen. None of them could legally be admitted to the death chamber. At the last moment, and in utter violation

of the law he himself had signed, the New York Governor agreed to permit two reporters, one from the Associated Press and one from the United Press, to watch the proceedings.

With such gubernatorial sanction, the remaining newspapermen stopped worrying about violating the law, since their editors regarded the anti-public provisions as a freedom of press violation.

In the newspapers, one of those erudite disputes filled the editorial columns during the hot summer days, concerning the proper name for electrical executions.

Letter-writers to the papers solemnly and with scholarly reference to Greek and Latin roots offered such precise terms as "electromorsis," "electricission," "electrothanasia." But, monstrosity or not, "electrocution" won out.

Wednesday morning, August 6, the day of Kemmler's execution, was a rare summer day—"sky cloudless, air cool and a slight breeze swaying the treetops." The 25 witnesses, invited to the execution (15 of whom were physicians) slept in the local hotel awaiting a call from the Auburn warden. No one, except the warden, knew exactly when the hour of the execution would be.

At 5 a. m., the hotel manager, holding in one hand a list of the witnesses' room numbers, started pressing pushbuttons in his office, which rang fire-bells in each of the rooms indicated on his list. The witnesses arose, washed, and went off to the execution chamber.

When Kemmler entered the room, the warden formally introduced him to the assemblage, seated in a semi-circle around the electric chair:

"Gentlemen, this is Mr. Kemmler."

Kemmler bowed slightly and was given a seat near the electric chair, while electricians fiddled around with the wiring.

Invited to utter some of his last thoughts, Kemmler declared:

"Well, I wish everyone good luck in this world and I think I am going to a good place and the papers have been saying a lot of stuff about me that wasn't true. That's all I have to say."

At the warden's command, he got up, took off his coat and sat down in the electric chair. He sat calmly as his head was secured by leather bands which encircled his forehead. His arms and legs were secured by broad straps attached to corresponding portions of the chair. He sat there quietly, and cooperatively offered suggestions for fixing the electrodes. Observing the nervousness of the executioner's assistants, he asked them not to hurry and said he wanted them "to be sure that everything is all right."

Firmly he pressed his bared back against the spinal electrodes and then, twisting his head around, turned to the warden and said:

"That cap had better be a little tighter. It is not tight enough."

The mask was placed over his face, leaving only his nostrils and lips visible. At 6:40 a. m., the warden stepped back from the chair and said:

"Goodbye, William."

Then he rapped twice on the door leading to the switchroom, where the

WHEN MURDER WAS LEGAL

Seven fatal months when anyone could kill
by Dick Lewis

Handsome Harry Carlton's lean face had none of its usual composure as he stood before the bar awaiting sentence that raw December morning in 1888. Carlton had every reason to feel unnerved. Found guilty of murdering a cop, he could expect the court to reward him with nothing milder than death.

The judge leaned forward. "Harry Carlton," he said gravely, "do you know any reason why sentence of death should not be passed against you?"

Carlton probably couldn't have come up with an answer to that one if he'd been given a year's leave to think about it. But there was one man in the court who could—and did. He was Carlton's attorney, William F. Howe.

"He has this to say," Howe shouted dramatically, stepping before the prisoner. "He says that your honor cannot now pass any sentence of death on him. He says that the legislature. . ."

The startled judge listened aghast as Howe went on. He demonstrated how a fantastic blunder committed by the state legislature had, in effect, declared an open season on murder in New York.

Early in 1888, the New York Legislature had abolished hanging as the death penalty for murder. No convicted murderer, the lawmakers intended, was to be hanged after June 4. On January 1, of the following year, New York would unveil its new electric chair, and electrocution would then be the only method of capital punishment. Meanwhile, any murderer convicted after June 4 would not be hanged, but would languish in prison until January 1, when he would pay his debt to society in the brand new hot seat. That was what the law intended. What it actually said was another matter.

New York's fumbling lawmakers had written an act providing that nobody could be hanged after June 4, 1888 and that "electrocution shall apply to all convictions punishable by death on or after January 1st."

Simple, straightforward words, they left no means of punishing by death any conviction between the two dates. The state had deprived itself of the power to execute anyone convicted of murder for a period of seven months. To make matters worse, since death was the only penalty for first degree murder, no punishment at all could be prescribed.

None of New York's legal minds had spotted the loophole in the law—a loophole wide enough to let every convicted murderer in New York wriggle through—until Howe, senior member of the notorious criminal law firm of Howe & Hummel, took a hard look at the act. The case went to the higher courts.

For weeks there was rejoicing in the Tombs while sentence was withheld on men who had anticipated the rope or the chair. People stayed indoors at night. Men walked the streets armed and the city's hooligans chortled at the prospect of murdering with impunity. The police and district attorney had to reassure New Yorkers that extra safety measures would be taken.

Finally the higher court handed down its decision, and all New York breathed a sigh of relief. The court, although admitting that Howe's interpretation of the law was correct, decided that no slip-up by the legislature should be permitted to endanger human lives. Hanging, they decided, should remain in force.

Howe's slick attempt to save his client's life was a near success. Handsome Harry Carlton, a helpless pawn in the legal battle swung from the gibbet in the Tombs courtyard a few days before the New Year. He could have consoled himself with the thought that he was the last man in New York to die by hanging.

executioner closed the circuit. Instantly the body became rigid. At the end of 17 seconds, the physician in charge said:

"That will do. Turn off the current. He is dead."

There was another rap on the switch-room door and the circuit was broken.

While the doctors and Southwick (by this time nicknamed "Old Electricity") stood around congratulating themselves on the success of the experiment, one keen-eyed doctor pointed at Kemmler and cried out: "See that rupture!"

The index finger of Kemmler's hand, apparently at the instant of contact, had curved inwards as the muscles contracted and had scraped off a small piece of skin at the base of the thumb on the back of the hand. From this little skin tear drops of blood, fell to the floor, indicating that there was still circulation. Some witnesses said that a moan escaped Willie's lips.

The physician in charge shouted out: "Turn on the current instantly! This man is not dead!"

According to the official report to the Governor, this second time the current was maintained—"inadvertently," it said—for about 70 seconds, which caused "some burning, or rather dessication, of the already dead body."

Whether Kemmler or any other mortal electrocuted has suffered any pain, no one will ever know. There is a possibility, according to physiologists, that there is no opportunity for the brain to record the pain because the electric current travels too fast. The electric chair kills because the current, flowing through the head electrode, produces so much heat that the brain proteins coagulate, like egg-white in a heated frying pan. This may go on beating another moment.

In any case the scene that day was horrifying. To laymen, Kemmler undoubtedly looked as if he were struggling for breath. The groans—perhaps nothing but the final expulsion of his last breath from his lungs—were shocking. The United Press reporter fainted—reported the Associated Press reporter. The District Attorney who helped convict Kemmler fled from the room. The autopsy report showed that Kemmler's skin had been burned at the points of contact.

The doctors threw the blame on one another, one saying the current should have been kept on for 17 seconds instead of 10 seconds as the physician in charge had insisted. The latter said it *had* been 17 seconds and anyway the trouble arose from "certain defects of a minor character in the arrangement and operation of the apparatus." The executioner was quoted as saying that "something was wrong with the machinery."

But Dr. Southwick told the newspapermen assembled outside: "There is the culmination of ten years' work and study. We live in a higher civilization from this day."

In Pittsburgh, Westinghouse, after reading newspaper reports of the execution, said, perhaps with unconscious reference to Kemmler's killing of his mistress:

"They could have done better with an ax." •



CHAIN OF MURDER

Continued from page 43

Hale. "You whites hate the Osages because they're so rich." With that, Hale collapsed and was taken home on a stretcher.

In a Pawhuska private club of sorts, an Osage named George Bigheart sat at a rear table all of one afternoon, shortly after the Smith blast, and alternately swigged liquor and supped soup. Every once in a while, he would look up and announce, to everybody in general and nobody in particular, "Me know who do!"

By late afternoon, word of this had spread and half of the town had stuck its head in the door just on the off-chance that Bigheart would go a little further and actually name his candidate for the multimurder sweepstakes.

Bigheart went no further than his single, stubborn statement. He didn't, as a matter of fact, go much further in any respect. He went from the cafe to his home in a place called Gray Horse. In the morning, a bootlegger, come to make a daily delivery to the Indian, heard groans within the house. Bigheart was found semiconscious, writhing in agony. Somebody had forced quicklime down his throat.

The Indian was removed to a hospital in Oklahoma City. There he regained consciousness, but said he would talk to nobody except his attorney. The attorney, W. W. Vaughn, was a conservative, elderly man who practiced in Pawhuska and was known as Judge because of former service on the bench. He went to Oklahoma City and spoke with his client. Judge Vaughn told reporters outside that Bigheart had named his poisoners.

Bigheart died an hour later. Vaughn took a train for the overnight journey back to Pawhuska. In the morning, when the train reached Pawhuska, Vaughn was not on it. He had vanished from his Pullman berth during the night.

Vaughn's body was found along the railroad right of way between Pawhuska and Oklahoma City. He had been clubbed to death. The murder toll had now reached eight.

Although the Indians were under federal jurisdiction, it was not until the murder of Judge Vaughn that Washington became actively concerned about what was going on in Oklahoma. The Department of Justice sent three investigators, John Berger, John Moran and Thomas Weiss.

The Washington detectives, stopping at a Pawhuska hotel, learned that there had been bloodstains on the linen in the berth that Judge Vaughn had occupied. The train had made several stops during the night. The night had been moonless. Stations between Oklahoma City and Pawhuska were lonely places. The porter in the murder car had slept during most

of the journey. The murderers of Judge Vaughn could easily have boarded the train at one of the desolate stations, slugged their victim, then taken him off at another station, dead or dying, later to dump his body where it was eventually found.

The federal sleuths decided that more than one person had been involved in the murder of Judge Vaughn. There had probably been as many as three persons involved—two to carry the lawyer from the train and a third to act as a lookout for them.

The sheriff's office, woefully inefficient, was now practically out of the picture. The government detectives sent for Billy Hale and his foreman, Jack Ramsey. They marked Hale and Ramsey down as two men who could be trusted. They asked Hale if he thought that Ernie Burkhart, husband of the last Bigheart sister, was behind any of the crimes.

"One thing eliminates him in my mind," said Hale. "He's not smart enough."

The Washington men, who had talked with Burkhart, saw what Hale meant.

Mollie Burkhart had gone suddenly insane. Why? Through fear . . . or guilt? Hale reddened at the implication that Mollie Burkhart might have been mad all along and had hired killers to carry out the details of a master murder plan designed to give her sole possession of her mother's headright.

Hale agreed to pool his efforts with those of Agents Berger, Moran and Weiss. His first move was to offer a reward of \$150,000 in cash to anyone who turned over, to him or to the Washington dicks, information about the murders.

The initial result of Hale's reward offer was a nitroglycerine blast at his ranch. Hale and Ramsey escaped death by a whisper and were so badly injured that they were removed to a hospital in Oklahoma City. Hale, still full of fight, hired a bodyguard for himself while he was in the hospital—a hulking big ex-deputy sheriff named Mike Boyd.

On four successive days, four letters came to the federal agents at their hotel, offering to divulge information about the murders. On four successive days, the agents came upon murder victims when they followed up the letters. Two of the victims had been white men, one an Indian without a headright, and the other an impoverished half-breed. Two had been shot, one poisoned, and the other blown up by an infernal device planted in his car.

Nine. Ten. Eleven. Twelve counted dead.

Hale, released with Ramsey from the hospital the day after the latest murder, increased his reward offer to a quarter of a million dollars. Now the Indians

followed Hale's lead and offered rewards. Totaled up, the rewards were more than a million dollars.

The federal investigators knew that their mail was being steamed open. Two different clerks in the hotel handled incoming mail, but there were other hotel employees, not easily watched, who could have had access to it.

The sleuths laid a trap to confirm their suspicions. They scouted around Pawhuska until they found a white man they could trust. The man was a bachelor who lived alone. They got him to write a letter to them, saying he had information about the murders. The man secretly left town, for a long vacation at government expense, after he posted the letter. The detectives planted a dummy in a chair in his kitchen, dressed like the departed letter writer. The dummy's back was to a window, the shade was up and the lights were on. The dummy was reading a newspaper.

The letter was delivered. Detective Weiss was in the hotel to receive it. Detectives Moran and Berger were watching the house where the dummy was. Night fell.

They did not see anything. Nor did they hear anything. Yet, in the morning, when they let themselves into the house, they saw that the dummy had been shot three times through the back of the head. The marksman had been silent as well as invisible.

The letter had been steamed open, all right. The "body" was removed and buried and a local paper printed a story about the latest crime, so that the killers would not know that they had been tricked. Meantime, every employe in the hotel where Berger, Moran and Weiss were quartered was put under surveillance by new Department of Justice operatives brought in for this express purpose.

Weeks went by. The surveillance brought no results. Whoever was opening the mail was more than well covered. The Federals laid two more traps. Nothing happened.

A study of Burkhart, Mollie's husband, had the sleuths on the fence. They couldn't make up their minds whether he was mixed up in the killings. But they got acquainted with him and passed the time of day when they ran into him on the street.

One day Agent Weiss said to Agent Moran, "Say, that accent of Burkhart's puzzles me. He claims he's lived here in Oklahoma all his life, but if that's not a Texas accent he has, I'll eat my hat."

A few weeks later, Agent Berger came across a piece of information as seemingly unrelated to the murders as Burkhart's accent. What he found out was that Billy Hale, the multimillionaire rancher, had a big turnover of servants at his ranch. The Federals began to wonder why that was so.

Three ex-servants told them substantially the same story. While Hale was fabulously wealthy, he was niggardly about household expenses.

Big Mike Boyd, the ex-deputy sheriff who had become Hale's bodyguard, did a

cruel thing one day. A dog snapped at him. Boyd went after the dog, drenched it with gasoline and set fire to it. When news of that act of cruelty reached the Washington agents, they decided that such a man would be capable of anything. Thus it was that Billy Hale's bodyguard came in for special attention.

Boyd had been unemployed for two years before becoming Billy Hale's bodyguard, yet he had lived well and driven around in an expensive car.

Agent Weiss secretly examined Boyd's account in a Pawhuska bank. Boyd had made cash deposits of \$300 to \$500 at frequent intervals in the two years before going on Hale's pay roll. Weiss wondered where the dough had come from.

In Oklahoma, the Federals took to examining telephone company records. They were particularly curious to know if there were records of any toll calls, on the dates of any of the murders, that might lead to something. The home telephone numbers of Burkhart and of Boyd, and even of Billy Hale, were checked up on. Nothing doing.

Something interesting came to light, however. There had been toll calls from the dicks' Pawhuska hotel to a number in Oklahoma City on the dates when letters from the informants had been received. The number in Oklahoma City turned out to be a booth in a drugstore. It developed at the drugstore that Hale's bodyguard, Boyd, frequently received long-distance calls there.

Calls also had gone from the drugstore booth to Fairfax—to a booth in a cigar store. The cigar-store proprietor said that he had frequently called Ernie Burkhart to the phone, though Burkhart had a phone in his home.

It all added up. A letter would be received at the Pawhuska hotel, steamed open before being delivered to the federal men, its contents noted, and then a

call put through for Boyd in Oklahoma City. Then Boyd would call Burkhart in Fairfax and plans for another murder would be made. A bellboy in the Pawhuska hotel was now revealed as a hireling of the plotters.

Billy Hale's Oklahoma City bank account was examined, and revealed nothing. Hale, however, had deposits in banks all over the country. Department of Justice agents in various cities got to work. They established the fact that every Boyd bank deposit, during the two years of his unemployment, had been matched by a withdrawal from a Hale bank account somewhere. Hale had never made two such withdrawals from the same bank in succession, and he had used twelve banks for the transactions. That struck the investigators as at least strange.

In Texas, government agents went through birth records, found Billy Hale's, and started to check up on the man's life, every day of the way. They learned some things about Billy Hale, prior to his departure for Oklahoma, that didn't square with the man the Osages put so much faith in.

As a young man, Hale apparently had never done anything dishonest, but he had done a number of sharp and scurvy things. All of which tied in with a wealthy man who bawled out servants over minor extravagances, but which didn't tie in with the Indians' protector.

Hale's transactions with the Osages were now subjected to scrutiny from a new approach. It began to look as if he had only *appeared* to be the great friend of the red men. He had made money for the Osages in oil deals, yes; but in the same deals he had made killings for himself.

In threading through Lone Star birth records, the agents came upon the answer to Ernie Burkhart's accent. It was genuine Texas, just as Agent Weiss had sus-

pected. Burkhart had been born and raised in Texas. When an investigator explored Burkhart's family tree, the whole mystery, that had baffled them so long, was cracked wide open.

Ernie Burkhart was a nephew of Billy Hale.

Everything was explained now, in the spring of 1924, three years after the first murder in the master homicide plan.

Billy Hale was the archkiller of the Osage country.

Starting with Anna Brown, Hale had begun to work his way through the family of Old Eliza Bigheart, so that when the last of the four daughters died, Old Eliza's headright would devolve to Burkhart. Then, upon Burkhart's death, the headright would go to Hale, Burkhart's nearest kin. Hale had millions. But, like other men with millions, he had a thirst for more.

Hale was the archkiller, yes. Yet he had been far too cunning to be around when any of the murders had been committed. He had either been at distant points or, as in the case of the last four deaths, confined to a hospital. Others—Boyd, Burkhart and quite possibly trigger-happy Jack Ramsey, his ranch foreman—had done the jobs for him.

A master psychologist, Hale had enlisted the aid of Henry Roan, the brave with second-sight, so as to be in a position to kill him the minute Roan got on the scent. He had faked a heart attack in New York when the Smiths had been blown up. He had ordered the planting of an infernal device with a *stopped* alarm clock, in Burkhart's cellar to make it look as if Burkhart, too, had been marked for death that night. He had purposely staged the explosion at his own ranch.

Burkhart was quietly taken into custody. He fell for an old trick. The agents told him that Hale had confessed and blamed everything on him. He broke and spilled the story the agents had already deduced. He said that Uncle Billy, the master mind, had instructed him and Boyd and Ramsey to commit the murders.

They had each taken turns. All three had participated in the Pullman murder of Judge Vaughn. Mollie Burkhart, her husband said, had long been marked for death, but her murder had been postponed in order to concentrate on so many others who from time to time threatened the whole plan with exposure.

"And then," said Weiss to Burkhart, "you and Uncle Billy were going to split the headright?"

"That was the idea," said Burkhart.

Ramsey and Boyd, nailed, corroborated all Burkhart had said. After a desperate legal battle that lasted through three trials, Hale, the great plotter, was sentenced with the others to life in Leavenworth penitentiary.

The master criminal might well have carried out his plan and escaped punishment had it not been for a couple of singular clues that did not go unnoticed by observant investigators—penny-counting by a multimillionaire, and an Oklahoman with a Texas accent. •



"This is positively the last time I take you on a fishing trip!"



BILLFISH FEVER

Continued from page 39

it wasn't breathing, and you couldn't feel any heartbeat. We tried artificial respiration, but nothing happened!

So Tommy resorted to a last-ditch expedient. He rushed across the street to the Miramar Bar and came back with a bottle of Bacanora tequila, a wonderful brand of Mexican booze that would make a jack-rabbit turn on a coyote. We gave the parrot a shot, and a few minutes later it blinked its eyes, sat up groggily, and uttered the one sentence it knew.

"Fishermen are ——— liars," it croaked.

"Well, how do ya like that?" Tommy said happily. "He's gonna live. He's making sense."

The preacher had been standing by waiting to charter a boat to go out for sailfish. He turned out to be quite a guy. Now that the emergency was over he grinned, scraped a gob of red paint off his pants cuff, and remarked that the parrot manifestly was a sinful, disillusioned old bird, and probably would fall into the paint bucket again tomorrow, just to get another drink.

So Tommy and I went fishing with him. I am glad we did. Because that afternoon we saw a gang of sailfish doing something that was strictly out of this world. Something that, so far as I know, never was seen before. Or if it has been seen, the witnesses must have kept it a dark secret, fearing that if they reported it they'd be accused of suffering from hallucinations, the heat, or acute inability to tell the truth.

We cruised westward toward the bird-haunted, guano-white, cactus-studded bluffs of San Pedro Island. It was another molten, sun-stricken day. All turquoise and blinding copper. So hot that I couldn't stand barefoot on the unshaded parts of the deck.

There had been a week of *Chabasco* wind—the mighty hurricane wind of the Sea of Cortez—but now the water was glassy calm and there was only a breath of breeze.

Maybe it was the wind that brought the fish'in. Or maybe we were just lucky and found an extraordinary lot of them. Whichever the case, we sighted six fins and had three strikes before we cleared the bay. The preacher failed to hook the first two fish, and nearly missed the third.

This last one was a blind strike. The fish, a 10-foot sail, came up from below and took the flying fish bait and knocked the line off the outrigger before any of us saw him. The reel was set on click, and the first warning we had was the rising howl as line streaked out. Tommy cut the throttle and yelled to the preacher to put the reel on free spool. By rights, we should have lost the fish.

But the preacher worked fast. He knew how to handle tackle. He thumbed

the button before the fish felt the resistance. Then, after counting to 10 while the fish ran, he jerked his head as a signal to Tommy and shoved the brake lever over.

Tommy gunned the motor to take up the slack, and the preacher hit the fish hard. Three times.

This time he hung the hook. The fish came out seven times in big showers of sun-spangled spray. He was a theatrical character while he lasted. He greyhounded like a speedboat. He made three beautiful runs. Then he quit. He was licked, and for keeps licked. The preacher worked him alongside and watched while Clotero Meza, the burly, sweating captain, reached for the wire leader with one gloved hand and for the fish's bill with the other.

Tommy came aft with the killing club, but the preacher shook his head. The preacher was tired and his shirt was soaked through; he was rubbing cramps out of his reel hand, and he was happy. He said he had never had so much fun in his life. And he said that if he killed this sailfish he would feel like a criminal—so turn it loose. So Meza obligingly cut the leader.

We stood out past the sea-lion cliffs on the west side of San Pedro, and trolled through the big current rips. A gleaming, chromatic wonder of a bull dolphin took the bait and the preacher fought him down and we boated him. Two devil-faced tiger sharks came up and looked us over. Off to starboard a manta ray, wide as a garage door, was jumping repeatedly for no discernible reason. We turned into the open sea, plodding along at six knots.

Suddenly, Tommy slid from his seat at the wheel and stood up, shading his eyes as he stared out the cabin window. His lips were moving but no words came out. When he turned, he had a most peculiar look on his face. It was the same expression I once saw worn by a sourdough in Alaska who had just glanced over the side of his fishing dory and found himself looking a whale in the eye.

"Would you gentlemen please," Tommy said, "gaze up ahead and see if you see what I think I see?"

We saw it all right. About 500 yards distant, moving slowly in a counterclockwise circle, tall cobalt dorsals erect, was a school of sailfish. Sure, I know that the sail isn't a school fish. Who doesn't? But there they were—14 of them. They were strutting, showing off. Maybe it was some kind of mating ritual. Maybe there was an eligible female in the center of the circle. I don't know. But it was a sight to make you blink your eyes and wonder if you hadn't been out in the sun too long.

We edged in close, within 80 feet. None

of them paid any attention to our bait or the teaser. Like most billfish, they were unafraid of the boat. They kept on with their strutting, reminding you of a lot of turkey gobblers in a field.

Then something happened. All at once, as if a signal had been given, they dropped their sails and sounded. They were gone for good. We crisscrossed the area for half an hour without sighting a fin or getting a strike.

When the appropriate comments had been made, Tommy gave his rather special sense of humor a workout.

Deadpan, he said he guessed this experience was one he was going to have to keep under his hat. If the rest of us wanted to tell about seeing 14 sailfish doing a mazurka out on the ocean, why, we could go right ahead, but we needn't expect him to back us up. Because he would deny knowing anything about it. He had his business and his wife and kids to think about, he said, and couldn't afford to have people going around saying he was a liar and tilted in the attic to boot.

The preacher thought it over. The tangled ethics of the matter visibly disturbed him. But finally he sighed and nodded agreement. He said he supposed Tommy was quite right. . . . But now you could see he knew Tommy was kidding.

"But let's go on back to port," he said. "I want to apologize to that parrot."

For the information of fishermen planning to come down here, Guaymas is 260 miles south of Nogales, Arizona, with a good paved highway the entire distance. If you don't care to bring your car, you can fly here from Nogales by scheduled airline—fare, \$11.20. The only passport you need is a tourist's visiting card, good for six months and obtainable at Nogales for \$3, with no red-tape difficulties. You can get your fishing license at any resort hotel or sport-fishing outfit. It costs 50 cents and entitles you to 30 days of fishing in the state in which it is issued. The current border exchange on money is approximately 81½ pesos for one U. S. dollar.

It's best to make hotel and boat reservations in advance, and I suggest you do so by telephone or airmail letter, since telegrams in English sometimes get garbled in transmission in Mexico. There are several excellent hotels here, the most popular of which seem to be the Miramar and the Playa de Cortez. Each is fully equipped for sport fishermen.

The minimum hotel rate is \$2 a day for one person, and you can get a good meal for 70 cents, with no need to worry about the purity of the food and water if you eat at the hotels. The cost of a charter boat with room for six, regulation light and heavy tackle supplied, a veteran English-speaking crew, and ship-to-shore radio, is \$40 a day except during the peak season in April and May, when it is \$50. The party boat rate—bait and tackle furnished—is \$6 a person.

The billfish season runs from April through October. In winter, when the majority of tourists come here, you fish for *totuava*—giant sea trout—yellowtails, roosterfish, skipjack, grouper, cabrilla,

rock bass and corbina, the latter being the Pacific version of the famed Atlantic weakfish.

Maybe this isn't the place to report the adventures of lady anglers, but I still feel I ought to tell you about the Guadalupe Blonde and the crazy marlin.

The Guadalupe Blonde was a *gringa*, originally from Puyallup, Wash., but she had lived south of the border long enough to speak English with an interesting Mexican accent and vice versa. She was engaged, about 23, apparently a nice girl, and pretty all over.

Chaperoned by a condor-eyed elderly aunt, she had come here, she said, for a quiet, peaceful vacation. Only it didn't turn out that way, not at the beginning anyway. And I guess Tommy and I were to blame.

Our initial meeting with her was about as peaceful as a Bikini test. This was the night the two office sea-lion pups, Rum and Coke, broke through the screen door and went exploring. The night watchman woke me at 2 a.m. and informed me of the pups' escape. I woke Tommy, and the two of us hastened forth in search of the fugitives.

It was a cold trail until suddenly, every dog in town began barking hysterically on a verandah at the further end of the hotel. We arrived on the scene, panting, just in time to see Rum and Coke hump themselves across the verandah tiles and through an open doorway—with a half dozen assorted mongrels after them.

"Come outa there, you miserable varmints!" Tommy yelled threateningly.

The Guadalupe Blonde and her aunt emerged neck and neck.

I thought, this is the payoff. If the hotel manager finds out about this, we'll be banished from the country. He'll call out the troops. We'll have to take to the hills. But it was a fleeting thought, and there was no time to dwell on it.

Rum and Coke, snapping energetically with their puppy teeth, had crawled under a bed, and the dogs were trying to get under there with them. Eventually, at the cost of sundry gashes, bruises and contusions, we managed to quell the riot.

As we left the room, each of us carrying a kicking, squirming sea-lion pup, the Guadalupe Blonde, in wide-legged blue pajamas and marabou-trimmed slippers, stepped politely aside and remarked pleasantly that it was a lovely night, wasn't it? I don't recall what we said. Maybe nothing. We were pretty busy. Coke was biting my ear, and Rum had knocked Tommy's cap down over his eyes and was trying to crawl inside his shirt.

Next morning, when we came down to open the office, the Guadalupe Blonde was on the porch settee waiting for us, alone. Without mentioning the wild invasion of her room, she said she wanted to go out in the speed boat for marlin. She had an angle. Her boy friend was flying in from Mexico City to take her fishing, she said, and so she wanted to go out first by herself and get the hang of it, so she'd make a better showing later. Some blonde. Some crafty female.

So we took her out in the *Cazadora*. Now the *Cazadora* is an 18-foot streak

of greased lightning. She skitters over the waves like an enchanted flying fish, when she doesn't bore right on through them. And she is an open boat. No protection from the spray. Her big advantage is that when you're out hunting fins, you can cover an awful lot of ocean in a very short time.

Tommy headed her out to sea and widened on the throttle. She squatted like a cat.

She was doing better than 30 knots when the first wave swooped over the bow—solid green water—and hit the Guadalupe Blonde in the face. The gal's mop of taffy-colored hair came down in lank strings and her wet clothes stuck to her as if they were painted on. She was wiping the salt and mascara out of her eyes when another, and heavier, wave smacked her. The *Cazadora* was leaping and bucking, skipping the troughs and banging down hard on the crests.

"May get a little rough outside the bay," Tommy said conversationally.

"Go to hell," the Guadalupe Blonde gasped.

We roared out past the cormorant cliffs where ten thousand snake-necked birds sat perched solemnly on *guano* stalactites deposited by their bygone ancestors. Past lone, beautiful little bays with gleaming white sand beaches rimmed with feathery wild palms. Past the camps of turtle-fishermen sleeping in thatched huts beside the huge, helpless, overturned hulks of their prey.

We rounded some weed-hung rooster-fish reefs, and slammed out past a cave-pocked point into the sapphire blaze of the open sea.

Here we got action.

Abruptly to leeward, a tremendous school of sierra mackerel broke water. They were in a hurry, and a sierra knows how to hurry. Actually, they were flying. I don't know what else you'd call it. There were hundreds of them, and they travelled at least 300 yards through the air without going under water.

At the end of each long horizontal leap, they would barely touch the surface and then take off again. It was a blizzard of glittering, terrified, fleeing mackerel.

Man-o'-war birds pitched hopefully down out of the hot sky to follow the chase. A squadron of brown pelicans appeared out of nowhere and skimmed the waves, looking for cripples.

I put on a mullet bait and ran it out for the Guadalupe Blonde, setting the reel and putting the rod in the socket of the fighting chair.

Tommy eased off on the throttle. We had trolled perhaps a quarter of a mile in the direction the flying mackerel had taken, following the birds, when a marlin hit.

It was a blind strike of the most dramatic kind. The fish boomed up at top speed from deep down. He came up so fast that, with the bait in his mouth, he lunged a good eight feet into the air. Hanging there in a blaze of jewelled spray, with the sun-glare on him, shaking like a rhumba dancer with a hotfoot, he was a fabulous brute, something right

out of the age of dragons and winged reptiles.

He came down stiff as a plank, with a splash you could have heard a mile distant, and streaked under. The Guadalupe Blonde thumbed the brake lever over and hung on. The fish was a striped marlin and a big one. Maybe 250 pounds. More than 10 feet long. And he was one of the crazy ones, as crazy a critter as ever grew scales.

With 100 yards of line out, he came up from the side and headed toward the boat in 30-foot jumps. Tommy gunned the engine to take up the slack, but before the prop took hold the marlin sailed past the stern five feet distant and higher than our heads.

He landed on his belly and greyhound to the northwest. He doubled back and jumped beside the boat, making a half turn in the air and trying to strike the line with his spear.

The Guadalupe Blonde, bedraggled and scared-looking, was winding the 9/0 reel. A barrelful of green water came over the bow and hit her in the back, and she ducked and hunched her shoulders, but didn't look around. She had what it took. She was a solid customer.

We jockeyed around and about for 40 minutes, and then the marlin quit and we eased alongside him, killed him and brought him aboard. The Guadalupe Blonde sat there and looked at him all the way back to port. She was tired out, wet as a drowned rabbit, and plenty sunburnt. Her reel hand was so cramped and shaky that she couldn't light a cigaret. At the dock, as she got into the waiting station wagon, she said something that sounded like, "So that's a fishing trip," and slammed the door.

Two hours later, her boy friend arrived from the airport. The Guadalupe Blonde met him on the big, windy hotel porch.

Except for the sunburn and a certain look in her eye, she might have spent the afternoon in a beauty parlor. The boy friend, a big, happy football type, said it was wonderful that she had gone out and caught a marlin by herself. And wasn't it a thrilling sport?

The Guadalupe Blonde glanced over at Tommy and me and her lips tightened. But then she looked the boy friend in the eye, smiled very sweetly, and told one of the biggest lies I ever heard a fisherman utter.

"Darling, it was fascinating," she said. "Simply fascinating. I took to it like—uh—like a sea-lion to water," she said.

Well, as I said at the outset, there we were in the Barracuda Bar and Grill eating sea-turtle barbecued in its own shell and supplemented by black *Moctezuma* beer and those marvellous, hair-raising stuffed *chiles Jalapenos*, and listening to the current crop of visiting fishermen have fun. One of the dudes had just filled out a postcard to a fishing pal in the States. He read it aloud. It was short and pretty good.

"Come on down here and get billfish fever," he read. "You'll love Guaymas and Guaymas'll love you."

Amen. ●



SPEED IS THE PAYOFF

Continued from page 51

ing got excited. "Know what kind?" he asked me.

I looked at the bird. It was red. I said, "That's a redbird."

"If you mean a cardinal, you're wrong."

So I'd meant a cardinal. "Maybe it's a scarlet tanager, then," I said. I'd heard of the scarlet tanager somewhere. I figured it must be red.

"That's closer," Fielding was grinning. "But the cardinal and the scarlet tanager both have black on them. This bird's all red. This bird is a *summer tanager*."

"Oh," I said. "Well, now, about Thomas Edison. . ."

"I never saw one of these before. We're a little north of their breeding territory. I hope he'll nest, now he's here." The old man's eyes were still on the bird, which was fooling around in the branches of the tree, singing a song.

Alonzo Fielding, Jr., came out of the workshop at that moment and walked over toward us. He passed right under the bird, but it didn't fly away. "Howdy," Junior said. "Can somebody loan me a cigarette?"

His father gave him a cigarette and he sat down in the grass. Everything was peaceful.

"Look at the bird," the father said, and Junior did. We sat there and smoked for a while.

"What kind of a bird would you guess that is, son?"

The old man's question seemed perfectly simple and pleasant to me. But Junior got sore. He stood up slowly, pitched his cigarette into the jonquil bed, and said very distinctly, "That bird is a boat-tailed grackle." Then he stalked away toward the workshop.

I looked at Alonzo Fielding and saw that his ears had turned red. There was a lot going on here that I didn't understand. "That boy," Fielding said slowly, "needs a lesson."

We didn't work very well the rest of that afternoon. Fielding seemed pre-occupied, as if he were making a plan. I did find out about the house that afternoon, though. Junior's mother, who had died in 1938, had decorated the place, and it was her taste that stuck out at you everywhere you looked.

At dinner that night, the old man sprung his trap. He did it so cleverly that I didn't realize it was deliberate until afterwards. "Son," he said, while we were on the soup, "I wish you were a couple of years older."

"Why?"

"Because as soon as you're old enough to make a fair thing of it, I want to challenge you to a contest."

"What kind?" Junior looked a little suspicious.

"Never mind. We'll go into that when you've done a little more growing up. It's

just something that I thought up this afternoon."

"Oh." Junior worked on his soup for a while. Then he asked casually, "Was it something to do with birds?"

"No, not at all. But let's talk about it later on—a year or two later on. I'd like to feel it was an even match." He turned to me and asked, "Have you written any other books, Mr. Simpson?"

I said, "No."

Junior said, "I was 21 five years ago. I'm ready. What's the deal?"

"Not important," his father said to him. "Do you plan to be an author as a regular thing, Mr. Simpson?"

I shook my head, "Newspaperman."

"I don't know why we have to have all this mystery," Junior yelled.

His father looked at him with raised eyebrows. "I didn't mean to be mysterious. Don't mind telling you a bit. When you're about 28, and your abilities are more fully developed, I'm going to issue a challenge. Going to ask you if you'd like to build an automobile to race against one I'll build myself. I think it would be a good lesson to you, the result of the race. That's all I had in mind. We'll see how things work out, when the time comes—if I don't forget about it."

"I know why you're putting it so far in

the future," Junior said. "By the time I'm 28, you'll be able to beg off on grounds of senility. You're afraid I'd show you up."

"Nonsense."

"Nonsense yourself. If I need a lesson, let's have it now, while I need it."

Old Mr. Fielding scratched his adam's apple. "Have to admit you have a point there. Well, we'll see about it."

"See about it, phooey! You're scared."

Mr. Fielding looked solemn. "I," he said, "could have a car ready by the last week of August. Could you?"

There were a lot of details to attend to. The big family workshop had to be made into two, for instance. They did it by bringing in a bricklayer and having him put up a partition, clear to the ceiling. They brought in enough new machine tools to make a completely equipped workshop on each side of the brick wall. Then they went to work.

And a strange thing happened. Beginning on the day they started work their quarrels became much milder. Not because they felt any nearer to agreement. I'm sure, but because they never talked about cars. The whole incendiary subject was avoided by each of them in the presence of the other, for fear of having ideas stolen. And they kept their workshops locked up tight, whether they were inside or not.

The delivery trucks didn't begin arriving until after May was over. I suppose that was because the early part of the work was mostly a matter of studying and drawing. Early in June, though, the



"Sometimes we think he'll never grow up!"

trucks began to come—now to one workshop, now to the other—and they kept coming from then on almost every day. They brought rod stock and tubing. They brought rough castings, ordered by the rival geniuses for careful machining in private. They brought bearings and channel iron and welding rods and tires. They also brought a lot of things that were kept under close wraps.

Except that the cars had to be ready by August 20, the contest had no rules. There were no restrictions as to size or gasoline-consumption. The cars would have to have enough roadability to race on a circular track. Outside of that, the single ideal was speed.

Mr. Fielding didn't abandon his book. He refused to let me into his workshop, but he came out and "wrote" with me for two hours in the middle of each day, and then all evening. I discovered at last what was eating him, why he had walked out on Castle. It wasn't only gearshifts, by a long shot.

He did put it mostly in terms of cars, however, and at first I thought cars were all he meant.

Alonzo Jackson Fielding had grown up with the automobile industry, and his contribution to it had been huge. The six-figure salary he drew at Castle was only a fraction of the income he was making from his patents. But the Fielding contribution had been made in the days when you had to understand a car in order to drive one. Everything was different then, as he kept pointing out to me. Tires were firm in those days. Springs, if any, were also firm. And you had to make a bosom friend out of a car before you could even get it into gear.

"Now look at us," he snorted. "This century has fallen apart in the middle, and I'm sure glad I don't belong to the second half! We're in the age of big tires without enough air in them. The age of cars with flabby suspension. The age of the greasy ride. . . ."

"They still do a lot of talking about 'gas economy,'" he said a little later that day, when he was still all wound up, "but nobody really cares how much gas a car uses any more, as long as there's plenty of chrome on the outside. Nobody cares about skill, or the spirit of the thing, as long as they've got a radio and white sidewalls. . . ." He went on like that for quite a while.

I thought I was understanding his whole point, but then he said something that threw me. "My son's an example."

"Example of what?" I asked.

"An example of what too much machinery is doing to the human race."

"I don't think I get you."

Fielding rubbed his hand over the back of his head. "My boy can't appreciate anything *but* machinery. The finer things of life are beyond him, even though I've worked hard on him all his life. Did you hear him the other afternoon? A boat-tailed grackle! Why, any 10-year-old would know better, at least they did in the days before everything was done by pushing buttons. . . ."

"I remember getting the idea that Junior did know better," I said.

"Nonsense. You heard him, didn't you?"

That much was true and I had to admit it. But I got well-acquainted with Junior during the next six or eight weeks, and I couldn't see any sign that he was turning into a machine. He seemed as sensitive to the non-mechanical side of life as the next man. For all I knew, maybe he just didn't like birds. Nothing wrong with that.

I got to thinking about Junior during one of my talks with his father, along about the middle of July. "Mr. Fielding," I said, "are you sure you're right about what's happening to people these days?"

Fielding looked at me. "Certainly I'm sure, and you'd better be glad I am. If I ever changed my mind, I wouldn't feel the need to write this book at all, and you'd be out of a soft job. I'm doing this book to *warn* people."

I had several talks with Junior, and once in a while he would mention his father's car-building project, though never his own. "I can hardly wait to see my old man's horseless carriage," he confessed early in August. "The old Stutz Bearcat all over again, I'll bet."

It was in the same month, as I remember, that his father told me privately, "One thing I predict: Right after the first race, my son will go to work on his car, tearing off the chrome, and putting more air in the tires. He'll do what he can to stiffen the springs, too, but he'll be too late. . . . If I could just see his car, I might give him a little advice."

I was getting pretty curious about what was behind those locked doors, myself. But August 20th was Unveiling Day, and neither of the Fieldings seemed inclined to make it any sooner. They were both as busy as bird dogs.

The bird, by the way—the red one—did stick around and build a nest. His mate, small and yellowish, showed up about a week after he did, and they both spent all summer just across the drive from the workshops.

Supper, on the evening of August 19th, was a strange meal. Nobody said much. The two Fieldings studied each other furtively and in silence. I think they were trying to read each other's minds and get a preview of the cars that way. I could be wrong.

On the morning of the 20th, about nine o'clock, the celebrated father and his son walked together from the big house down to the workshop building. I went with them, because nobody had told me not to. We stood together in front of the two locked doors, and the son took a quarter out of his pocket and flipped it in the air.

"Heads!" yelled the father.

The quarter came down tails. The old man shrugged, led us to one of the doors, and opened it with his key. He let us both enter ahead of him.

The car Alonzo Fielding, Senior, had built was on the center of the floor. It was completed, down to the last detail, but its body—a one-piece shell of aluminum—was hanging on a chain hoist, about eight feet above the rest of the

car. When a Fielding inspected an automobile, I realized, he wanted to see the machinery.

We looked at the naked giant in silence for almost a minute, and finally Junior said, rather faintly, "It's not what I expected."

The car was a beautiful piece of craftsmanship, of course. That was a fact which surprised nobody. The surprising thing about it was its long, powerful, *modern* look. It wasn't anybody's Stutz Bearcat, and Junior knew it. He stepped up to it at last and gave it a real going-over, not just with his eyes, but with his hands. Junior had the exploring, blind-man's hands of the ace mechanic, and he used them plenty.

The car had no springs at all, I noticed. Just torsion bars, like those you see on a good many racers. It was wide and low, and its tires were poised on the floor solidly and gracefully, like the pads of an animal that knows when to spring.

Junior didn't try to keep the admiration out of his eyes. He turned away from the car after a long time and said, "We can look at mine now, if you want." We all walked out of the father's workshop, and Junior reached into his own pocket and got out a key.

I'd gotten up that morning not knowing what to expect. The only thing I'd been pretty sure of was that the two cars were going to be a fascinating study in contrast.

That's why I got such a shock when Junior opened his workshop door and let us in.

His car was in a little different position in the room, but its shell was hanging above it, just as in the other case. And the car itself, I swear, was a dead ringer for the one we'd just seen! Torsion bars and all.

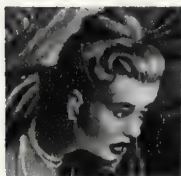
I couldn't believe it. I even glanced at the partition, searching for windows or peepholes, before I caught on. Then I realized what I should have realized sooner. The cars were alike because they'd been built by men with the same ideal in mind—speed.

I enjoyed watching old Alonzo Fielding as the truth dawned on him. He'd been expecting contrast, too. We all had. Now he stood at the front end of the car, his long, lean hands confirming his impression that the carburetors on Junior's masterpiece were the same as the big twin pots on his own. I watched his eyes, and I'm sure I saw the two halves of a century come back together in his brain.

I felt good, watching him. When he turned to me and said, in a very nice way, "Simpson, you're fired," I *still* felt good.

I stuck around long enough to see one other thing. Alonzo, Senior, with a pleasant, bemused look on his face, reached up to the switch that controlled the hoist and put his finger on a button. The sleek, gleaming body of Junior's car descended slowly, with Junior guiding it onto its bolts. There was not, of course, one atom of chrome on it.

It was painted red, with white lettering along the side. First car I ever saw that was named for a *bird*. •



CHARITY BABE

Continued from page 35

warn Henry he is pushing Chopper too fast, and I am one of them, but all Henry is thinking about is that the sooner Chopper gets on top, the more Henry will make.

Then, just a couple weeks before Farmer's fight, Henry brings the mink out of cold storage even though it is late in the season. I don't know what has happened with him and the Charity Babe, and I can't say I didn't expect it. But Farmer's fight is drawing close and I am too busy to worry about the Charity Babe.

Henry is out beating the drum about what a big heart Farmer has donating eight grand of his hard earned dollars to the Algonquin Children's Home so the kids can have a new roof on the main building, as it has begun to leak like a secret Senate hearing. I do not connect this with something Farmer says to me when I am bandaging his hands the night of the fight. He seems very nervous.

"You want to hear my speech?" he says.

"What speech?" I ask. All of a sudden Henry is there.

"I told you shut up," he snaps at Farmer, and the champ doesn't say another word.

I figured the fight to be a breeze for Farmer, and I have a nice little bundle riding on him, but Meathead Lewis is on top all the way. Farmer goes down once in the third, twice in the seventh, but manages to stay around until the tenth when Meathead puts him in cold storage. I just don't get it. Farmer fought like he left his brains in the locker room, and when we get him back there he is still groggy.

"On behalf of the Algonin. . . aahhh. . . Algonin children's home of . . . ahh . . . of . . . where in hell is that place, Henry?"

"Just relax, Farmer," Henry tells him. "You don't have to make it."

"Jeez," is all he can say, and a big smile comes on his face. Henry is smiling too, which is no way for a manager to act when his boy has just lost the crown.

That same week Henry signs Farmer for another title bout in the fall, and with the advance sale on Chopper's fight getting bigger everyday, Henry is way up in the clouds.

And, on the big day, when Chopper starts in on the middleweight champ, there is no reason for Henry to take that grin off, as our boy makes the other pug look ready for the wheelchair.

Then, in the beginning of the ninth, Chopper slips while getting out of the way of a roundhouse. He falls in a funny way—he hasn't even been hit—but I see his face screw up in pain because his arm is twisted around behind him. He bounces right up and finishes the round, only running instead of fighting.

When the bell sounds, he starts for his

corner, then a funny look comes over his face and he collapses. Henry spends a lot of dough on docs the next few weeks, he wants to protect his investment, but they all say the same thing: Chopper's fighting days are over. It's one of those freak accidents. Chopper's tendons are pulled so bad he can never fight again.

"Tough break," Henry says, when we get the final word.

"Yeah," I say, "he's a nice kid." Henry stares at me.

"Two million," he kind of mutters. "I'd of grossed at least two million off him. And I took a lousy 20 per cent just to get him this shot. I'll be lucky to make \$20,000."

"Yeah, Henry, you sure get the tough breaks," I answer.

It's maybe a week later when the Charity Babe shows. I listen behind the door.

"If you don't want to come home anymore, Henry," she says, "that's your business and I guess I can take a hint. I know about the mink and I know what you're doing to Farmer—you don't care if he gets punchy or not."

"I'm in business, Baby, you know how it is."

"And I know you won't bother with Chopper now that he's no good to you any more, but I think you should at least give him the whole gate. He won't be able to work for a long time. There'll be doctor bills and he's helping support his mother."

"I'm not running a charity—that's your racket. Anything else on your mind?"

"I'll let my lawyer do the talking from now on, Henry."

The Charity Babe gets her divorce all

right and, as she thoughtfully supplies some items such as candid action pictures a photographer has gotten while hanging by his heels from the fire escape outside Henry's hotel room, Henry gets slammed with a real rough alimony of over \$1,000 a month. This is hitting him where it hurts.

After that, I can always tell when Henry has to make out the check each month, as he gets sore at nothing at all. But he never mentions the Charity Babe and I have better sense than to bring the subject up.

For the next ten months nothing much happens. Farmer gets back his title from Meathead Lewis and it only takes him 59 seconds of the first round to do it. Lewis is still out when the bell rings for the second round. The sportswriters label him Hamburger Head Lewis and suggest he take the first train back to Oregon. But they are all wondering out loud, as are a lot of people, how Farmer could be such a bust one time and so good the next. No one figures he has took a dive as anyone can see that Farmer worked harder when he lost than when he won. Whenever I bring the subject up, Henry just smiles.

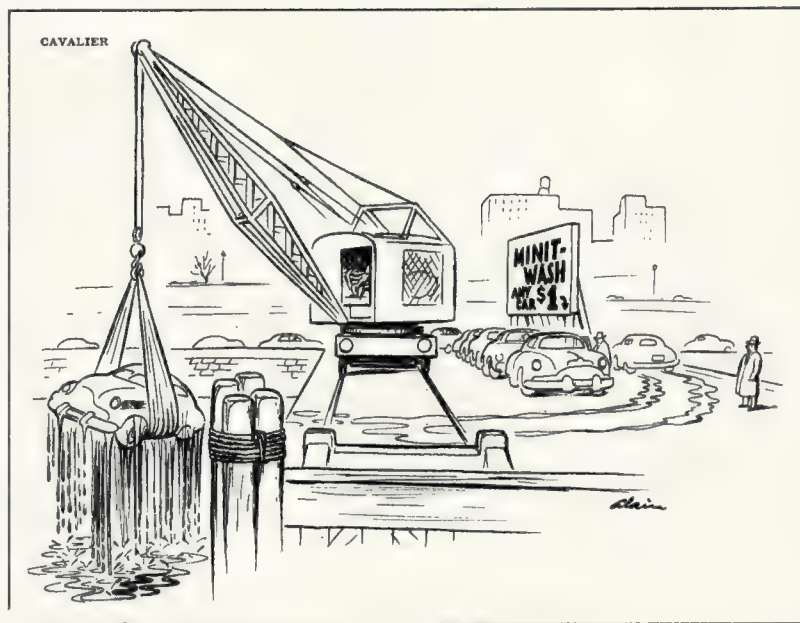
It's a few days after Henry has mailed the April alimony check and is still feeling sore about it when who should come in but the Charity Babe. She looks just as fresh and cool as when I first spotted her for a trouble-dame. I was right about her, but not in the way I figured.

"Hello, Henry," she says. "Hello, Mr. Smith." Henry gives me a signal which means that under no condition short of an earthquake am I to leave him alone.

"Hello, Hild," Henry says cautiously, "how've you been?"

"Oh, I'm getting along all right, I guess." Silence. They look at each other. "I'm sorry it didn't work out, Henry."

"You tried hard, Hild," Henry admits, uncomfortable about being honest for



once. "I guess some guys aren't meant to be tied down."

"I guess so," the Charity Babe says. "Well, we're still friends, aren't we?"

"Sure, yeah, of course."

"That's what bothers me, Henry. Since we're friends, I don't feel right about taking alimony. It wasn't just your mistake, yet you have to do all the paying."

"I think that is very fine of you, Hild." And Henry puts his hands behind his back and starts counting up how much he'll save a year.

"Of course, I haven't gotten back to full-time modeling again," the Charity Babe goes on, "so I don't have much to see me through. Still, I don't want to accept any more money. I thought perhaps you'd agree to settle for a little cash lump, then we'd call it quits on the alimony and we'll all be happy."

Henry tears his pocket getting his checkbook out, he's in such a hurry. They decide that \$10,000 is a nice round sum and Henry signs the check with a flourish. The Charity Babe kisses him on the cheek, puts it in her purse, shakes hands with me and goes out, leaving Henry ready to dance on the ceiling.

"Hey-hey," Henry chortles when the door closes behind her, "I never thought I was going to get out of it that easy." He hauls out a bottle I've somehow overlooked and we start knocking it off. Henry feels like talking, so I let him go. He is buying the drinks.

"That Hildegard, she was a good kid," he says. "I really went for her, See-Saw, you know that? I don't know why I mixed up with other dames—habit, I guess."

My personal opinion is that she was just too good a little tomato for him and it made him self-conscious being around her, but I am not ready to lose my job yet, so I do not say anything.

"She's a funny little kid," he goes on. "You know, she didn't get so sore about that other dame like most broads would. What got her back up was me using that

charity thing of hers to fix Farmer." "How did you do that?" I ask, though I know he is finally going to spill it.

"Remember that first fight with Tiger MacKenzie that went 14 rounds? I kept wondering why. It shouldn't have lasted three, except Farmer is uncoordinated. Then I began to see. Hildegard had given Farmer this little ten word speech to say after the fight, see?"

I didn't.

"You dope you," Henry says. "Farmer was so worried about the speech, it threw his timing off. The first fight with Meathead Harry I gave him a whole page to memorize. It nearly killed him! How do you like that?"

Henry is still laughing when I leave ten minutes later. He is still in a great mood three days later when Wesley Williams, the sports columnist, drops by.

"Henry," Wes says, "I got a couple of items here I'd like to chat about."

"Anything for you, Wes," Henry says, "you know that."

"One of the items is about a kid you used to handle—this Chopper van Chisholm. There was a piece on him in a Chicago paper. Seems that Chopper's hospital bills have been mysteriously paid each month with enough left over to pay off a house for his mother. He's just about okay now and was looking for a job when in comes a messenger with \$10,000 cash. No clue who sent it. The money he's used to buy into a dry-cleaning place."

I start to laugh, but decide to cough instead.

"Now I always figured that under that rough exterior of yours, you had a rough interior, Henry," Wes says. "I've been doing some simple arithmetic, and this *mysterious benefactor* paid Chopper just about the same amount that you made off Chopper's last fight. So what gives, Henry?"

"No comment," Henry says between his teeth.

"That's what I like about the sport's

world," Wesley continues, sounding like one of his corny columns. "The toughest-acting guys are the softest underneath."

"Sure," I egg 'em on, "what's your other item?"

"It hasn't made the papers yet today, Henry," Wes says, "but your ex-wife got married this afternoon to a guy in the U.N. His name's Kimball, does something in child relief or something. I thought maybe if you'd been dishing out alimony you might be glad to hear you don't have to pay out anymore."

By the time Wes finishes his spiel, Henry looks like he's walked into one of Farmer's rights. It is just beginning to dawn on him that the Charity Babe has not only dug that ten grand out of him just before he wouldn't have to have paid alimony anymore, but that she's given it and all the other alimony, probably, to Chopper. But I'll say this for Henry: he recovers fast.

"Wes," Henry says, "I don't want everyone in town camping out in the hall waiting for a handout, so look. . . . It's okay to print the story like you told it here—that Chopper got the same amount that was my split, see, but no comment from me. Make it a rumor, or your putting two and two together or something . . . you know, Wes."

"Sure, Henry," Wes says. "Sure."

"As for Hildegard, why, I wish her every bit of happiness in the world, Wes. I even got a cute little item for you—I introduced her to that U.N. guy myself. No kidding, ask See-Saw."

For just a second I think of telling Wes the truth, then resigning before Henry can fire me. I could get a candy store or a newstand and never have to put up with Henry Raeburn again. For years I've been telling myself that if the opportunity ever came, I'd do just that. Well, there it was. So what did I do?

"That's right, Wes," I say, "it's just like Henry says."

Sometimes I hate myself. •



WHAT MAKES THE HORNET SO HOT?

Continued from page 29

equal to about 50,000 miles of regular highway driving, and likes to cite the time he drove the same car in four races over a period of only a few weeks as an example of the Hornet's ruggedness. The car obviously hadn't lost any moxie, because the fourth race, a grueling 150-mile at Phoenix, Arizona, was a clear victory that moved him into the point lead.

And so it went in interviews with a dozen other crack Hornet jockeys around the country.

I compiled a stock list of questions, one of which went something like "OK, so they'll hold together. But since the Hornets are not the only cars to finish in

most races, what makes 'em finish first?"

Here, the answers were "roadability and power," with half the drivers interviewed rating them of equal importance and the other half divided about 50-50 as to which was the determining factor.

Grouped under the general classification of roadability are ease of handling, the ability to corner, good balance and steering control, and positive braking where it's needed.

The Hornet is abundantly endowed on all these counts, so even though the Chrysler is faster and the 88 Olds and Caddy can out-accelerate it, the Hudson still consistently beats the pants off these worthy competitors.

High-speed cornering ability probably plays the major role in the Hornet's roadability, and on this point the drivers are unanimous.

"Next time you're at a race," suggested Tim Flock, "watch the cars as they roll past the stands. About two-thirds of the distance down the straightaway, everybody starts backing off for the turn. That's when the boys in the Hudsons pour on the coal, because they know she'll stick in the turns."

When Hudson's hucksters extoll "step-down design" in the four-color brochures, it usually doesn't impress the man on the street much further than "so here's a nice, low car." But to the stock car race pilot, this feature has profound significance, because it tells exactly why "she'll stick in the turns."

Step-down design, where the floor of the car is actually at the bottom of the chassis frame members, means a lower center of gravity—lower, in fact, than any other American car on the road.

By concentrating the weight at the low-

est possible point consistent with adequate road clearance, the car acquired a truly remarkable road-hugging stability. The Hudson is also wider than it's high, a factor which combines with unusually good fore-and-aft weight distribution to further enhance stability.

The engineers say that "Hudson's cornering ability is due to the location of the center of gravity in relation to the effective point of support of the body at the front end," and that "both height and distance differential are essential."

In plain English, this means that when a car slides in a turn, there's a loss of steering control. But where other cars slide, Hudsons usually retain effective control throughout the turn.

As a result, the Hornets cream through the corners with effortless ease, while everything else in the race is literally tearing itself apart to keep from getting lapped. Marshall Teague says his faith in Hudson's ability and cornering prowess was firmly established in a race at Gardena, California.

"The Gardena track was only a half mile around," he recalls. "My Hornet put me out front in the first lap, and I gained distance on every turn. The car practically drove itself."

But cornering ability, even combined with stamina, doesn't entirely account for the 29 track records recognized by AAA that Hudsons hold. Is it power then?

The experts say, "Nope, you can't hang it all on power." A quick comparison of horsepower ratings shows that Hudson doesn't lead the field power-wise.

There is, however, that seemingly intangible quality known as torque, the property that often delivers the winning wallop. Torque is the engineer's name for power that works for you, the twisting force applied to the rear axle and driving wheels. It's the real measurement of what an engine can do.

The high torque of that H-145 engine under the Hornet's hood is a reality to be reckoned with, according to the drivers I talked to.

Herb Thomas, close runner-up to Tim Flock in point score last year and NASCAR point champion in '51, related his experiences in winning the 500-mile "little Indianapolis" classic at Darlington, South Carolina.

"I grabbed the lead spot on the 95th lap," he said. "and stayed in front all the way in. I just poured it to 'er, and the ol' Hornet took it all in stride. Jesse Taylor came up second in a Hudson, and I finished six laps ahead of the car that made third."

Herb did the 500 miles in 6 hours and 38 minutes, bettering all previous records by about eight minutes. A Hudson was leading in 356 of the 400 laps at that running of the Darlington classic.

"Fine," you say. "The Hornet may outperform anything else that rolls off American production lines. But I don't want to race my car, so where does all this cornering and other stuff apply to me?"

You may be surprised to learn that a car's racing performance is the best criterion for determining its ability to do what you expect of it.



Let's consider cornering, for example. This is a topic dear to the heart of Tom McCahill, leading automotive authority. For years, Tom has been trying to educate the automotive public to the fact that steering and cornering ability, as proven in racing, are vitally important to the average motorist, even at 40-mph speeds. His views in the matter are so poignant that I'll quote directly from one of his recent dissertations on the subject:

"In about 90 percent of all highway accidents," he says, "whether it be a head-on collision with another car, kissing a tree or telegraph pole, or mowing down a drunk, the driver just before contact tried turning to the left or right in an effort to avoid the crash.

"In that last-instant effort to avoid crashing, the cornering and steering ability of the car play a major part. In many cases, it would be impossible in any car to avoid contact, but in others, a fast, controlled swerve may mean the difference between life and death.

"A car like the Hudson, which has fairly fast steering and cornering ability, will keep its feet under it and be a lot safer, even at 20 miles an hour, than a typical current Detroit balloon that just mushes and loses its footing under a fast wheel cut.

"Cars with good steering and cornering ability, like good boxers, are able to duck. The balloons, like the statue of Sheridan's horse, usually have to stand up and take it.

"Someday, when the safety kids muster enough guts to face this situation, uncontrollable balloons will be banished from the highways. But as of now, the Hudson is your safest car."

Getting back to Tim Flock's remarks about sticking in the turns, we can carry McCahill's logic a step further.

At one time or another, nearly every driver has the unhappy experience of miscalculating the severity of a highway curve. If it's happened to you, you have wondered in that fleeting instant whether you could pull the wheel tight enough to make it without flipping 'er off the road. Obviously, then, here's another situation in which high-speed cornering ability will show up to your advantage.

There are several other reasons why most of the auto experts rate Hudson tops in safety. One of them is what the Hudson people call "monobilt" body and frame construction.

In this radical departure from the old method of placing the body on top of a box frame and bolting the two together, the strength members are placed on the extreme outside of the car, and the structural pillars rise directly from this main foundation. Thus, the body and frame become one solid unit.

When the first Hudson to incorporate this unique framing system was built, the car was actually so rigid that a certain amount of flexibility had to be designed into it to keep the hardware from rattling.

At any rate, the combination of all-welded monobilt "step-down" body and frame places the passengers where they'll get the greatest possible protection in a collision or a rollover.

You can relate race track performance to ordinary highway driving in practically all of its phases. Herb Thomas mentioned that reserve power to pull you out of a tight spot—high torque and tremendous acceleration when you want it and in the necessary quantities. Such rapid throttle response can be considered safety features, too—situations sometimes occur where snappy getaway becomes

more important than the ability to stop on a dime.

For added safety—and speed—Hudson offers a line of stock factory hop-up parts as optional equipment on the Hornet. You can go into any showroom in the country and order a Hudson with such extras as a high compression head, dual carburetion, export shocks and springs and beefed-up wheels.

Since these are all catalogue parts available to any buyer, they're considered stock and can be used in stock car competition. The twin pots and optional head boost the H-145 engine's output to about 175 brake horsepower and give it a compression ratio of about 8.5 to 1.

Hudson claims that Twin H-Power, as their dual-carburetor setup is called, will

actually use less gas in normal driving than single-carburetor engines. It's said to increase efficiency and boost power output in the ranges used most in everyday driving, and to be particularly effective in the lower and middle driving ranges and at low speeds when in high gear.

Tests have shown the dual-carburetion system to have a fairly marked effect on acceleration. In half-mile tests, twin-carburetor Hornets have consistently out-distanced single-pot models by more than 200 feet.

Public response to Twin H-Power has been tremendous; even though it's listed as optional equipment, more than 50

percent of the Hornets and almost 80 percent of the Wasps currently being produced are equipped with it.

Hudson admits, though a bit reluctantly, that there've been a few letters of complaint from disgruntled owners. In most instances, the gripes have been such stock peeves as "not enough trunk space," and "poor gas mileage," or "lousy dealer service." There used to be an uncomfortable number of complaints about poor paint, and rain seepage around the doors, but Hudson feels that these problems have been licked.

Most Hornet owners, and especially the lads who make their livings and risk their lives in them, swear that nothing else on the road is anywhere near comparable. •



MOHAMMED MOVES THE MOUNTAIN

Continued from page 11

"I'm not going to sit here," Captain Griswold said, "and let those tanks use Charlie company for tackling practice."

Captain Mohammed sat up straight and grinned. "We attack then," he said.

Captain Griswold took his helmet off and slammed it into the floor. "One company against those tanks?"

Captain Mohammed considered the problem from several viewpoints. Griswold certainly was right about attacking those tanks. Then he remembered something his father had told him. The old man had sat in the living room of their farm house and told him about the Gallipoli campaign. When all is lost, he said, a war still may be won by audacity. Captain Mohammed allowed the word audacity to expand and take on meaning. It involved the enemy, yes. The conclusion was startling. He stood up.

Twirling the ends of his mustache, he said, "We can attack with the mind."

Sergeant Henderson grimaced as he put one hand on his stomach and sat down, his face white beneath the tan.

Captain Griswold looked at the Turk and waited for an explanation.

Finally, he said, "How do you pull off something like that?"

Folding his arms on his chest, Captain Mohammed said, "We confer with the Chinese commander."

Captain Griswold blinked.

"We shall give him an opportunity to surrender," Captain Mohammed said.

"Why should he surrender?" Captain Griswold asked.

"He won't," Captain Mohammed said. As if to himself, he added, "But he might compromise. Half way between the attack he has planned and surrender there is something else."

Thoughtfully, Captain Griswold said, "It better be good. He holds all the cards."

"Except audacity," Captain Mohammed said. "It will be our weapon."

Captain Griswold thought it over. The

gamble couldn't hurt C company. They might get shot trying to get across to the creek bed, but the company wouldn't be in any worse shape.

Throwing his shoulders back, he said, "All right, then. We'll talk to him."

Sergeant Henderson was propped up on one elbow, staring in disbelief.

Captain Mohammed laughed. "Sergeant," he said, "you'll have to go to the rear and bring up four or five trucks. We'll need them tonight after we get back from the conference."

There were little knots in Sergeant Henderson's jaws.

"My God," he said reverently. . . .

The white undershirt looked like a pennant attached to the radio antenna on the jeep. Men of the second platoon raised their heads to watch as the jeep moved through the crust of the perimeter. Captain Griswold drove. He sat up straight, driving from the shoulders.

Captain Griswold tried to concentrate on the road, but he couldn't help glancing at the white undershirt. Maybe he should have wrapped two or three of them around the antenna. He wondered how many Chinese recruits had been told about white flags. Captain Mohammed watched the hills. One side of the jeep dropped into a hole, pitched sideways, and Captain Griswold gunned the motor and pulled the nose around toward the ruts. There would be mines in front of the creek bed. The steering wheel was slippery. His hands were wet.

Fifty yards from the creek, he stopped the jeep. Muscles in his chest jerked as he took a deep breath. Looking up and down the creek, he saw the tanks all right. The turrets were open. They were leaning out staring at him.

A jeep pulled around the base of the hill, crossed the creek, veered wide to the right of the road. The driver stood up, motioning for him to swing out from

the road before crossing the creek. Captain Griswold pulled the steering wheel all the way to the left and put his jeep in low gear. The other jeep turned around, and he pulled in behind it. There was an officer in the other jeep with the driver.

Captain Mohammed got out and walked up to the officer. The Turk pointed north along the road and said, "Your general." He repeated it several times. The Chinese officer took off his helmet and scratched his head. He conferred with the driver. Then he pointed down the road and motioned for Captain Mohammed to get back in his own jeep.

A Chinese company scattered on each side of the road to make room for the two jeeps. About nine or ten miles back there was a town. The Chinese officer stopped in front of a house.

Sticking his hand out flat, he motioned for the two officers to stay in their jeep.

Captain Griswold lighted a cigarette. His fingers were shaking. The Turk noticed it and laughed. Soldiers wearing little caps with red stars on them gathered around the jeep. Without saying a word, they arranged themselves in a semi-circle. In silent wonder, they inspected the two men from another planet.

Captain Griswold forced a smile to his face. It shrank in the middle, leaving the ends curled up in the expression of a man slightly sick at his stomach. Glumly, he looked down his long nose. The Chinese officer came out with two sentries. He motioned for them to get out of the jeep.

"Be confident," Captain Mohammed said.

Inside the house, the officer led them up a flight of marble stairs, stopped in front of the first door and knocked. He motioned for them to go in. Captain Mohammed went in first. One end of the room was windows. One wall was covered with maps. Seated behind the desk was a fat Chinese officer. He was about 60 years old. Flabby folds of flesh hung down from his jaws. There was a field telephone and a revolver on the desk.

"General Chaungsha," he said. "I speak some English."

A soldier stood at rigid attention beside the desk.

"He will translate," General Chaungsha said. He pushed himself back from

the desk to inspect the two officers standing before him.

Turning to the interpreter, Captain Mohammed said briskly, "Tell General Chaungsha that we have come here under a flag of truce and that we expect safe conduct back through the lines."

The interpreter turned and talked to the general. The general nodded his approval, his black eyes missing nothing. He was a huge man.

Captain Mohammed grinned, twisted the ends of his mustache, and said, "I represent the Turkish Division Commander. My mission is in the interest of humanity. Before the Turkish division attacks, we wish to extend to you the opportunity of surrendering."

The interpreter gaped. As he inhaled, it made a whistling sound. He started, reconsidered, and used different words as he bowed and talked to the general. When he finished, the Chinese words still seemed to be hanging in the air.

General Chaungsha's black eyes narrowed in anger. Glaring at the Turk, he stood up and yelled.

Shaken, the interpreter said, "He says it is insulting. If you did not have the white flag, he would have you killed. Besides, he says there is no Turkish division. Only a brigade, which was shot up in our last offensive."

Captain Mohammed hunched forward as he listened to the interpreter. Then he turned and looked at the general in surprise. The Turk's eyes were wide in amazement. He walked closer to the desk. His amazement turned into pity.

General Chaungsha jumped out of his chair, pointed to the map, and hollered. His jowls shook.

The interpreter said, "The general says it is *he* who attacks."

Captain Mohammed shrugged. Slowly, deliberately, he saluted and turned on his heel. Captain Griswold followed him to the door. General Chaungsha ran his thick fingers through his hair and said something to his interpreter.

The interpreter threw out his hand and said, "Wait. The general asks who commands your division."

Captain Mohammed grinned proudly. "It is the General Mohammed Sarcoglu."

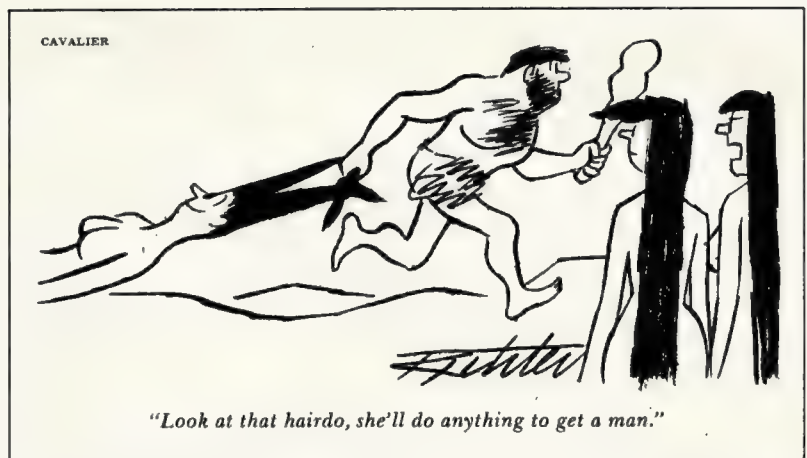
Panting, General Chaungsha looked at the interpreter, who repeated the words.

As they went through the door, General Chaungsha was yelling at the interpreter again. The same Chinese officer was waiting for them at the bottom of the stairs. He followed them out to the jeeps. Captain Griswold looked back at the house. They were still alive and not prisoners. He glanced at the undershirt on the jeep. The Chinese jeep was turning around to lead them back.

"I believe," Captain Mohammed said, "that it shocked him."

"We'll know in the morning," Captain Griswold said drily.

The Chinese jeep stopped at the creek bed. Captain Griswold swung wide to the right to miss the mines again and opened the jeep up. He could feel eyes converge on the jeep. Captain Mohammed was hanging on with both hands. Hunching over the steering wheel, Cap-



"Look at that hairdo, she'll do anything to get a man."

tain Griswold heard one of the rear tires flapping against the dirt. He didn't even consider the idea of changing tires.

The half mile between the lines seemed to stretch out endlessly before he finally reached the most advanced outpost of C company. He didn't stop the car until he came to his command post.

Sergeant Henderson was sitting on the floor by the telephone. He seemed surprised at seeing them again.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"It's hard to say," Captain Griswold said.

"Did you get the trucks?" Captain Mohammed asked.

"Yes. What do we do with them?"

"Make noise. Move them around all night. They've got to sound like tanks."

Captain Griswold sat down and leaned his head back against the wall.

"You must have artillery, too," Captain Mohammed said. "All you can get. Dump it on them at about 0450."

Sergeant Henderson crawled out to see about the trucks.

"We'll catch a lot of fire on account of those trucks," Captain Griswold said. Opening his eyes, he reached for the phone, cranked it, and asked for battalion.

"Tell division artillery we need some fire on those hills tomorrow morning," he said. He listened. "At about 0450."

"What do you think will happen?"

Captain Mohammed's eyebrows moved closed together in a thoughtful frown. "It depends," he said, "on General Chaungsha." He smiled and added, "And, of course, on the quality and beauty of the lie we told him."

The sun had gone down. Captain Griswold rubbed his eyes and forehead. Small rolls of sweat salt developed under his fingers. Sergeant Henderson had the trucks moving. They made a racket that could be heard for more than a mile. When the Red mortar crews opened up, he could feel the explosions in the dirt floor. He heard Captain Mohammed take off his helmet and stretch out on the dirt.

His eyes closed, he could see General Chaungsha seated at his desk, his jowls wobbling as he shouted at the interpreter. It seemed odd having seen the enemy so close up. The enemy was something that you never really caught up with. He sat over there and lobbed mortar shells at

you. You moved up, and he moved back. Captain Griswold dozed off.

The telephone rang. He looked at his watch. It was 0445. Captain Mohammed sat up. Captain Griswold stood up. His left leg was asleep and tingled. Stamping his foot, he picked up the telephone.

"Griswold," he said. His mouth tasted like cotton. Scratching his back, he explained, "Those are our trucks. We've been trying to sound like an armored division."

He hung up. Stooping, he picked up his field glasses. It was still dark. They walked out to the foxholes. It felt good to stand up. His elbows hurt from so much crawling.

"What time is it?" Captain Mohammed asked. He took out his metal comb and ran it through his mustache.

"It's that time," Griswold said.

They stood still for a couple of minutes. The cold mist made their shirts damp.

It began as a whine. Then it rose to a higher pitch as the separate screeches blended into a screaming avalanche of sound. They looked up as the shells passed over their heads and followed the sound as it plunged toward the hills. Dozens of flashes sprang up on the hills. There was heavy stuff in it that whoomped right up through their boots. It looked as if the flashes had been strung across the hills on a wire.

The sun was coming up. They could see smoke wreathed around the hills now. It was so quiet. Not even any mortars. Bearded G. I.'s leaned forward on their rifles and waited. They looked at Captain Griswold. Sergeant Henderson crawled up. Captain Griswold handed him the glasses. Henderson swept the entire front. Some of the shells must have been white phosphorous. The smoke seemed to cling to the hills. Sergeant Henderson handed the glasses back to Captain Griswold. He trained the glasses on the creek bed, where he had driven around the mines. Captain Mohammed lighted a cigarette. The mist was thinning out, and a breeze was pushing the smoke away from the hills.

Something was moving in the creek bed. And there was the sound of a motor. The tank pulled up to the road, turned north, and roared away. Another tank

followed. The motor coughed and popped as it slowed down to turn up the road. Other tanks followed.

Captain Mohammed threw his head back and laughed so loud the Reds must have heard it. His laugh infected the platoon. It rippled clear around the perimeter, each G.I. passing it along like a password.

Captain Griswold stood up on his knees, saluted, and said, "For General Mohammed's division."

He rolled over on the ground and closed his eyes and let the warmth of the sun seep into his soggy shirt.

Sergeant Henderson said thoughtfully, "You know, my dysentery is all cured up."

Without opening his eyes, Captain

Griswold said, "You'd better do something about that cow tonight."

Captain Mohammed went to his fox-hole and came back with a can of beans. The bayonet made a squishing noise as he pounded it into the can. With his handkerchief, he cleaned the bayonet, held the edge up to inspect it, and frowned. •



THEY SLIPPED THE PITCHERS A MICKEY

Continued from page 23

assisting his father in the mines and at odd jobs, rippled under his skin. But they pulsed in both arms, for he never stopped playing switch-hit baseball, either in an amateur group at 11 in high school, or in outside leagues.

Yet no baseball scouts beat their impassioned way to his door until Kay Jacobson, a Joplin, Mo., umpire, and Johnny Sturm, former New York Yankee first baseman, then managing Joplin, informed the Yankee front office about the comet from Commerce. Of course; the wise men had all heard such stories before, but, nevertheless, scout Tom Greenwade of the Yankees finally looked Mickey over. He signed Mantle to a contract for \$1,500, a pittance in this decade of bonuses which soar to \$85,000 and more.

In a way, you couldn't blame front offices like the Boston Red Sox and St. Louis Browns for overlooking Mantle. Morning glories in baseball are sighted every day. It's an extremely long shot when a boy qualifies for one of the 400 jobs in the majors, and it generally takes about five exhausting years.

"Many of the fellows quit to go into defense jobs or are drafted," explains Carl Hubbell, "and that is why there are not so many good men coming up. But it's tough enough to arrive, anyway."

Nobody could have foreseen, when Mantle first strode to the plate in the Class D Independence League, that this was one of the million-to-one exceptions which prove the rules. His half season in Class D, and a scintillant .383 campaign with Joplin in Class C, qualified him to report as a routine matter to the Yankee training camp in Phoenix, Arizona. Frank Lane, general manager of the White Sox, cast one glance at this "sleeper" and gasped to a Yankee official:

"I'll give you a quarter of a million dollars for him and bury him in thousand dollar bills as a bonus."

But it was no go.

Mantle's first year in the majors provided him with a memorable lesson. True, in 69 games, he blasted 64 hits, accounting for seven homers, five triples and nine doubles for 104 total bases. True, he was improving in the outfield and was far from the unsure youngster who was hit on the head with a fly ball during his first Spring training fielding stint in Phoenix.

Mantle was tried in the outfield, not only because he had committed 50 errors as a Joplin shortstop, but because Joe DiMaggio was fading. But Mantle was striking out all too often—52 times to lead the club early in 1951. And he was down to .260 in the averages.

Under the pressure of advance ballyhoo and his own intense temperament in competition, Mantle incurred professional wraths. When he refused to pose for one photographer, the cameraman raged, "I don't even take that stuff from DiMaggio, so why should I take it from a busher like him."

But Mickey was looking inwards, not outwards. When they demoted him to Kansas City in mid-season, skeptics said that another morning glory had faded. But this was a rare type of morning glory.

"At Kansas City," says pitcher Bobby Hogue who played with Mantle in the American Association, "Mickey was slow in starting, but when he started, he owned the league."

The Yankees recalled Mantle as his batting average began soaring to .364 and above. Then he helped spark their drive to the 1951 pennant. He might have been a World Series' hero a year earlier had he not twisted his knee, tripping over a drain, as he raced for a low line drive in the second game against the Giants. You should have heard the gasp of dismay from the Yankees when Mantle fell. Then there was a sigh of relief when they learned it was not the bad foot.

Still, the mishap meant uncertainty for Mantle in 1952. He was still limping when he reported to camp. The Yankees were so concerned that they gave up \$75,000 and two fine players, including Jackie Jensen, in a deal which brought them Irv Noren from Washington. This was in case the Mantle bubble burst. But it didn't. Noren came into the park free—to see Mantle play center.

Mickey learned the tricks quickly. He fainted Jackie Robinson back to first in a clever play during the World Series. His throws to third late in the season held many daring base runners at second. At bat, though he was striking out frequently, he was learning.

"You can't pitch to him right on his fists any more," complained brilliant Mel Parnell of the Red Sox.

"He's looser at the plate and dangerous every time he swings," observed Duane Pillette of the Browns.

That was it, of course. Mantle was up there, dangerous every time he swung, and the public envisioned miracles.

Mantle, married to his childhood sweetheart, Merlyn Johnson, had to face this crucial point in his career without his dad. Elvin Mantle saw him to the majors, but when Mickey wrenched his right knee, the ailing miner from Commerce, Oklahoma, in New York for the World Series, shared his hospital room with him.

Only the father had cancer.

Mickey is still a bit on the shy side, but sometimes he startles a Yankee executive by whispering, "I wonder what sort of raise I'll get this year—hell, I'm the best ball player on the team and look at the salary I'm getting."

Mantle's salary will approximate \$25,000 this season, a far cry from the near \$100,000 of a Williams, a DiMaggio, or Musial. Last season, Mantle earned \$11,500 and in his first year in the majors, \$7,500. He had begun with \$140 a month at Independence and \$250 a month at Joplin. His financial climb has not been as meteoric as his publicity.

Mickey eats like Babe Ruth, but doesn't put on a pound of weight. He reads comics like Yogi Berra, but does not wait breathlessly to see how they come out. He smokes a cigar like a Ring Lardner character, but he is beginning to appreciate the aroma. He is a poor business man and wound up with an agent almost before he made his first visit to New York.

On the bench, after he strikes out, he is so morose that nobody can approach him. He has learned not to throw the bat when he fans, but he still burns at the indignity of three strikes.

"He thinks he should bat 1,000," says Mauch, "and, somehow, nobody can convince him otherwise."

Mantle dresses well, likes to horse around (off the field), and joins in the fun when the players scare Phil Rizzuto by telling him there is a snake in the locker or worms in the dugout.

Intrinsically, though, Mantle is serious and introspective. When he strides to the plate, the switch batter of the era, a boy who may yet hit homers from both sides of the plate in a single game, he represents a potential player of the Babe Ruth and Joe DiMaggio tradition.

"He's kind of quiet," says Gil McDougald, the Yankee third baseman, "he don't speak much—except with his bat."

All that Mickey Mantle need do is keep talking that way for another ten years and he'll be enjoying conversations with the baseball immortals. •



KING OF GAMBLERS

Continued from page 19

to Hoyle. Everything was allowed.

That he had the plumbing for that kind of game, or any other, he proved again when his prospering factory burned down one night without a cent of insurance on it. Early the next morning he went to Henry Edenborn, a leading competitor whom he had been bucking savagely for two years, and said, "Henry, I think it's time we joined forces. With my selling genius and promotional know-how and your setup, we can rope and hogtie the barbed wire industry in no time. What do you say?"

No mention was made of the burned down factory; Gates was gambling that he hadn't yet heard about it. Edenborn listened and sized him up. He saw a beefy and square-jawed young man just this side of 30—cocksure, big in his bearing and way of thinking, and with the nerve of a burglar. When Gates finished talking, Edenborn nodded in agreement.

Months later, Gates, in an expansive mood joshed Edenborn about the way he had been taken in. "My father gave me one piece of advice I've never forgotten, Henry. If a card sharper tells you he's going to make the queen of spades jump up and spit in your eye, don't bet against it. You'll lose your money and get an eyeful of spit as sure as you're alive. Thank your stars it didn't happen to you."

But Edenborn had no cause for complaint. Gates delivered, and in great style. Under his canny guidance, the wire company grew to be the biggest in the field.

His growing fortune was reflected in his style of living. He bought a mansion in Chicago. He wore the very best clothes. He adorned his wife, Delora, with jewels and finery and indulged his son and only child, Charlie, in his every whim.

The scale and daring of his gambling made even the big professionals blink. His bets at Chicago's Washington Park racetrack frequently ran to as much as \$100,000 an entry.

To a newspaperman who wanted a quote from him on the subject of gambling, Gates said: "I'd license gambling like you license saloons. Men have always gambled. Always will."

Gates' gambling was described by an intimate as not a vice, amusement, manifestation of greed, or method of hoped-for-gain, but rather another way of expressing his talents as a promoter and a man of action. Like every inveterate gamester, however, he felt he had a private understanding with Lady Luck and was willing to leave the settling of doubtful issues up to her. Once, when a matter of \$30,000 was holding up a deal with Schwab, the steel tycoon, Gates took out a coin and said, "Charlie, why squabble about a few dollars. I'll toss you to see if I pay double or nothing."

Gates won the toss.

Another time he left one of the most fateful decisions of his life up to the flip of a coin. He had cleaned up millions on a cunningly manipulated sellout of his stock in his barbed wire corporation. He was thinking of getting out of business altogether and devoting all his time to his family and fun. He was 41 and in good health—a good time to quit.

He bought tickets for a world tour, but a few hours before sailing time a telephone call came through from Elwood. There were some small steel plants in Pittsburgh that could be picked up at a bargain. A king-sized fortune awaited the man who bought and knew how to exploit them.

Gates heard Elwood through and said, "I'll call you back in a little while, Isaac."

To the disappointed Delora he said, "You know, Del, I was going to stop when I made my first \$100,000, but it came so easy, I hated to pass up the next \$100,000 and the one after that. There's a lot more than \$100,000 here and I'd be a fool to let it lay around."

Elwood accompanied Gates to Pittsburgh. It rained throughout the trip, and Gates' fertile mind came up with a new amusement. He would take a raindrop that had fallen on the train window and Elwood one, and they'd bet a thousand dollars on whose drop would roll to the bottom first. By the time the ride was over, Gates' raindrops had won him \$20,000, putting him in just the right mood for the coming negotiations.

Inside of a year the steel mills became the powerful American Steel & Wire Company, with Gates as Chairman of the Board of Directors. Increasingly he was making his weight felt in the stock market. After one of his profitable bear raids depressed the market, a single revolver bullet was mailed to him with an unsigned message which read, "The mate is waiting for you—in a gun." Unperturbed, he lit a cigar with the note.

But while the stock market game excited him, his first gambling love was poker. His poker circle consisted of a group of Chicago multi-millionaires, and many of their high powered betting duels took place in the \$20,000 a year suite Gates maintained in the Waldorf Astoria.

The smallest chips in their poker games were worth \$500—in those days the average man's pay for eight months.

One truly gargantuan contest was staged in Gates' suite in the spring of 1900 and lasted for several days. In one pot there was something like \$70,000 on the table. Three players remained, including Gates and Joe Leiter, a grain speculator. Gates drew two cards to a low three of a kind, the second man took one card, and Leiter stood pat.

Gates didn't improve his hand and checked to the second player who tossed in his cards. Leiter detached a stack of chips from his pile. "There's \$30,000 here, John," he said. "That's what it's going to cost you to see my hand."

The pot now contained \$100,000. Gates studied Leiter, a cool customer who had dropped \$200,000 in a New York-to-Chicago game without turning a hair. The Big Stiff, as his poker cronies called Gates, was a marvel at reading what was going on inside of a man by little telltale signs—the twitch of a facial muscle, the slight movement of a hand, the uncertain flicker of an eyelid.

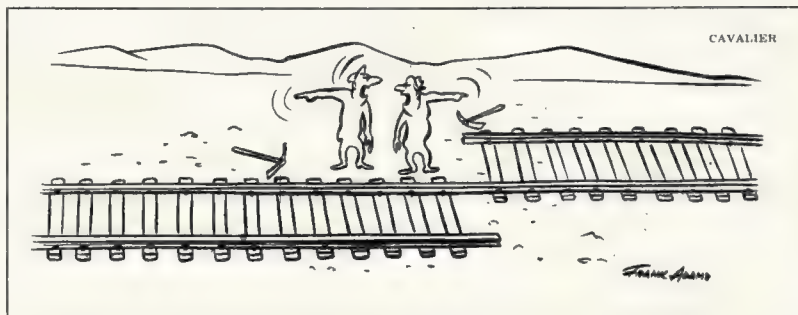
But Leiter proved a blank page. Finally, with a shrug, the Big Stiff abandoned his three of a kind. With a triumphant laugh Leiter showed his hand and raked in the pot. His best cards were a lowly pair of sevens.

The Big Stiff had been bluffed, but it was not the sort of thing to cramp his style. "Nobody can be right 100 per cent of the time," he once commented. "People who try to be get nowhere because they expect too much. Me, I'm satisfied to be right 51 times out of a hundred. That's got to be a winning percentage in the long run."

A newspaper described the game with Leiter as "the most sensational poker session in history." Two million dollars was said to have passed around the table in this card duel, and Gates, according to some estimates, had lost \$1,000,000.

That was the year Gates got his Bet-A-Million nickname with the coup on Royal Flush. J. P. Morgan was forming the United States Steel Corporation and made an offer for Gates' steel and wire enterprise. Gates wanted him to up the ante, but the financier threatened to build a wire plant of his own should his price be turned down. If it was a bluff, Gates didn't care to call it. He sold out for a \$50,000,000 profit.

Bet-A-Million had hoped a directorship in U. S. Steel would go with the



deal, but Morgan froze him out with a cutting reference to his gambling reputation. Gates griped about it to his friends. "The damn, psalm-singing hypocrite," he fumed, "throwing rocks at me when everybody knows about his harem."

For the public he issued this statement: "All life is a gamble. Everything is a gamble. When a farmer plants his corn, he gambles. Every man who goes into business gambles, even though the element of judgment enters into it. Whenever a man starts out on a journey, he's gambling that he'll reach his destination."

He did more than complain about Morgan, however. There was a small southern railroad, the Louisville & Nashville, that was strategically located in Morgan's empire. Quietly, Gates began to gobble up its stock with the help of a syndicate of friends. By the time Morgan got wind of what was going on, it was too late to shake Gates' grip. Though he stormed and threatened, he had to pay through the nose to get the stock.

Morgan let it be known that he had been forced to rescue the railroad from Gates' clutches because the gambler could not be trusted, but Bet-A-Million, who received the lion's share of a \$7,500,000 profit in his Operation Revenge, was as pleased as if he had broken the bank at Monte Carlo. "I sure had his moves figured from the beginning," he gloated.

Whenever possible, he handled his stock market ventures through the brokerage office he had set up for his son in the Waldorf Astoria. He wanted Charlie to have the fat commissions and hoped, too, the boy would get caught up in the atmosphere of big business.

But Charlie's real interest lay mostly in wine and women. Once Charlie dropped \$50,000 in a crap game. When Gates heard about it, he said philosophically, "He's just a boy and he'll get smarter with time. After all, why blame him? He's just taking after his Dad."

Some of Bet-A-Million's most powerful punting was done at faro, which he played at Dick Canfield's gambling houses in New York and Saratoga. One time, after taking a \$400,000 licking at the Saratoga track, he went to Canfield's to try to recoup. Within the space of two hours he had dropped another \$150,000 at the faro table. Canfield's limits were twice as high as those at Monte-Carlo, but Gates challenged him to raise them to \$5,000 and \$10,000. The gambler accepted and a titanic struggle, with \$10,000 to \$30,000 riding on every turn of play, raged through the night. At day-break Gates yawned, stretched, and announced he was ready to cash in his chips for the day. He had recovered his \$150,000 loss and had cut his overall minus to around a quarter of a million.

There was plenty of time for traveling, now that he was free of business responsibilities. Delora and he—and Charlie, when the playboy could be pried away from New York—took frequent trips.

In England, Gates drove Sir Thomas Lipton's horseless carriage and got picked up and fined for speeding at 12 miles an hour. In the famous continental gambling casinos Bet-A-Million, who

looked like a big, florid, prosperous butcher, would make the eyes of the other players bug out with his relentless plunging at faro, baccarat and roulette.

With his friend, Drake, he owned a two-year-old filly named Sabable and had a standing wager of a million dollars on her against any other two-year-old in the world. It was never covered, but the two partners cleaned up \$650,000 on the horse before her career came to an end.

The Ascot Gold Cup in 1902, however, provided Gates with one of the biggest thrills of his racing experience. Trying to get a line on which horse to back, Gates entered the jockey room and circulated among the riders, talking about horses and flattering them with his attention. He managed to get one of the boys off to a side and casually, without apparent change of emphasis, he asked: "Who do the boys think will win?"

Off guard, the jockey blurted out "San——" and then caught himself abruptly. "You know, sir. We're not supposed to talk about that."

"I'm sorry," said Gates, but he had his information.

San Toi was a 10 to 1 shot. Bet-A-Million managed to get down \$25,000 on her before starting time and collected on his bet. It was a nice killing, but even more enjoyable to Gates because of the way he had accomplished it.

Wherever he went, Bet-A-Million handed out tips lavishly. He had a favorite waiter in Palm Beach to whom he was extra generous. At one meal Gates noticed somebody else was serving him and demanded to know why.

The waiter said. "It's this way, suh. Las' night while you folks was in the gambling casino we boys had a crap game and you was part of my winnin's."

Gates' amusements were many. He shot clay and live birds, sailed, golfed, played billiards and ping pong and was good at all these sports. Art masterpieces hung in his home, though mainly for flash. His reading hadn't gone much beyond "David Harum," and he thought the story of the shrewd trader the greatest thing ever written.

He kept the stock market in an uproar with operations involving at times as much as thirty million dollars worth of stock on margin—now winning heavily, now losing. He had 20 phones, 3 secretaries, and 35 spies and assistants devoting all their time to bringing him the best available inside information.

Yet, by his own admission, the stock market was a little too tough for even him to figure out. "Nobody can keep my money long at cards or other gambling," he said. "But I'm just as vulnerable as the next fellow when I take a plunge in the Chicago Pit or Wall Street." The panic of 1907 proved how right he was.

Gates was heavily involved in Tennessee Coal & Iron on margin, with the idea he would use the stock as a club against Morgan's U. S. Steel in the manner of the Louisville maneuver. But with the crash, the roof fell in on Gates, along with a host of lesser individuals. He had to sell his commitments in Tennessee Coal or be wiped out. And there was only one man in a position to take him off the hook—his old adversary, J. P. Morgan.

It was a chance to settle old scores, and Morgan squeezed him pitilessly. When Gates finally got himself dug out from under, he had absorbed a murderous beating. He announced his retirement from the stock market and was taunted by a Chicago newspaper with being "a money magnet with cold feet."

But like any smart gambler, Bet-A-Million knew when he'd had it. A man in his early fifties, he turned to repairing his great fortune through solid enterprise. He built up the Texas Oil Company, then a baby giant of the fuel industry. He had a home in Port Arthur, the center of his oil enterprises, and when there would amuse himself evenings at cigar-money poker. It was tiddly-winks compared to the fabulous Waldorf Astoria games, but Gates crowed and kidded the others as loudly as ever when he won. Elsewhere though, he gambled as freely as ever.

On one occasion he was organizing a poker game on a train when a bumptious individual pushed his way into his compartment. "They tell me you're Bet-A-Million Gates," the man said. "I've always wondered what all the fuss was about. How about cutting me in?"

"Sit down, friend," said Gates. "How much were you figuring on buying?"

The other produced his wallet and put \$500 on the table. With a lordly air, Bet-A-Million tossed him a single white chip, an incident which was to inspire a rib-tickling sequence in a W. C. Fields movie a generation later.

Gates never apologized for his gambling. After all, he explained, he only speculated with money that belonged to him, and if he took big risks, well, you can't hope to gain much if you don't risk much. Yet, when in his Port Arthur days, he was invited to address a conference of Methodist ministers as an eminent industrialist, he took as his text the evil of gambling in all forms. He advised against playing cards or dice for money, betting on horses, and speculating in stocks and wheat. "The stock market," he said, "is nothing but a bunco game for the average man."

The speech was reported in the papers as "a plain common-sense sermon by a man who should know what it's all about." Certainly it was a strange talk for Bet-A-Million Gates, the rip-snort-iest gambler America had ever known. Perhaps he hoped it might be read and heeded by Charlie, whose desperate gambling was making him an easy mark for Arnold Rothstein and other pros.

In August of 1911, while on a holiday trip to Europe, Bet-A-Million cashed in his chips forever, after a week-long fight against pneumonia. The obituaries referred to him as "the most picturesque plunger ever to rise to fame and fortune," "a breathtaking gambler," "the personification of the American hustler, a human steam engine, a mental dynamo."

Big-thinking to the end, he showed his displeasure with Charlie's bent-for-hell ways by leaving him only a million dollars and a hundred thousand a year income. That, to Bet-A-Million Gates, was cutting his son off with a pittance. ●



GET RICH WITH A GEIGER COUNTER

Continued from page 5

over who was first to set a time on his finding."

One oldtime sourdough, D. R. Macfie, found 28 stakes on his original property. In one case, a group of 20 tough prospectors warned a smaller group to stay clear and keep moving. Tempers flared, and there was a savage slugfest.

In their tussle to get a bigger share of paydirt, some prospectors used wily ruses to lead the competition astray. They purposely guided opposition representatives into worthless territory, until the more valuable claims were staked. In a somewhat caddish trick, road blocks were thrown up around Lac La Ronge to impede others from reaching the staking country. Both dodges failed.

The bulk of the prospectors are veteran sourdoughs. Many of them have worked for the government-owned Eldorado Mining Company of Canada, 13 miles from Uranium City, which has already scooped out well over \$10,000,000 worth of uranium from its 200 claims.

Quite a few of the uranium-hungry hunters, though, are greenhorns; and a colorful lot they are. These "cheechakees" generally hope to hit a lucky surface strike, assay it, then sell it on a cash-plus-stock interest basis to big syndicates who need it to round out their claims. In a hot area, their surface claim may bring as much as \$5,000 (and as little as \$200).

Get-rich-quick speculators of this order, armed with a 25-cent government map of the Athabaska country, a \$5 license, a sleeping bag, and homemade Geiger counters, have already descended on Uranium City. Among the first were the elegant Polish Count George de Modzelewski, a former U. N. worker, and his blonde wife. They arrived in Canada from Paris a year ago. After boning up on geology in Montreal, they flew to Beaverlodge Lake. All they found, however, was material for a book.

Among the notable amateurs with a touch of buckshee fever is Ralph Day, former Mayor of Toronto. His Lordship, a rotund fellow with the aldermanic waddle of a pouter pigeon, filed his claim in the middle of summer heavily dressed in a bizarre lumber jacket.

Behind him was Pete Herring, a 60-year-old Cree chief from Camsell Portage on Lake Athabaska. He'd covered the distance on foot and by canoe in seven hours.

Though there are no saloon dance-hall girls in Athabaska, the stampede has drawn quite a few women. Nan Dileo, an American writer who visited Saskatchewan's north country in the summer of 1949 to gather story material, has stayed to gather uranium, instead.

Myrtle Pierce was a nurse and Isabel Pierce was a teacher when they got the prospecting urge. They've teamed up with George Oman, a 69-year-old veteran prospector from Stony Rapids. Edna Cody, a 19-year-old brunette sweater girl,

and her 62-year-old father, Clarence Edward Cody, are now cruising the waters of Lake Athabaska; they drop anchor at lonely shores to explore the rocks with Geiger counters and ore axes.

Saskatchewan is taking great pains to plan the site for the new uranium boomtown. An airstrip 4,000 feet long and 500 feet wide has been built; a 13-mile road linking Black Bay wharf on Beaverlodge Lake to the Eldorado Ace Mine and Uranium City is also under construction.

Uranium City itself consists of a general store, a trucking office, seven cab drivers who charge prospectors \$10 for the ride from Black Bay to the government's claim stake tent, and little else. But it does contain planned city blocks with 20 lots to a block; these have already been leased to businesses. The government is starting to install waterworks, sewer systems and electricity, and has drawn up a strict building code.

"We are looking forward to a population of 5,000 by 1958," says C. A. L. Hogg, Saskatchewan's deputy minister of resources. "And we're planning to avoid a shabby shack town."

Meanwhile, Gus Hawker, who uses a cardboard box as a till in his general store, is reaping the fattest poke so far in Uranium City. Sourdoughs and tenderfeet alike are giving him receipts as high as \$4,000 daily. He's selling bread at 35 cents a loaf, oranges at \$32 a crate, butter at \$1.20 a pound and eggs at \$1.25 a dozen.

Inevitably, legends have already begun to spring up about uranium findings. They tell of Willie Smith, a prospector from Yellowknife, who was roaming the Athabaska bush last summer when he

stopped to drink from a small lake. Jokingly that evening, his friends back at camp tuned a scintillometer, an instrument 1,000 times more sensitive than a Geiger counter, on his tummy. It showed the man was radioactive. Next morning, in high glee, the party staked pitchblende claims around the lake.

Another celebrated legend surrounds Steve and Frank Haydukiwick, who were prospecting for Dee Explorations Ltd., last summer in the Athabaska country when they got hungry. A bush pilot was supposed to have supplied food, but he was a month late. They had nothing to eat but fish, so they named the place "Starvation Island."

Finally, on July 18th, they gave up and set out for Lac La Ronge in a canoe. Twelve hours later, their boss, James Parres, managing director of Dee, flew in to pick up their mineral samples. He found the camp deserted, except for a tin can marked by a white flag. Inside was a scrawled note which read:

"To whom it may concern. Out of grub. Paddling out to Lac La Ronge via Clam Lake and Nemeiber Lake. Yours truly, No. 3 party, Steve and Frank."

"P. S. Be on the lookout for us. One man not well. Or might be wind bound."

Parres was just about to fly out to intercept them when, on a hunch, he decided to make a test with his Geiger counter. It reacted violently. Parres was overjoyed to find that Starvation Island was a rich island.

Without doubt, the most fabulous character of the Athabaska country is Gilbert La Bine. Now 63 and still active, La Bine is the prospector who has probably struck it rich more times than any other man on the continent.

The saga of La Bine ranges from strikes in silver to gold, radium, and then uranium. Strangely, though, the latter was pretty much a matter of chance, an outshoot of his exploits in radium.

La Bine, together with his old friend, E. C. St. Paul, hit radium after combing the Canadian wilderness during most of 1929 and early 1930.

On a rocky promontory clinging to



Echo Bay, only 28 miles from the rim of the Arctic Circle, La Bine's Eldorado Gold Mining Company founded Port Radium. Almost overnight, Eldorado's stock skyrocketed from eight cents to eight dollars a share.

In medical circles, La Bine was at first regarded as something of a hero. It took him three years to manufacture a single ounce of radium. But at least, he was cutting into the world monopoly of the Belgian Congo, which was selling the stuff at \$70,000 a gram.

Curiously, the uranium which he extracted from some 150 tons of hand-cobbed ore, he merely put aside. Pitchblende is the source of both radium and uranium; but at that time, the radioactive properties of uranium were regarded as mere freak quirks of nature.

In trying to buck the monopolists, however, La Bine found that he was only able to get \$25,000 a gram for his radium. Meanwhile, Eldorado's shareholders started getting concerned about the mine's inability to pay a dividend.

By 1940, La Bine was bankrupt. Inventories of his radium and uranium were valued at \$2,000,000, but the banks refused to accept them as collateral. Gilbert and Charlie La Bine staked their personal fortunes and put up \$800,000 to keep Eldorado afloat.

Their efforts were futile. They had to close the mine. The pumps stopped and water poured into the workings.

But, even as the Allies began battling the Axis, Albert Einstein and the Manhattan Atomic Energy Project were recognizing the potency of uranium. It was Eldorado's ore from which an expatriate Canadian scientist, the late Dr. Arthur Dempster, isolated U-235 at the University of Chicago. From La Bine uranium, they produced plutonium, the explosive charge that went into the warhead of the

atomic bomb that dropped on Hiroshima.

So it was that in 1942, under top hush-hush priorities, the Eldorado mine was pumped out and reopened. Even the miners didn't know how vital their work was until a year later, when Lord Haw-Haw broadcast a shortwave threat from Berlin that the Japs would soon "blast Port Radium off the map." That prompted the Canadian government, on January 28, 1944, to quietly take over the Eldorado mine and refinery for the crown. La Bine's fee—reputedly well over \$2,000,000—has never been revealed.

La Bine figured in the next big uranium payoff only indirectly. In 1945, red-headed Johnny Nesbitt of Edmonton, then a pilot for the government's new Eldorado mine, found himself with enough time on his hands to do some prospecting on his own.

Eldorado exploration parties were already working in the scraggly pine and spruce bushland north of Lake Athabaska in Saskatchewan, about 500 miles south of Port Radium. But that didn't stop Nesbitt. The first place the flier set to work with his ore axe and Geiger counter was where he hit a big strike.

To add to the embarrassment of the experts on location, Nesbitt did his digging smack on a trail over which they had been working for two years! Nesbitt teamed up with Gilbert La Bine, and they formed the Nesbitt La Bine Mining Company.

Their bonanza stimulated Eldorado, in the summer of 1946, to grubstake a knowledgeable French-Canadian prospector, Phil St. Louis, to nose around the adjoining territory. St. Louis landed, in one of the company's Norseman planes, near a ridge of reddish rock beside Beaverlodge Lake, about five miles north

of the eastern arm of Lake Athabaska.

His Geiger counter leaped like a thing bewitched. Feverishly, he chipped away top-grade samples of pitchblende and brought them in. Eldorado's geologists investigated and found that the ridge was part of a colossal geological formation, or fault, stretching at least 20 miles in surface and thousands of feet into the earth. It contained at least 700 "showings" of uranium-bearing pitchblende.

They named it "the St. Louis fault," and tunneling has revealed it to be the richest uranium source in North America. One drill hole was cut through ore worth \$417 a ton. Another gravel pile is worth \$100,000.

It's because of the race for uranium that the government is welcoming the stampede of freelance prospectors to the Athabaska country. By law, Eldorado is the sole buyer in Canada of radioactive ore. But anyone can find it, mine it, and sell it to Eldorado. Until recently, the going price was \$2.50 a pound, but with the frenzied demand, Eldorado boosted it to a high of \$14 a pound.

And it may well be that the man who touched off the uranium stampede will harvest the lushest pickings of all. Last August 25th, Gilbert La Bine, as president of Gunnar Gold Mines & Associates, which has 600 acres in Beaverlodge, announced a new strike.

His Geiger counter had picked up a 500-foot-wide uranium bearing with high radioactivity extending over 1,000 feet deep. His discovery, on the north shore of Lake Athabaska, is only a few miles southwest of where his other company, Nesbitt La Bine, hit uranium west of Shannon Lake earlier last year.

It's a great game and big business to the men who moil for uranium. Maybe you'll find the pot of gold at the end of this radioactive rainbow! ●



THE CORAL SKULL

Continued from page 26

would aid him in his plan for staying alive. No driftwood. No shellfish. And no vegetation of any kind. He did observe a bird, either a Cape Pigeon or a Stormy Petrel, flying some distance away, but it soon faded from his view. Next, he fished at the *Hole*, but was soon forced to abandon this as the ebb tide left the jagged coral crags of the bottom dry. Tirrington decided he had best do his fishing first thing the next morning. He had hoped to have a fish for that night's dinner.

After his mid-day rest, Tirrington scraped the salt from the canvasses left by the evaporation of the sea water. The pans yielded a small amount of salt, but the two cups left only an infinitesimal crust. He rubbed the salt on the meat chunks as a preservative, but he knew more salt would be required to prevent spoilage. Acting on this thought, he again covered the canvasses with sea water. As

long as the sky overhead was cloudless, there was no chance to use the canvas for catching rain.

While thus engaged at the water's edge, Tirrington was deeply shaken to find Unkel's head almost at his feet, deposited there by the moderate surf. With the strangest of feelings, Tirrington grasped the head by the hair and flung it back into the sea. That night he did not eat dinner and, even so, he was not hungry as he lay down facing the ceiling of stars and blackness.

The fourth day dawned as had the days before. Tirrington went immediately to the *Hole* and threw his line into the water. The small fish came at once to annoy his bait, but he found them exceedingly difficult to hook. After an hour or more he had landed a small Ohua,

delicately marked with two bluish lines and a red stripe between. This he carefully cleaned and then ate the tender flesh for breakfast, saving the head and stomach for bait.

That morning he also turned the meat strips that were hanging in the sun. Then, without waiting for evening, as was his usual practice, he wrote a page in his diary. If only he could busy himself with some scientific problem, or a collection of some sort, though there was nothing on the island to collect. He wished Unkel were alive that he might talk with him. This jarring thought crossed his mind many times in the following days, try as he would to avoid it.

On the fifth day, Tirrington sorted through all his equipment, searching for the materials with which to make a fresh water still. But there was nothing he could devise as a substitute for the necessary condensing coils. He counted his matches. There were 119.

That afternoon he collected the salt from the canvasses and rubbed it over the meat chunks. To be safe, he decided to use even more salt, and again he covered the canvasses with sea water. At nightfall he made a fire and boiled another meat chunk.

As he chewed, he was pitilessly trapped with thoughts of what Unkel had talked about aboard the *Nautilus*: his immigration to the United States while a boy, his work at the University, his wife who shared his work as a fellow graduate student. Go ahead, think about it, think about it, he said to himself. It's nothing to be afraid of. *You've nothing to hide!* The sound of his voice startled him. It was the first time he had spoken in five days.

Calming himself, Tirrington reviewed what had gone over and over in his mind those two days before he killed Unkel. That one of them must die was certainly essential to the plan of keeping the other alive. He would have killed himself, that he had decided, if he had had the nerve. He knew that Unkel would not have the nerve to kill himself either, and he also knew that Unkel would never kill another man. That left him with one possible conclusion, which Tirrington had forced himself to follow.

It had been done for science, by God, and it was done!

The sixth day passed—to a point—without incident. Tirrington caught two Ohua at the *Hole*; he was more adept at hooking the small fish and he knew he could keep himself supplied with a variety of these food fish. He wrote three pages in his diary, going into some detail on his experiments of mixing fresh water with salt water. Perhaps these records would be of value. He also drew a map of the island, noting the formation of the beach and the coral reef on the lee and windward sides, as well as indicating the currents he observed. Reluctantly he put down his pencil when he exhausted these subjects. He thought of counting his matches, but he was certain he would find there were 117.

Instead of resting that day, he decided to try once more the search for shellfish. Taking the spade, he walked to a different spot on the beach and dug at the water's edge. Finding nothing, he examined the coral sand to determine whether it included ground shells. It did not, and he decided to give up digging and walked back on the wet, packed sand.

Unkel's head was rolling in the surf just below the campsite. Tirrington stared at it, refusing full comprehension of the fact. Finally, drums crashing within his head, he stooped to pick it up. Holding it by the hair he flung it at the sea. He saw it fly through the air; he saw it splash into the sea. And yet he still held in his hand the hair and scalp of Unkel. Tirrington reeled, unable to open his fingers. His own scalp crawled, left his head, sailed off into the sky. Then blackness hit him hard, knocking him to the sand. . . .

In Papeete Harbor, on the volcanic island of Tahiti, the trader, *Gypsy Queen*, lay nestled against the grimy and blackened east-wharf. On her poop, Captain Simoneau, a broad smile wrinkling his dark face, watched the loading of the for'd hold. Good luck had marked this voyage ever since leaving Sydney; he was 14 days ahead of schedule and he knew a fat bonus awaited him in Santiago.



"Mr. Quarto, lay up to the poop," he boomed in a voice to be heard above the noises of loading. The mate stepped smartly aft and addressed the Captain.

"Aye, Cap'n."

"Mister, prepare to sail when the loading is secured. And tell the Chinaman to lend a hand . . . it'll do him good to see the sun."

"Aye, Cap'n," he answered, and turned to his duties. One hour later the *Gypsy Queen*, bow proud, nosed out of Papeete Harbor, slipped through the reef, and rounded Point Venas.

"Mister, weather main brace."

"Aye, Cap'n. Weather main brace."

"Haul away."

Ho, heave ho, yo ho, heave ho.

"Belay!"

"All fast, Cap'n."

"Helmsman, east by south."

"East by south, Sir."

Fair wind! . . .

Tirrington, face down on the beach, opened his eyes and saw nothing. Only his brain acted, and that with overwhelming clarity. Finally, he crawled to the campsite, hands clenching at the sand, not knowing why he did not rise to walk. Opening his diary, he took the stubby pencil and wrote:

"For the first time I can bring myself to write about the passing of my dear friend, Unkel. His death has caused great pain and anguish, and yet I am proud to have witnessed the unselfish act of a man who risked his life in order that the work of his fellowmen aboard the *Nautilus* would not have been in vain.

"On the morning of our fifth day on the tiny raft we sighted the island where

I now await the chance of a passing ship. Battered unmercifully by the raging seas that claimed the *Nautilus*, the ropes that lashed the boxes containing our instruments and recordings were strained to the breaking point. As our raft was caught in the boiling surf of the reef surrounding the island, the ropes parted. Unkel unhesitatingly released his hold on the raft and standing on the edge of the raft, tied the broken ropes. He had saved our valuable cargo, but the next instant he was carried away by a gigantic wave and dashed helplessly on the coral reef. I prayed to God, and Unkel's burial under the sea was the cruel ending of this noble life. . . ."

Exhausted, Tirrington put the diary aside and slept until daybreak of the seventh day.

After a breakfast of a tender Ohua and a strangely flavored Blue Parrot fish, Tirrington busied himself with an absorbing problem, the design and construction of a sun dial. On paper he plotted the course of the sun and determined the proper angle of the dial. He would check its accuracy by comparing it against the change of tides, six hours and fourteen minutes apart. He would also keep a record of the tides and the wind. He should have started this sooner; he wondered why the thought had not occurred to him. He worked through noon on the knotty problem and finally laid out his sun dial and the sticks with which to mark the tide.

At darkness, Tirrington built a fire and roasted two meat chunks on a spit. The meat was tougher than the pieces he had boiled . . . tougher than the pieces he had

boiled . . . tougher than . . . *Stop it!* he shouted angrily. He cut the pieces in very thin slices and they were easier to chew.

After dinner he walked down to the ocean, thinking to wash his hands and the knife. Nearing the ocean he decided it was not necessary and turned back. No, it was not necessary. He could wipe his hands on a cloth. A cloth was just as good. He lay down to sleep, listening to the repetitious noise of each wave as it broke on the beach. The meat was tougher than the pieces he had boiled . . . the meat was tougher than the pieces he had boiled . . . the meat . . .

Upon waking on the morning of the eighth day, Tirrington picked up the trench spade and walked over to the spot where the meat strips hung drying in the sun. Feverishly, he dug a pit below the lines, piling the sand carefully beside, stopping when it was four feet deep. If he were sighted by a ship he would cut the lines, thereby dropping the meat strips into the pit. He would also throw in the meat chunks, then all evidence of Unkel would be covered. Thank God he had thought of it.

He could not keep his mind on the recording of wind and tide, and he put his diary away. He decided to walk and went to the *Hole* and sat down there, staring at the small fish darting among the coral crags. The water was clear, and he admired the beautiful markings: yellow, red, blue, green, black. The

four-masted schooner came into his view, but a moment elapsed before the fact jerked his mind away from the fish below. Tirrington ran wildly to his campsite and grabbed up the matches and then raced to his signal fire. He lit it and fanned it to intensity. Then he ran back, gathering up the rags at the campsite, wetting them in the ocean, and returning, he threw them into the blazing fire.

Smoke pillared high and Tirrington watched the schooner intently; they would surely see the signal. After three minutes he saw the schooner hove-to and sail toward his coral island!

Saved!

He rushed to the pit and cut the lines above it. He flung the meat chunks and the bones into the pit and hastily covered it all. He knocked down the two timbers and carried them away.

The schooner put a small boat over the side, manned by five men. They rowed swiftly, paused for a moment at the outer reef, crossed it and rowed on. Tirrington ran down to water's edge and, standing in the surf, he waved his arms joyously and his shouting voice reached across the water to the men in the boat. He was saved! The thought danced deliriously through his mind. He was saved!

His bare foot felt the object rolled across it by the movement of the surf. He looked down, knowing before he saw it.

It was Unkel's skull.

No time for panic. Not now! His brain told him that he must be rid of it, quickly. His rescuers must not see the severed skull. The *Hole!* He would throw it in the *Hole!* With a great calmness he stooped and picked up the ghastly skull. Clutching it to his breast he ran up the beach, his legs fighting for a foothold in the sand. His mind was crystal clear now. The *Hole*. That was all, just throw it in the *Hole*.

He ran, faster and faster. . . .

Captain Simoneau thumbed through the diary, finally closing it over his finger. He addressed Quarto. "It seems he was on the island only eight days. How do you figure it?"

Quarto shifted uneasily, he had no answer.

"How far away were you when he started to run?" the Captain continued.

"Not more'n fifty yards."

The Captain puzzled. Only eight days on the island . . . the man surely hadn't gone looney in eight days.

"He was dead when you got him?" asked the Captain.

"It was a long drop down the hole, Cap'n, and the bottom was sharp. I laid his head wide open and I think his back was broke."

"Did you find this thing you say he picked up in the surf?"

"Aye, Cap'n, he was still holding it in his arms. Just a common piece of brain coral." •



HANGOVER—HOW TO CURE IT

Continued from page 12

body heat and energy. A pint of whiskey, for example, yields some 1600 calories. Alcohol undergoes no digestion in the stomach passing directly into the blood stream through the stomach walls. About 10 per cent of absorbed alcohol is eliminated through lungs and kidneys. About 90 per cent is oxidized by the liver.

An average-size man—weight 150 pounds—burns from one-quarter to one-third of an ounce of alcohol every hour. Custom calls for one to two ounce drinks at a time, often many such drinks to the hour. Result? Intoxication. The rate of alcohol consumption is greater than the rate of alcohol oxidation.

Veteran drinker and novice land under the table when alcohol in the blood shows .40 per cent alcohol concentration. Hangover stays on until the liver changes the alcohol and the body gets rid of the residual waste. In most cases this happens along about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, when the feeling of well being begins to return.

Alcohol is not a narcotic like morphine. It is an anesthetic like chloroform.

When alcohol's anesthetic action begins to wear off, hangover symptoms appear. There's thirst, for example. About

70 per cent of body weight is water. Normally some two-thirds of it lies within the cells, and one-third between the cells. Alcohol causes water from within the cells to flow to the spaces between the cells. Result? Terrific throat and respiratory tract dryness—a dryness that makes plain water taste flat, insipid, disgusting, and even nauseating. Milk, fruit juices, and ginger ale are old stand-bys of those with extensive hangover experience. Time alone, however, completely alleviates hangover thirst—time for the body to readjust its water balance.

Headache is another common hangover symptom, but no one knows what causes it. Some experts say that a badly functioning liver keeps poisonous products from being eliminated from the body. Others, that feelings of remorse—of guilt—cause blood pressure fluctuation and resultant headache. Drinkers' headache remedies? Ice pack on head. Aspirin. Rest. Inhale pure oxygen.

Fatigue is usually found in all hangovers. The reason? Lack of sleep. Inadequate intake of food. Excessive purposeless talking—smoking—dancing—

singing—carrying on without restraint—all hindering natural recuperative attempts by the body to get over the hangover. Hard drinkers recommend warm bath, sleep, coffee, food rich in sugars and starches, and vitamins, especially the B complex vitamins to overcome fatigue. Doctors frequently succeed in controlling hangover fatigue by administering amphetamine (benzedrine) sulfate.

"The shakes" is usually limited to hands and fingers. This hangover symptom is essentially emotional in origin—at least that's what the experts say. Doctors agree "the shakes" disappear when the man is convinced he hasn't trampled his life underfoot because of drinking.

Fortified wines—port, sherry, and the like—possess about 20 per cent alcohol concentration. Rum, about 35 per cent. Whiskey, 40 to 45 per cent. Gin, 45 per cent. Some highballs—one part whiskey to one part water—have about a 25 per cent alcohol concentration. Most highballs, less than 25 per cent. Prolonged drinking of alcohol in concentrations of more than 20 per cent usually gives rise to other hangover symptoms—temporary gastro-intestinal tract-lining irritation, nausea, and even stoppage of digestion. Some drinkers go in for bland foods to get over these hangover symptoms. Others recommend highly seasoned foods. The doctors? They prescribe alkalis, atropine, or aluminum gels.

In my time, I've tried a good number of these cures, and for my part you can have them. For me, the best hangover cure has turned out to be—drink easy. •

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